WEEK
ENDING
FEB. 9, 1929

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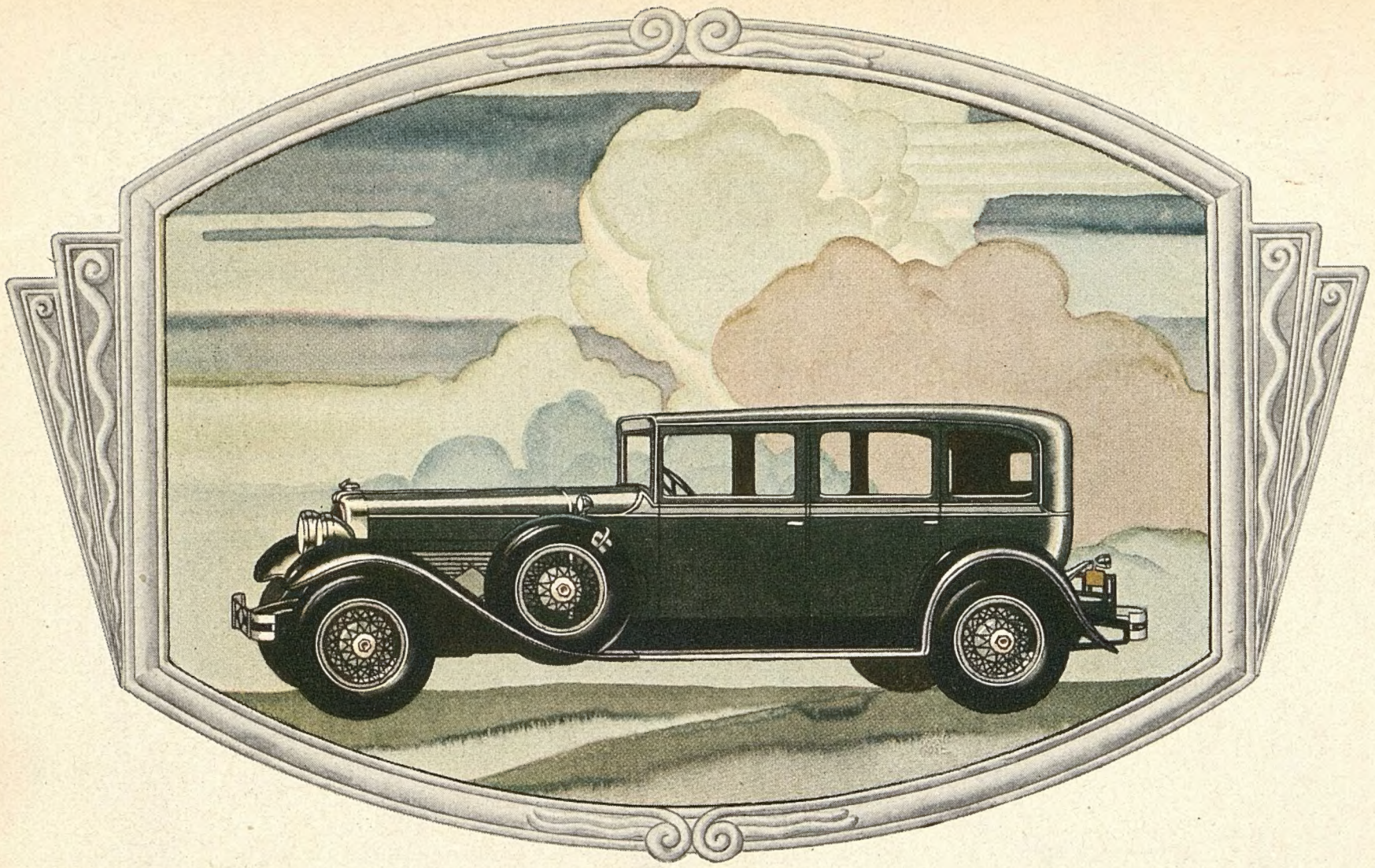
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

"Il n'y a que le Premier Pas Qui Coûte"

BEACH ~ DUGANNE ~ SPRINGS ~ WERNER



TWO GREAT SPECIALTY CARS—SOMETHING NEW IN AUTOMOBILEDOM

Now Stutz brings to a climax another epoch in the automobile industry.

When Stutz produced its revolutionizing eight-cylinder overhead camshaft engine in 1926, it made motor-car history. With it came the worm drive and lowered center of gravity, also the many new safety devices, including safety glass, for which now Stutz is justly famed.

Today that valuable pioneer work reaches its finest flowering in two remarkable specialty cars.

An even greater Stutz—and an entirely new car, the Blackhawk!

And here are some of the remarkable things they share in common:

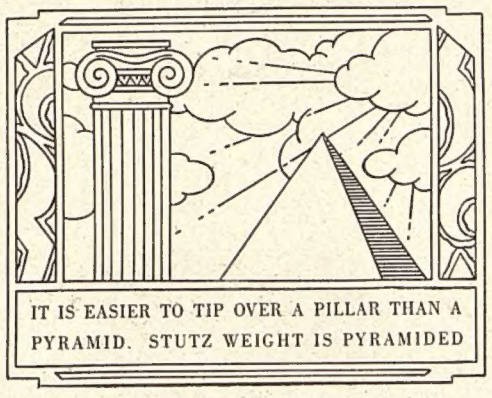
(1) Four speed transmission, which all truly modern automobiles must now standardize.

(2) The "Noback," one of the greatest aids to safety ever invented, by which back rolling on inclines is automatically prevented.

(3) Gasoline pump, which operates under any engine speed, insuring an absolutely uniform gasoline supply at carburetor under all conditions.

(4) Positive *de-celeration*, perfectly controlled speed to meet road-needs of today.

(5) Safety, comfort, luxury, expressed in bodies by Weymann, Fleetwood and Le Baron.



IT IS EASIER TO TIP OVER A PILLAR THAN A PYRAMID. STUTZ WEIGHT IS PYRAMIDED

Two great specialty cars—"most modern of them all"—Stutz $3395 to $6895—Blackhawk $2395 to $2955—f. o. b. Indianapolis.

STUTZ

and

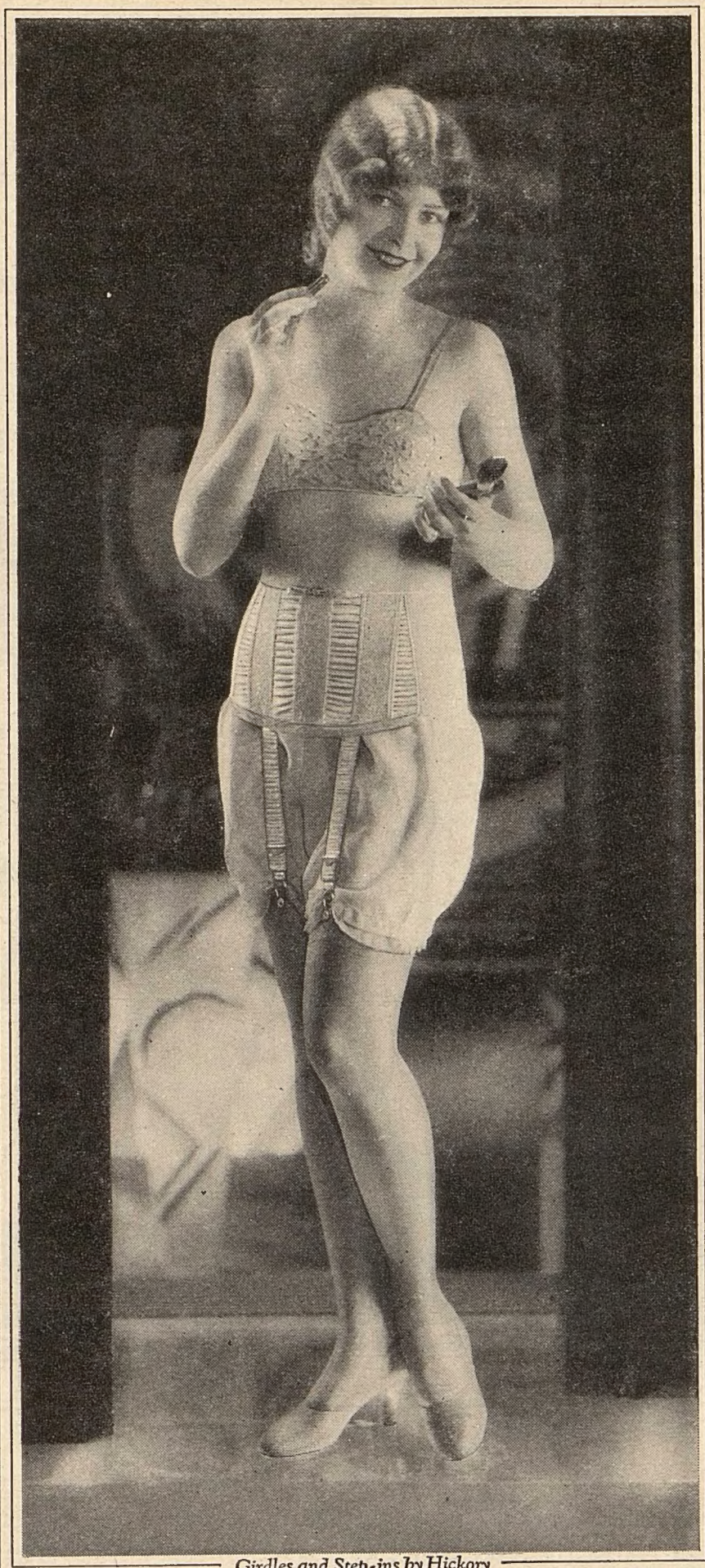
BLACKHAWK

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Stylishly Correct

AS you can see in the photograph opposite, this delightfully feminine ensemble of Garter Girdle and Step-ins by Hickory is correct in every curve and dimension according to the most enticing French style-lines for this season. The Step-ins, so daintily fashioned, conceal the protective light weight rubber panel by Hickory which offers that indispensable protection and AT ALL TIMES wrinkle-proofs the backs of all frocks and gowns. In crepe de Chine, delicately trimmed, $5; others, 50c and more.

The Garter Girdle is unusually comfortable and smooth fitting, softly molding just the right figure for style. In fine quality satin with lace insertion, with dependable Hickory supporters, $5; others, 50c and more. At your favorite notion or corset department; always beautifully made, stylishly correct and strikingly inexpensive



Girdles and Step-ins by Hickory

Complete your wardrobe with these ***Hickory Personal Necessities:*** Shadow Skirts, Step-ins, Aprons, Belts, Bloomers and Dress Shields.

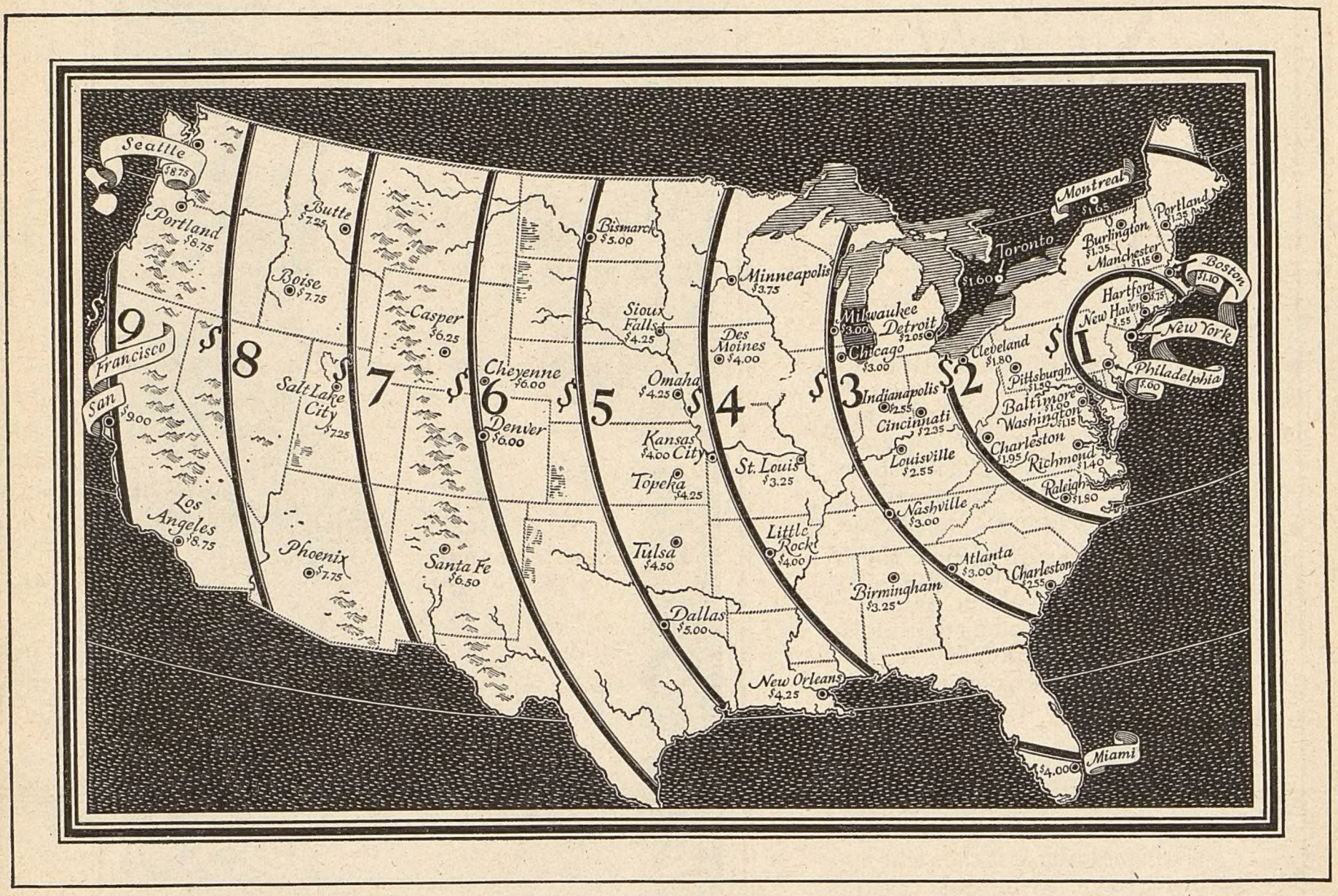
HICKORY

Girdles and Step-ins

A. STEIN & COMPANY · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · LOS ANGELES · TORONTO

21

Look how Far your Telephone dollars now Go



When one fish company calls all of its customers everywhere every Monday morning, and conducts all of its business by telephone. . . .

When a single packing house, in one month, receives 1500 calls from its territory ordering meats. . . .

When a flour salesman spends $65 for out of town calls and brings in $500,000 worth of orders in a month. . . .

When this whole magazine might be filled with similar experiences, is it not important that every business man should know how little telephone calls now cost?

There have been rate reductions in 1926, in 1927 and on February 1 of this year. The map shows how far your telephone dollars now go, whether you talk between neighboring cities or half-way across the continent.

What are the problems of your particular organization? Some companies use Sequence Calls to save additional time. Some train special telephone salesmen. Many are now using the Key Town Plan and Credit Plan for their traveling representatives. How could telephone calls save and earn the most for you? A letter or call to your local Bell business office will bring skilled minds to work with yours.

Meantime, what pending out of town transactions could be hastened by telephone?

Bell Telephone Service . . . *Quick* . . . . . *Inexpensive* . . . . . *Universal.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

FEB. 9, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 5

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Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

INHERITANCE TAXES

When the late Payne Whitney died, he left an estate which was appraised at almost $179,000,000. Large sums were willed to various charities, there were numerous personal bequests, and the rest—an enormous fortune—went to the family and children.

This estate pays to the state of New York an inheritance tax of about $23,600,000, and to the federal government an estate tax of about $20,000,000.

Thomas Fortune Ryan, who died shortly afterward, left an estate valued as high as $500,000,000. The inheritance taxes on this huge sum presumably will be far greater than those which come from the Whitney family.

In recent years death duties have yielded the state of New York a little more than $20,000,000 annually. The year in which the Whitney and Ryan taxes are paid will find that amount enormously increased.

Such taxes are without precedent in history.

We have said before, when efforts were made to abolish them, and we say again now—we believe in the principle of the inheritance tax.

The time when this tax is imposed is the time when it is easiest to pay money to the government. The heirs part with it before they get used to their new wealth, and the defunct doesn't feel the loss. Psychologically, it is an almost painless tax.

The reason for taxes is that governments must have funds—for roads, for salaries of congressmen, and nowadays for enforcing prohibition and what not. They've got to get money from the people.

How shall this be done?

History is in large part a record of grievous, burdensome taxation. Kings have been overthrown by it, after their subjects have been taxed past the limit of human patience.

Nowadays you do not hear much of taxes that cannot be borne. There aren't many left.

And among the devices for bearable taxation is there any better than the inheritance tax?

Is it better to tax land or stocks and bonds more heavily, to put a levy on checks or raise the tariff—or should we maintain the inheritance tax in its present status?

We think the last is best. Not only is it intrinsically no hardship, but it has the salutary effect of tending to break up vast estates. If an heir to a large sum of money is a capable person, he can more than make up the amount of any inheritance tax in his lifetime. If a family's ability decreases in succeeding generations, its money will get into smarter hands.

The inheritance tax as it stands doesn't yield any vast revenue, but with present tendencies in money-making the revenue is greater all the time. It is an easy tax, placed where it does the most good to all concerned, and we believe all the states, instead of only some of them, should have it.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Lie Doctor.....By REX BEACH 7
A story of love that was lost and found again

Why I Married Three Times
By AVERY STRAKOSCH 17
The chronicle of a quest for happiness

Wild and Woolly....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 23
The week's review of picture plays and players

The Opportunist.....By PHYLLIS DUGANNE 24
The romance of a girl who tried to be good

The Mystery of the Movie Director
By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 34
The third of ten tests for amateur detectives

Babes in the Woods..By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS 42
A tale of eavesdroppers and what they didn't hear

Bryan.....By M. R. WERNER 48
Continuing a remarkable new biography

Has Wall Street Gone Wild and Whirling?
By IRVING FISHER 61
What this soaring market really means

The Murders on the Roof...By EDWARD DOHERTY 68
A serial of mystery on Broadway

He Made Prize Fighting Safe for Society
By EDWIN C. HILL 76
Some sidelights on Tex Rickard's amazing career

News of the World (p. 14); Twenty Questions (22); Bright Sayings of Children (33); Poem (45); Vox Pop (46-47); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (57); Cross Word Puzzles (58-59); For the Love o' Lil (60); Food (66); Fashions (67); Index to Advertisements (60).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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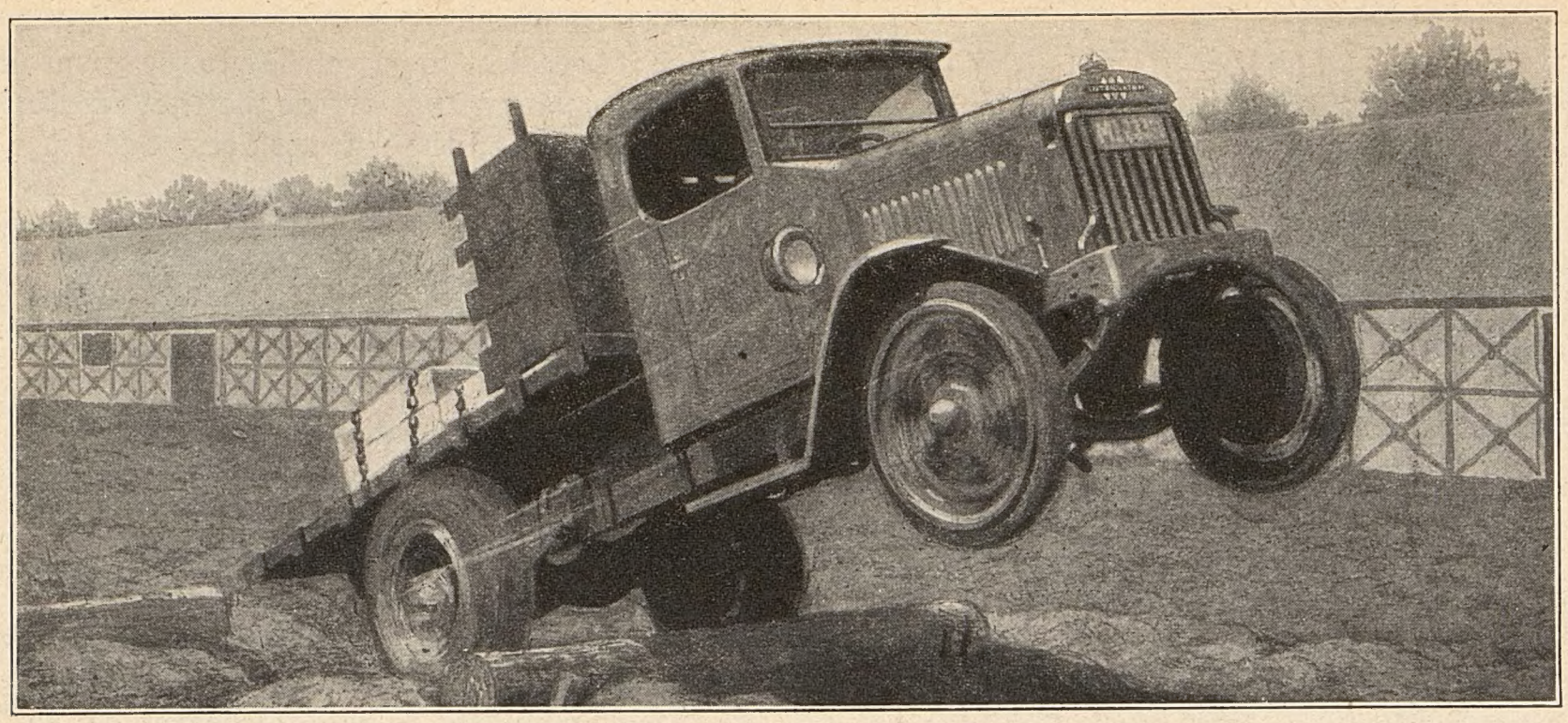

The School of Hard Knocks

Aids the Laboratories of Science

THE truck of quality cannot be built on a drawing board. Neither the laboratory nor the shop alone can produce it. The task is accomplished only by sound experience, ripe engineering, and practical skill—a combination that comes of years of truck making.

At the two large plants where International Trucks are manufactured, every scientific test for quality and precision is a routine matter. All the knowledge the industry possesses is expertly applied. But these are not enough . . .

Experimental models of stock construction must be tried and punished to prove out designs and materials. International Harvester Truck manufacture has always embraced a strenuous policy of test and trial. A constant succession of trucks go to the testing fields to devote themselves to a life of violence in a school of hard knocks.

The trucks in this service are sent at high speed headlong into embankments, plunging across railroad tracks, over hurdles and barriers, through ditches and up hills. They suffer tortures in axle, engine, clutch, and gears, brakes, bearings, wheels, and frame. Their drivers have learned precisely how to submit every chassis member to hammer-like blows and to racking stresses and strains. Hours here mean more than years of ordinary service.

The findings of this endless program of test and trial go back into the engineering laboratories and the shop, and so new and sturdier Internationals are born. Every owner of an International Truck owns greater transportation value because of the high standards set for *performance* at the International plants.

INTERNATIONAL

The new Heavy-Duty models, sizes from 2½ to 5-ton, and the new line of Speed Trucks, ranging from ¾ to 2-ton, are now on view at 170 Company-owned branches in the United States and Canada.

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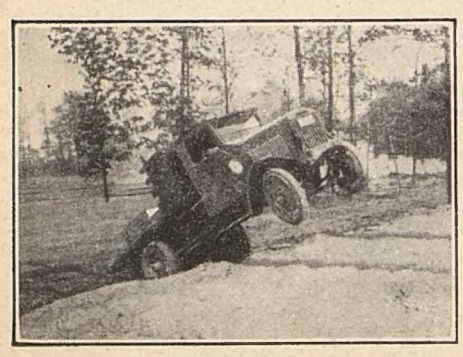
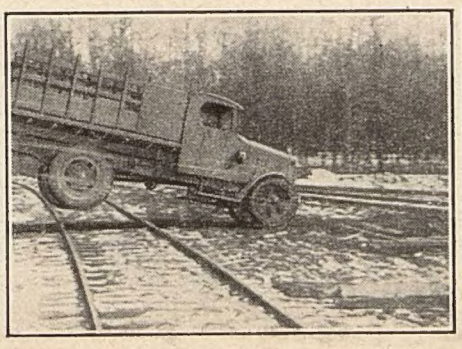
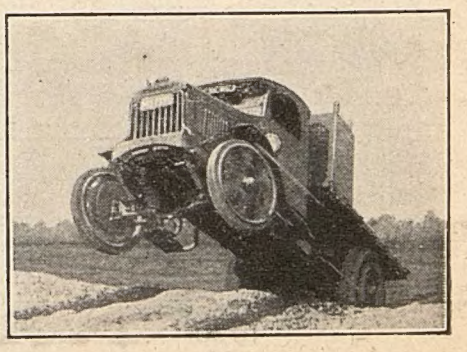
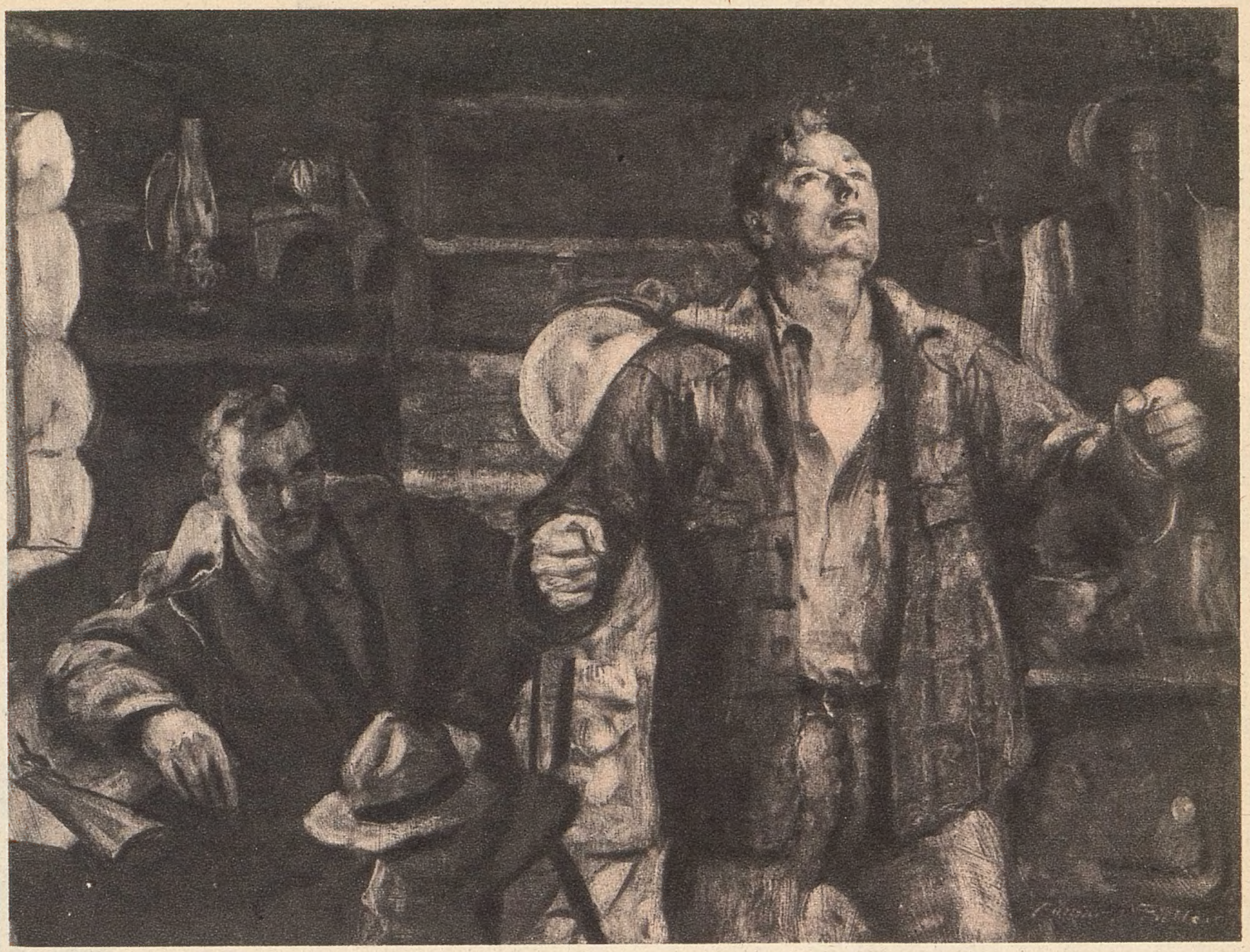








"Sick? If only I were sick, you—might indeed cure me." He rose and made his way unsteadily about the room, fighting for control of himself.

Pictures by
ARTHUR D. FULLER

The Lie Doctor

A Story of Woman's Love and a Man's Mistake

By REX BEACH

IN October of 1925 I found myself in one of those jaundiced moods which occasionally attack all brain workers. The kaleidoscopic sights and discordant sounds of New York, instead of acting as mental stimuli, which they often do, had become distasteful and oppressive. The streaming crowds, the brawling torrents of traffic, the noisy steel structures, rising out of the earth like monsters in a nightmare, filled me with apprehensiveness and dread. I had no appetite, I could not sleep, tobacco had gone back on me.

My work is confined to a single line: I am a specialist in nervous and mental disorders—a psychiatrist, some people call me, although that definition is a bit vague. Following the war, I had devoted what time I could take from my regular practice to mental reconstruction work—altogether too much time, as I realized when I diagnosed my own case.

Two days after I had taken stock of myself I stepped off the morning train at a small station in Maine where I had been told there was good moose hunting some twenty miles back. It was late for calling, and of course still too early for tracking; nevertheless I felt certain of a rapid and effective cure for what ailed me.

I had never visited these woods: naturally, I had no idea of the queer adventure that awaited me.

It was about 7 o'clock of a mild gray morning. Dan Cornell, the guide in whose territory I proposed to hunt and to whom I had wired, was waiting to meet me. He was a small, tough-fibered, silent, weather-bitten man, and I liked him instantly.

We traveled light, for our provisions had gone in the day before by team and stone boat. My gun, duffle bag, and bed roll, together with a few odds and ends from the grocery store, were all we had, and they had made up two moderate sized packs. It pleased Cornell when I volunteered to carry my half if by doing so we could make camp that night and when I explained further that the last things I wished to enjoy on this trip were ease and comfort. Within an hour we were on the trail.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LIE DOCTOR
Continued from page seven]

The smell of crisp, clean air, pine needles, damp turf had never seemed so good to me as on that morning. We hit a steady pace till noon, then boiled the kettle. Beans warmed in a skillet, two slices of farmhouse bread, and a tin cup of tea tasted better than a banquet.

After a smoke we pushed on again, and already that dread of the city and its tigerish crowds, its shattering discords and its brazen clatter, was disappearing: I was less concerned with them than with chafing pack straps, threatened heel blisters, and a growing clumsiness in my legs, which was exactly as it should have been.

We slipped our packs about sundown at a cabin of peeled logs on a lake set down in the heart of the woods. As Dan made the shavings he told me:

"Yonder is a rod and reel and a flybook. A pan of 'crooked' trout wouldn't go bad for supper. You can snatch a mess right off the float, if you're not too tired to try."

"Never too tired for trout," I assured him with an effort.

"Feed them something big. I'd try a number six Montreal or a Par Belle."

The trout were obliging, and Dan turned out to be the world's champion chef. I fell asleep during my first after-dinner pipe and while I was still telling him what a good cook he was.

Cornell's camp was made to order for an overworked medico—not a living soul within miles. From what I could see, this country had never been cut over. Moose and deer sign were plentiful and the trout were ravenous. Who cared if the season was over?

For the first three days I fished a little, slept a lot, and hunted not at all—a fact which bothered Dan considerably until I assured him that I was having the time of my life. I told him to cruise about and locate the game against that day when I would feel the urge to get out my gun. This he did.

ONE evening about dusk, on the way back to the cabin, I noticed a figure in the distance which I took to be my guide's. I called to him, but got no answer. Instead, the figure vanished suddenly. It seemed to me, on second thought, that the man, if indeed my eyes had not tricked me, was larger than Dan. But there was nobody anywhere around, and why would even a stranger ignore a call in the woods?

Dan was getting supper when I came in.

"Where did you go this afternoon?" I asked him.

"Over to that beaver dam I told you about. There's a fair sized bull around there. I'd say about a fifty-inch head."

"Did you come back along the east shore of the lake?"

"No. Why?"

"I thought I saw somebody. A man. I called and he didn't answer."

Dan was silent for a moment; then he observed carelessly: "Probably a big buck, head on. Your eyesight is scattered."

I was not satisfied with this explanation for my eyesight is good, and the next afternoon I retraced my course.

It took me some time to find the place where I had espied the figure and it required a while longer to discover the evidence I felt sure was awaiting me. After a careful search I made out footprints—moccasin tracks, to be exact.

I am not inexperienced in woodcraft: that which I pieced together during the next ten minutes gave me cause for interested speculation.

After supper I said to Dan, "Well, it was a man I saw yesterday."

"Yes?"

"I found his tracks."

"I guess it was me, after all. I remember, now, I went down the east shore to get an old trap. Seems to me I did hear somebody call."

"Who are you hiding out, Dan?" I inquired.

The man looked up quickly. "Hiding out? What d'you mean?"

"The fellow I saw wore moccasins. You wear rubber shoepacks."

There was a pause. "Then it couldn't have been me."

"No; he'd make two of you. And he's a good runner. When I called to him he scuttled away like a rabbit."

"Well, I declare!" Cornell ejaculated. "I give it up."

"Listen, Dan," I said with a smile. "I'm a doctor, and I specialize in a line of work you probably never heard of. Lying!"

"Never heard of a lie doctor," he admitted.

"Well, I'm one. And—you're lying. You're not in the least surprised; you're only annoyed. I don't care why, for it's none of my business. I'm a psychiatrist, not a revenue agent, and if you're running a still around here, it's your affair."

"What's a—? That word you used?"

I EXPLAINED, and Dan listened with interest. When I had finished he said:

"Well, I *was* lying, doc. It was a man you saw, all right, and he probably ran when he saw you. He runs when he sees me. But he's no bootlegger."

"Who is he?"

"I'm darned if I know. But there's no harm in him. He's got a hideout over yonder about three miles and he lives by himself. He came in here some four years ago, and I set out to run him off, but—he wouldn't go. I got sorry for him finally, and anyhow he wasn't hurting anything. You're the first party of mine that has seen him, and when I'm trapping, wintertimes, it's kind of nice to know there's a human being near by, even if he's queer."

"So! He's 'queer,' is he?"

"Wouldn't you figure he's queer, the way he acted? I guess I'm the only human being he has spoken to in four years, and I only see him when he wants something from the settlement. The rest of the time he dodges me, just like he dodged you."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"Not much."

"Is there any reason why you shouldn't tell me what you do know?"

"None." Dan drew on his pipe before continuing. "His name is Harvey. He showed up along in '21. Had a beard and a mustache then—a kind of a wild customer when I first saw him. But he shaves now and keeps his cabin tidy. He dresses for dinner."

"What?"

"Well, I don't know that he actually does, for he never asked me to stay and eat, but he gives me that impression. He's the kind of a man who *would* do it. Oh, he's queer enough! He reads a lot."

"Then he's a man of education and refinement?"

"Sure. About thirty-five years old, I'd say. Mind you, he's got as good sense as we have. And I don't think he's trying to get away from the law, either. He's just a hermit. You'd like him."

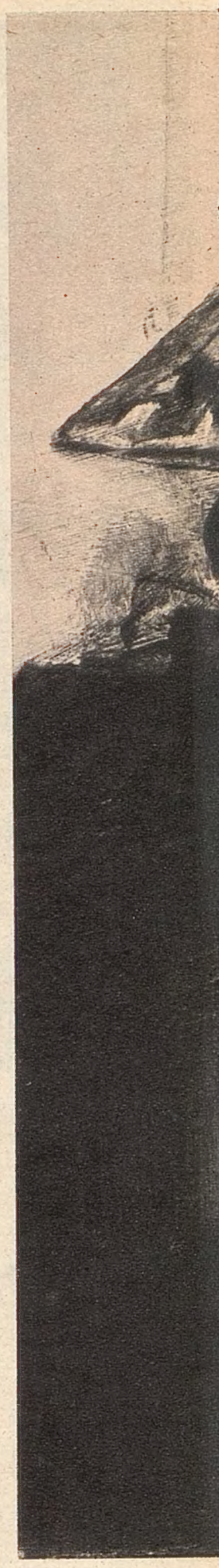
"What does he do for a living?"

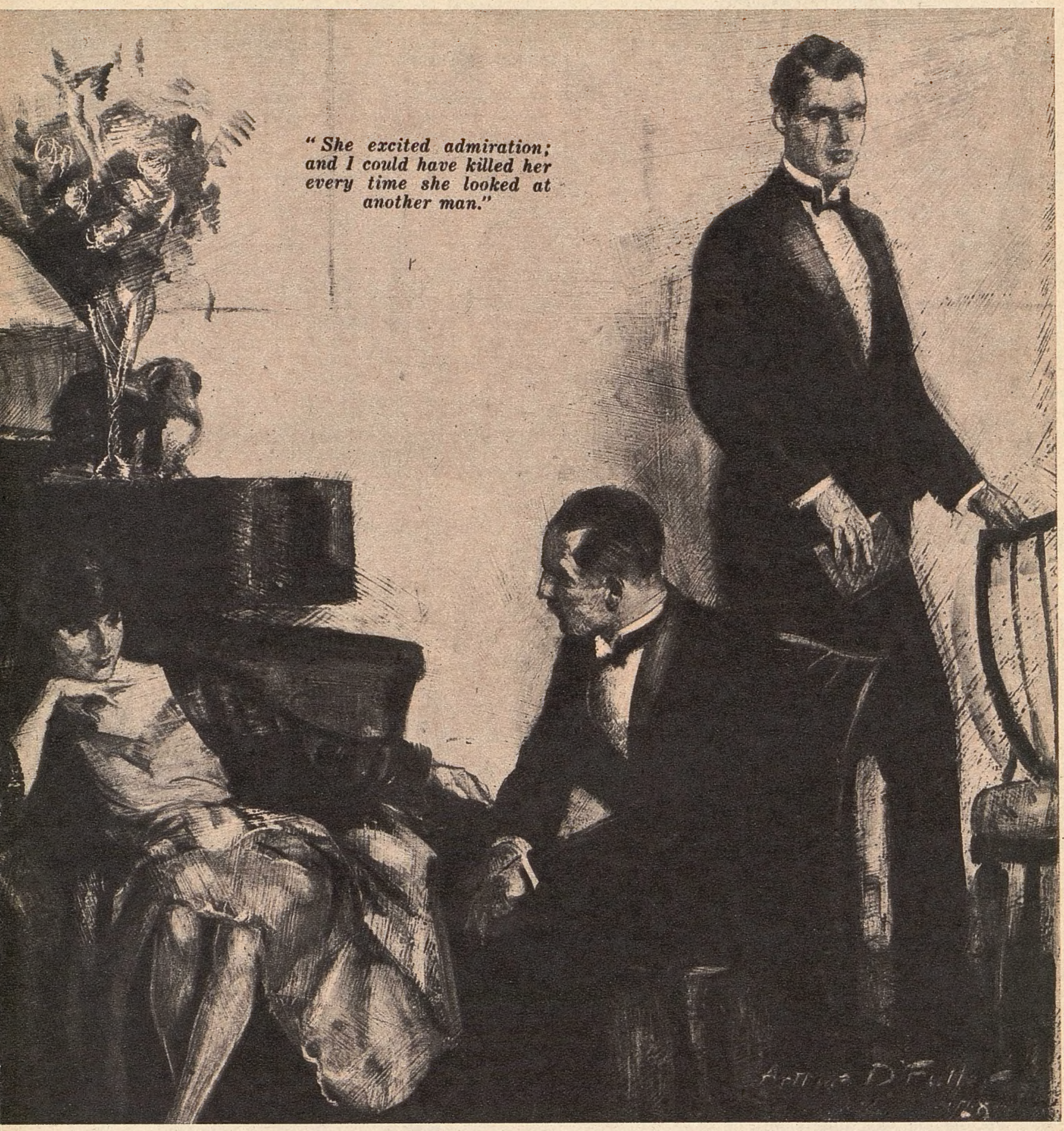
Dan shrugged. "It doesn't take much to live like he does. I help him out some. You can't help feeling sorry—"

"What do you say if we visit him?" I inquired eagerly; but Cornell shook his head.

"He made me promise I'd never bring anybody around, and you couldn't find his shack alone."

"I could if you'd tell me where it is. For the last few





"She excited admiration; and I could have killed her every time she looked at another man."

years I've been doing reconstruction work along one particular line—doctoring sick brains—and naturally I'm interested in queer people. I might be able to help this fellow if he's a little off balance. It wouldn't hurt to try. I've put a good many shattered minds together."

After some hesitation Dan gave in. "All right. If you'll pretend you found him by accident. Who knows? Maybe you *can* help him."

ARMED with elaborate instructions, I set out soon after breakfast the next day. I took my rifle with me, of course, inasmuch as I was ostensibly in search of game.

Three miles, Dan had said. It was nearly noon before I found Harvey's hideaway. I must have passed quite near it several times, so cunningly was it concealed.

First I called, but there was no answer. My second hallo brought no reply, but I fancied that I heard a stir, glimpsed a fleeting shadow back of a windowpane.

I approached with some caution and rapped on the door. After a moment I tried to push it open; but it was barred from within. A voice that was anything but friendly finally demanded:

"What do you want?"

"I've lost my bearings. I don't know where I am," said I.

Reluctantly the door opened; a man appeared. Involuntarily I stiffened and exclaimed in surprise:

"Why, hello!"

I could have bitten my tongue for having spoken. My face must have expressed instant recognition. But Harvey's did not. He eyed me coolly, unblinkingly; he looked me over from head to foot without a sign.

I have a poor memory for names but a reasonably good one for faces, and although I felt certain that I knew this hermit or had seen him somewhere, I couldn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LIE DOCTOR
Continued from page nine]

for the life of me remember where or when. Rather lamely, I fear, I made known my assumed predicament.

He gave me my directions, pointed out my course—and then, while he was speaking, I placed him. Some gesture or inflection was responsible, no doubt. Something clicked and, like a number on the dial of a taximeter, his name leaped into my mind.

"Pardon that hello of mine," I began, "but it strikes me that we have met somewhere."

"Indeed?"

"Isn't your name Priestley? Jim Priestley?"

"No. Harvey."

"It never has been, by any chance, Priestley?"

I put the question with a friendly smile; but he only shook his head.

"Didn't we play golf once at St. Andrews?" I persisted.

"St. Andrews?" Harvey stared blankly at me. "I never played golf."

"Extraordinary! I was sure— Never mind; it was several years ago and I'm probably mistaken. Resemblances aren't unusual. Do you mind if I sit down awhile? I haven't been long in the woods and I'm soft."

Unsmilingly the recluse motioned for me to enter his house, and I did so. He remained standing, leaning against the wall, hands thrust into the capacious pockets of his faded mackinaw coat. I have never looked into a face as expressionless as his, or one upon which sadness, despair, were so indelibly stamped.

For the next few minutes we talked, or at least I did, about the woods, the weather, the habits of game, and such things as interest men in surroundings like ours. He listened politely enough and dropped a word or two, although I could see that he resented my presence and was impatient for me to be gone.

He was a very good-looking specimen of manhood, normal in every respect so far as I could see, and yet—he puzzled me and I scented, if I may use the word, abnormality of some sort. Possibly I was thinking of what Dan Cornell had told me about him, or had come there expecting to find a shifty, furtive eccentric, and was endeavoring to fit him into the pattern I had made. I asked myself if such could be the case, then dismissed the thought. My training, some highly developed sense peculiar to specialists in my line, warned me that I was in the presence of a madman.

THERE were lines in Harvey's face which told of abysmal torture, and there were—ghosts in his eyes, if you know what I mean. He intrigued and baffled me.

Casually, in the course of a sentence, I mentioned my name, watching him the while. But he did not betray recognition by so much as the flicker of an eyelash. Again I referred to that startling resemblance.

"I've read about such things," he assented. "I dare say there must be some foundation for the stories."

"Did you get over to France?"

"No, worse luck. I was down in South America, fighting tropical fever. The real fighting was over before I got out and was able to join up."

"And you never met this Priestley or were mistaken for him?"

"Never. I never heard the name."

When I had seated myself I had leaned my rifle against the table. As I rose finally to go and extended my hand to Harvey, I purposely dislodged the weapon and it fell toward him. Involuntarily he freed his left hand from his pocket, grabbed the weapon, and a thrill ran through me. The last joint of his little finger was missing.

"Good-by," I said in the friendliest possible manner, "and thanks for your hospitality, Mr. Harvey. If I'm passing this way again, I'll stop in for a smoke, with your permission."

He mumbled something to the effect that he was out a good deal; that it was a pleasure to see a new face occasionally.

"Indeed it is," I agreed, "especially the face of an old acquaintance, even if it's on another body."

I offered him a cigar, which he took with a pathetic eagerness. He waved farewell at me from the door when I turned at the edge of the clearing.

Here indeed was an extraordinary situation, I told myself. That stump of a little finger! Jim Priestley had lost the end of his little finger in an automobile accident. He had complained of its hurting him that day at St. Andrews. But the astounding part of the whole matter was that Jim Priestley was dead! There was no doubt of it, for I knew his widow. She had been a patient of mine, and I had treated her for the nervous breakdown that followed her bereavement.

I remembered her distinctly, and recalled her symptoms. Doctors are human and it's only natural that a beautiful woman will leave an impression more lasting than usual. The case had not come to me until it had gone a long way, and in consequence it was hard to handle. She was a peculiarly intense person, like Priestley, and had brooded over her grief.

I knew something about their love affair, a rather mad and passionate romance, and from her I learned more. Priestley had been a jealous husband, insanely jealous. But their quarrels, their misunderstandings, had brought them closer together, if anything, and when he went to war they had parted like lovers. The whole thing came back to me now as she had told it to me.

Well, Jim Priestley was alive, or part of him at least. His body was whole, but his mind was ailing.

Amnesia? I shook my head. I'm something of an authority on amnesia. No. His brain was not clouded. He had recognized me and he knew who he was. His blankness had been too complete, too perfectly assumed, to fool an expert. What is more, those telltale lines in

his face, those phantoms in his eyes, advised me that he had suffered anything except loss of memory. If I could judge, it was some memory, clean cut, vivid, imperishable, that tortured him. Some horror that had numbed one side of him, closed one chamber of his mind.

My feet, with some intelligence of their own, must have guided me back to Dan Cornell's camp, for I'm certain that I did not once consciously direct them, my mind being utterly dissociated from my body and engaged in analyzing, diagnosing, speculating upon Jim Priestley's case.

WHAT was he hiding from? I asked myself. Was it from the consequences of some crime? Possibly. If so, had I any right to inject myself into the situation? I assured myself that I had—if not on his account, then on his wife's. Was she not a patient of mine? If, on the other hand, he was unbalanced, and I felt certain he was, then my duty was plain.

By the time I reached Cornell's cabin I had decided what to do. I told him little about my experience with Harvey, and nothing whatever about my plans, except that I wished him to take an important telegram back to town, send it, wait for the answer, and bring it in without loss of time. He left inside of half an hour.

About 10 o'clock the next morning, when "Richard Harvey" returned from the lake with a string of trout, he found me sitting on the sawbuck in front of his door.

"Hello!" he said sourly as he saw me. "Lost again?"

"No. Dan went to town and I was lonesome. You seemed to like that cigar yesterday, so I brought over what's left of the box."

There was no time to reach him, so I let it fly.

The fellow's face lightened; his frown disappeared; he actually smiled.

"That's generous of you," he said. "Will you come in?"

A moment later, when we were seated in the cabin and he had lighted one of the cigars, he confessed:

"You don't know what a good smoke means to a man out here."

"I can imagine."

There was a silence; then he asked me:

"Can you imagine why a fellow would live in a place like this in the way I do?"

"Yes. I can imagine that, also. He might be prompted by one of many reasons. Guilt. Remorse. Plain eccentricity. A woman—"

"I'm not a criminal," he declared shortly. Then, with some hesitation: "Call it a woman."

"Was it—Kay?" I inquired.

The effect of this question was startling. The man stiffened, froze. He made no visible movement, but his whole body appeared to grow rigid, the blood left his face, the light went out of his eyes.

"I don't know anybody—" he began; then his voice failed him.

"It's no use, Priestley," I admonished him, with a shake of my head. "It isn't idle curiosity that brought me back here, and you mustn't think I mean to pry into your secrets, for I don't. But—I'm a doctor and you're a sick man. Frankly, I don't know what ails you. If I did, perhaps I could be of help. Something is certainly wrong."

"*Wrong?*" The word was wrenched from his lips. "Sick? If only I were sick, you—might indeed cure me."

He rose and made his way unsteadily about the room, fighting for control of himself.

"I knew you yesterday, of course. . . . I've been expecting somebody, some day. . . . I thought I was a better actor than I am. . . . It's decent of you to concern yourself, but there's nothing to be done. Really."

He spoke hoarsely; a perspiration had broken out upon his upper lip.

"That remains to be seen. The mere telling of one's troubles sometimes helps to clear them up."

"Certain things are too dreadful to be told," said he. "Priests and doctors hear many such. At any rate, their lips are sealed."

"That's true. . . . I've sworn I'd never speak, but—why not? I need a change of ghosts. You'll realize when I've finished—if I can finish the ghastly thing—that there's nothing to be done. But talking it over might give me relief for an hour.

"Well, then, I joined up and went to France—the which you know all about. I had been married something more than a year at the time. You must have met my wife, for you spoke her name." He glanced inquiringly at me, and I nodded.

"EXTRAORDINARY girl. I was wild about her, as most men were. We used to quarrel some; we quarreled like the very devil, as a matter of fact. But—most young married people quarrel if they love each other as fiercely as we loved. I'm not saying it was all her fault, mind you, for I have a rotten disposition. She excited admiration; she was the most popular woman I ever saw; and I could have killed her every time she looked at another man.

"It was really on that account that I joined up. Jealous! In a huff over nothing! Then I couldn't back out.

"When I got to France I was—well, in a rotten state of nerves which got steadily worse instead of better. I was where I couldn't watch her, so I imagined everything.

"We hung about the base for months. It was maddening. I felt certain if I stayed away too long I'd lose her, and it preyed on me dreadfully.

"I got finally so I couldn't sleep except occasionally, and when I did I dreamed about Kay being with some other man. She was a man's woman, if you know what that means. Some fellow was forever making a fool of himself over her, and—she liked it. Poor Kay!"

Priestley was speaking with an effort. His voice was jerky. I wondered why he referred to his wife in the past tense, as if she were no longer flesh and blood; but I assumed it was because he considered himself dead and in another world.

"When we finally got up front it was better, in some

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LIE DOCTOR
Continued from page eleven]

ways; at least, there was plenty to keep a fellow's mind engaged.

"Funny, isn't it, how a fellow can love a woman so fiercely and so selfishly as to poison all his thoughts about her? That's how I was. Every day was a torture.

"But, to get on with it, there we were, civilized men, living like dogs, crazy with hate, blowing each other to hell. For what? I didn't know, and I'm damned if I know yet. Hate was in the air. Suspicion! Dread! We were more than half insane, all of us.

"I took refuge in my own thoughts to escape realities. . . . A lot of the fellows were killed and smashed up. Bad enough to hear about, but when you saw the thing happen right before your eyes it—it turned your guts inside out."

The man was talking at random, but more easily now, and for the life of me I could see nothing abnormal in the way his mind worked. But there came a point in his story where he stumbled, repeated himself, left gaps that I had hard work to fill in.

Have you ever been impelled to tell a dream—some particularly vivid, lifelike dream—and had it turn out incoherent, disjointed, unconvincing? Priestley's narrative was turning out that way, and I pricked up my ears.

His company was billeted in some barns near Commercy. They had been through a heavy pounding and were exhausted. The mail came. He spoke of a letter from Kay, then of a message from corps headquarters and an order to reconnoiter a certain woods. Without any introduction whatever, he mentioned a fellow named Cooper.

As I pieced Priestley's story together, I inferred that he and Cooper had been detailed to look over and report upon a tricky route leading up to the trenches, for the battalion had been ordered back in that night to stop a gap.

The men were wild at the news, but too stupefied with fatigue to do more than mumble curses. Priestley himself had raved when ordered out.

That mental fatigue he had suffered at the time seemed to master him now as he lived over the incidents of that day; he had stumbled along behind Cooper and he stumbled awkwardly in his recital, falling down, picking himself up, staggering. There was small wonder I had difficulty in following him.

No real fighting was going on at the moment, he told me. Occasionally a watchful plane passed over, very high; here and there machine guns emitted a few quick stutters; now and then there was a whine in the air and a shell exploded somewhere back of them.

PRIESTLEY said he paid little heed to anything. "I was thinking about Kay and her baby," he declared.

"Baby? What baby?" I inquired.

He frowned at me. "I just told you about getting a letter from her. She told me she'd soon have a baby and—I wasn't its father. It was a bayonet thrust, a death blow. For the first time, I wanted to kill somebody. Not a German, but the man who had betrayed me. . . . Some friend of mine, of course. I had always distrusted those fellows who hung around her. . . . I told you all that a while back.

"Well, Cooper and I were creeping, skulking through what most people would consider hell, desolation; but it was paradise to the hell in my mind. . . .

"Kay wrote that she wasn't sure she loved the man. Brutal, eh? She said it was the strain of the war, my being away so long, that was to blame. But I knew better. I knew she wouldn't give herself to any man she didn't love. But, hell! It didn't matter. All that mattered was the fact that she would be—probably was at that moment—the mother of a bastard."

The speaker paused; then began to curse, feebly at first, but in a rising fury. Obscenities poured out of his lips. He rolled his head; he beat his hands together and rocked from side to side. I've seen a sorely wounded bear propped up on its front legs rock like that as the death pains gripped it. It was some time before I could quiet him, and even then his story was more incoherent than before the outbreak.

He and Cooper were in that woods they had been sent to reconnoiter. A ghostly skeleton of a forest, it was, with fallen trunks and scarred stubs of trees bearing torn, scorched limbs upflung to the sky. Fritz was shelling it from a battery of high velocity guns. Weird things, those high velocity guns, Priestley declared. The shells travel faster than the sound and one doesn't hear them until after they have passed.

He was groveling behind a stump for want of better protection, and rather hoping he'd be hit. Cooper was making his way on hands and knees toward a near-by depression, when there came an ear-splitting crash—probably there was a crash, although nobody close by ever hears it—anyhow, the universe exploded, and Priestley knew nothing thereafter.

When he came to, Cooper was gone, all but a wet, shapeless bundle of rags and pulp. Mangled beyond recognition! . . . The woods was silent. How long Priestley had lain there it was impossible to tell. He crept over to his pal's body and sat beside it for a while, wishing that he could change places with the dead man.

MIND you, I'm repeating the story somewhat straighter than I got it; Priestley gave it to me in dribs and drabs. At the moment I didn't pay much heed to the sequence, being more interested in the workings of the tortured mind before me.

It finally occurred to him that here was a way out of his impasse ready made, and an easy way for all concerned. By exchanging identification disks and swapping the contents of his pockets for those of the dead man, he could erase himself from the picture and make it possible for Kay to marry the father of her child. No fuss, no bother. Still in something of a daze, he did so. There was nothing original or startling about the thing, for it had been done scores of times, I dare say, but he seemed to consider it extraordinarily ingenious.

His account of what immediately followed was a trifle more coherent: he mentioned skulking in an old dugout until dark, a weary trudge through the night, then a lorry bound for Bar-le-Duc, and finally a room in an estaminet and a deathlike sleep for unnumbered hours. He remained in the place for several days.

"As an excuse for keeping to my room, I pretended to be sick, and I was sick—mentally." The speaker's tone had changed; he had awakened from his nightmare. "The truth came home to me finally, and the more clearly I realized what I had done and the inevitable consequences of my action, the sicker I got. I was a deserter and likely to be shot.

"It didn't take me long to snap out of my funk, once I'd caught up on sleep and was able to think. That night I started back for the front. I walked until late, then slept in a haystack. I was off again early, avoiding people as much as possible. Along about noon I passed through a one-horse village, when a French soldier and a couple of girls came reeling out of a wine shop. They weren't drunk; they were laughing, singing, tossing their arms, hugging each other. They seized me, shouting:

"'*L'Armistice! L'Armistice! Nous les avons! Enfin c'est fini!*'

"I was stunned. The war over? It seemed incredible, for I hadn't heard the faintest rumor of it. But it was true. The news was spreading; the village street filled with people; a church bell began wildly ringing; and an old man embraced me, kissed me on the cheek. Everybody was kissing everybody else, crying. A glass of wine was thrust into my hand, but I was too sick to drink it. The end of the war! Armistice! It was too late now to rejoin the battalion. I could never square myself. Who would believe I was on my way back when the fighting ceased? A palpable lie. No. I had deserted under fire. My goose was cooked.

"I got out of there somehow, and found a place where I could sit down and think the situation over. Pretty soon I saw that I'd have to remain dead or be branded a coward, a quitter. And really there was no reason, now that the war was over, for me to carry on as Jim Priestley. Every reason, on the contrary, why I should drop out. It would let Kay out of her jam.

"Fortunately, I had some money, enough for civilian clothes and living expenses for a while. So I went to Paris and hid myself. The rest is commonplace. I worked. I wandered about, now here, now there—Mr. No-Name, a man without a country. But I couldn't forget Kay. The hurt wouldn't heal. I was a living corpse.

"Meanwhile, I lived like a rat for fear of meeting somebody who had known me. France was full of my old buddies, but I had to dodge them. God! How homesick I became! How I cursed myself.

"When I couldn't stand it any longer, I worked my way back as a coal passer on a Canadian ship. That was four years ago. I jumped her in Quebec and beat it across the line afoot. That's how I came here. It's as near home as I dare go. When I sneaked over the line and knew my feet were on American soil, I fell down and kissed it—buried my face in the dirt."

"What about Kay and the other man?" I ventured.

Once more those ghosts peered furtively out of Priestley's eyes. "She died. You knew that, of course."

"Indeed? Did she marry the fellow?"

"I—yes. . . . I'm not sure. It doesn't matter."

"And the child?"

Priestley winced. "I don't dare let myself think too much about that or I'd go crazy. . . . There's nothing more to the story, doc. I thought perhaps it would lighten the burden to tell it, but—it hasn't. . . . I'm pretty low. The old wound is bleeding again."

He smiled at me pathetically, and I saw that he wanted to be alone. I would have preferred to remain with him for a while, but, under the circumstances, I dared not insist. So I rose and, after delaying my actual departure as long as possible, I left, with the promise to return on the following day.

I didn't like the way he let me go. When I had passed out of sight of the cabin I stopped and considered. It sounds very nice to say that open confession is good for the soul. Sometimes it is and sometimes it isn't. Nobody can tell just how and where a disordered mind will crack when the final breakup occurs.

AFTER a few moments of indecision I stole back, and it was well that I did so. Cautiously I peered in through the single window. What I saw brought a warning shout from my throat.

The next instant I had flung the door open and was inside the room. Priestley faced me, his back to the wall, one arm outflung as if to hold me off. His service Colt was in his hand. He snarled furiously at me and raised the weapon's muzzle to his head.

What immediately followed is a bit blurred in my own mind, for I must have acted involuntarily. Near the door, I remember, stood his stove, and beside it, almost at my feet, the woodbox, heaped high with round birch sticks sawed in uniform length. They were about the size of my wrist and heavy. One of these I seized. There was no time to reach him, so I let it fly.

I assume he must have squeezed the trigger just as the missile struck him, for there was a terrible report, the automatic jumped out of his hand, he fell backward.

For a sick minute or two I thought he was dead, but whether by my hand or his own I was too horrified to determine. Then I found that the bullet had gone wild and that he was still breathing. I pulled myself together somehow.

I had him on his bed and the blood pretty well stopped when he came to and stared at me out of dazed eyes that would not focus. It was a long while before he realized what had happened.

He took it quietly, and I admired the way he stood pain. Lord! It was a miracle I hadn't brained him. Before long I realized that nothing less soul shattering than the very thing that had occurred would have shocked him back into a state where I could talk to him. Poor devil! That blow on the skull, that explosion within inches of his brain, must have been almost as severe and as paralyzing as the effect of that shell in the French forest. Yes, and considerably more painful at the time. Anyhow, the way he reacted to it went far to prove what I had suspected, so I told him exactly what my suspicions were.

I BEGAN by assuring him that Kay, his wife, was not dead. He took this with a puzzled frown, as he did my next statement—that her child was purely imaginary, a creature of his own disordered thoughts. He rolled his head weakly and muttered words of doubt and bewilderment.

I did not permit him to argue with me. Over and over again, in one way and another, I explained my theory of his peculiar shell shock. There had really been no letter from Kay—at least, no confession of infidelity. I challenged him to produce it, to quote a single sentence. This he failed to do.

No; that explosion which had blown Cooper to bits had driven some black fancy, astray in his mind at the moment, deep into Priestley's brain, much as a heel print is driven into soft ground; and there it had remained.

Or possibly it had uncovered some scandalous barrack room story, buried and forgotten. One use of dynamite is to plow hard ground, break it up, turn it over. It's a matter of speculation just how it happened, but it actually seemed as if I had driven that fancy back, turned it under again, with that birch missile. A bad fall, any severe shock, would no doubt have served the same purpose.

I likened his memory to a book from which certain pages had been torn and carelessly shuffled. The story was there, all straight and true except for one chapter which was garbled. All I was doing now was to sort out and rearrange those few pages in sequence.

He doubted me, of course. He groped and fumbled. And I had a pretty distressing time with him for a while. But he came around, at least partially, for he was not unbalanced in the usual meaning of the word, as I have tried to make plain.

I don't think he fully credited all I told him until Dan Cornell came in, tired and travel worn, with a sweat-stained telegram in his shirt pocket.

I read it first, for it was addressed to me:

THANK GOD AM LEAVING AT ONCE MEET ME
KAY PRIESTLEY

I handed it to him. Then Dan Cornell and I went outdoors and smoked for a while. Both of us were about done in.

That's practically all there is to tell about my hunting trip, except that Jim Priestley was with Dan and me at the station the next morning when a drawn, white-faced woman stumbled off the train and ran blindly into his arms.

All in all, it was a fine vacation, and I came home with Kay and Jim, feeling greatly benefited by the rest.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Viña Delmar

tells a new story
in her
"Daily Tabloid" series

Viña Delmar

Lothrop Stoddard

writes of the changing Orient in a lively article—

The East Tucks In Its Shirt

Don Marquis

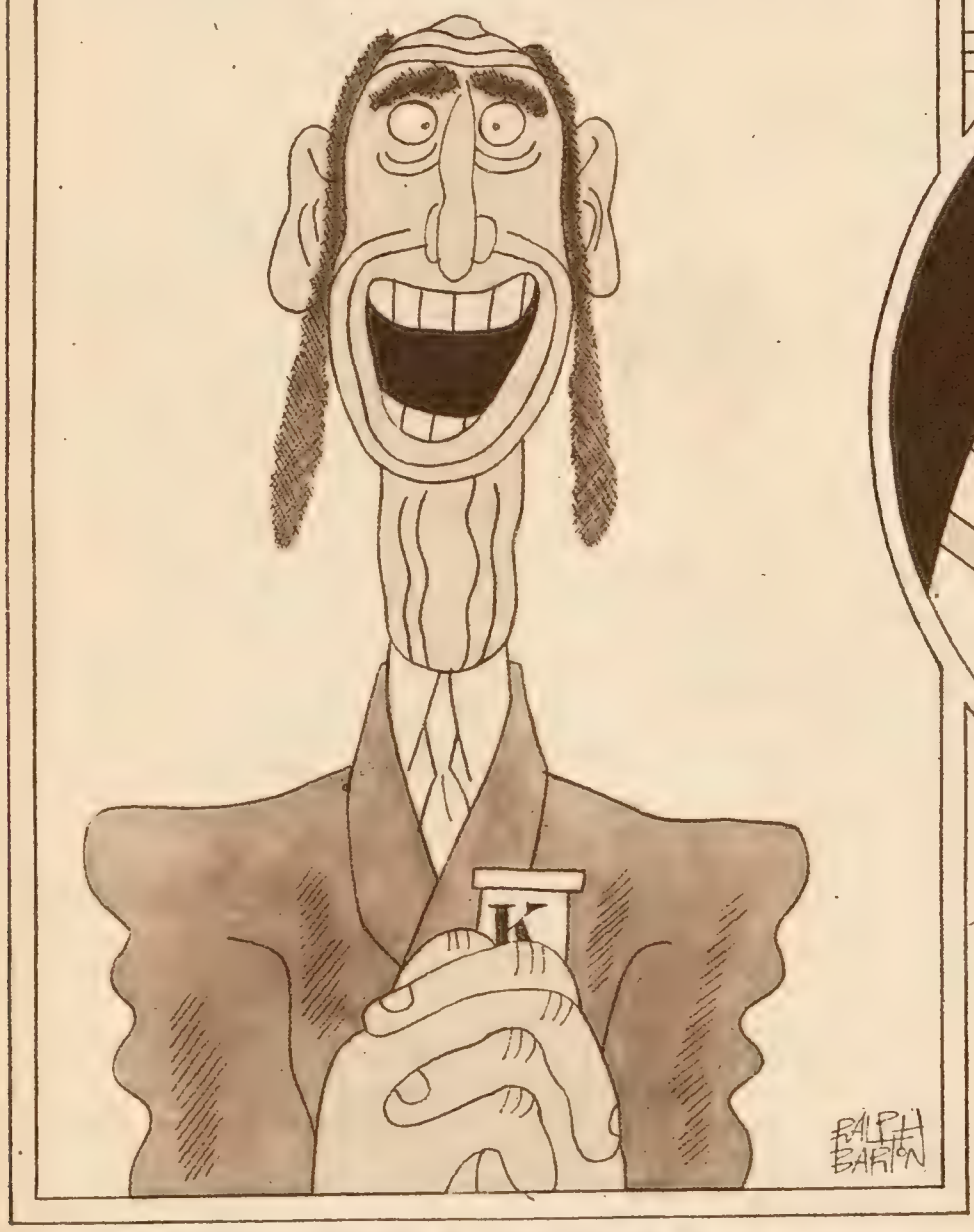
Don Marquis

offers a tale of
New York, entitled
The Right Knife

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

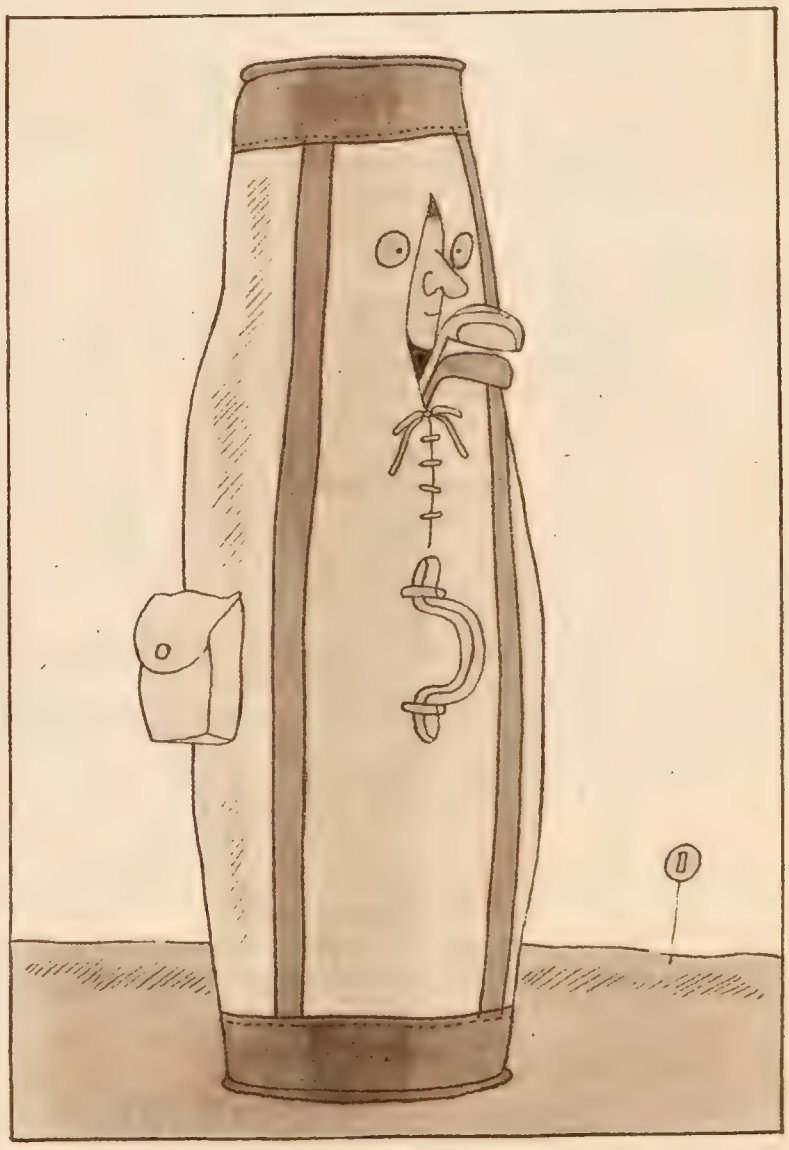
By RALPH BARTON



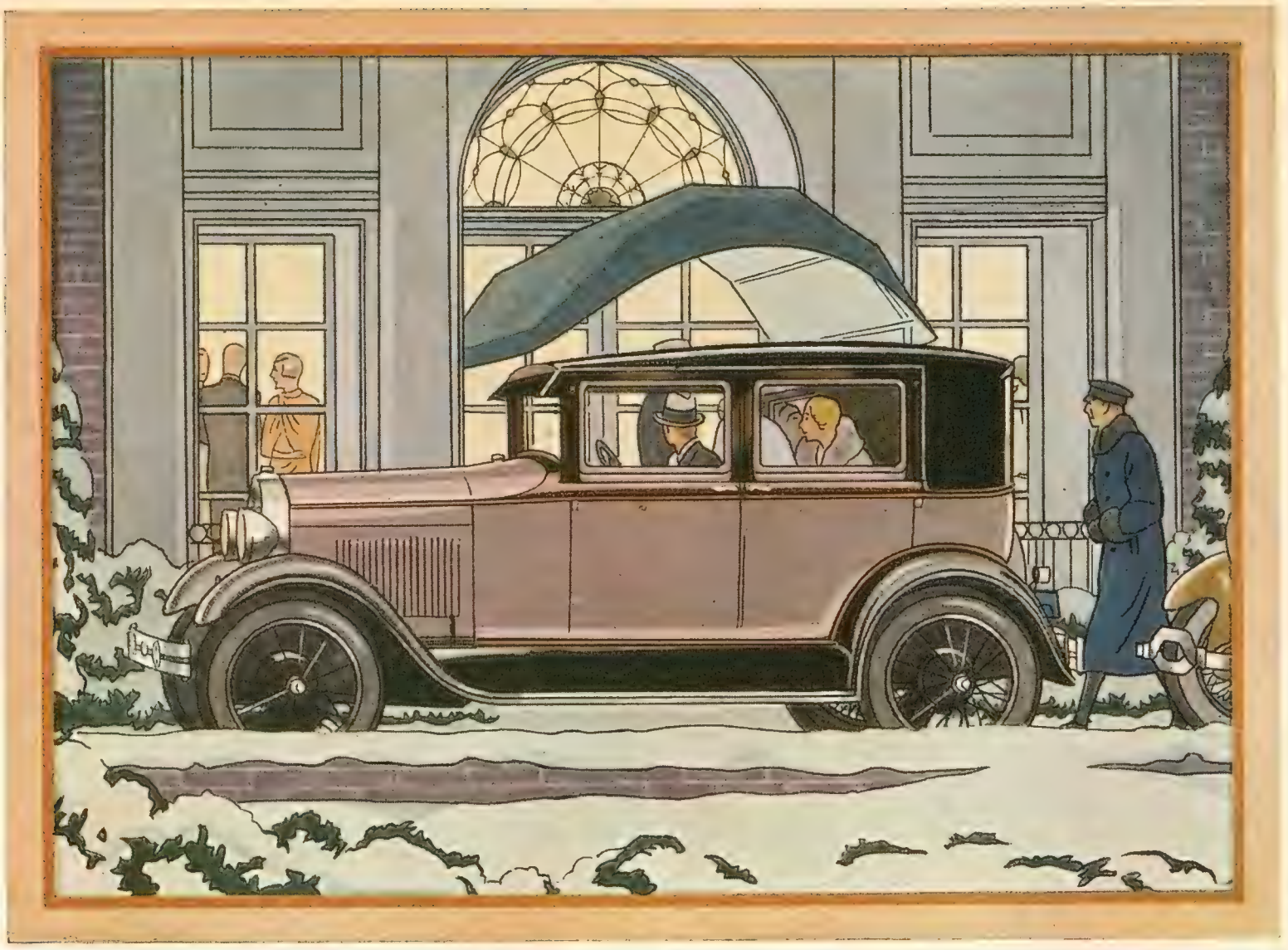
KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF THE RIGHT secretary caught by camera in the act of experiencing the pleasant thought that there aren't any New Worlds today to which Pilgrims can fly to escape intolerance.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS TO MAKE A WORLD. Dr. Woop is in a fearful stew over a variable star 50,000 light years away, while you and I are wondering why there wasn't a letter from Esther in the morning mail.

MAKING NEW YORK A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN. Police Commissioner Whalen orders speakeasies which sell poisoned liquor closed, thus striking a powerful blow in the cause of honest merchandising.



THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (*A penny is paid for ideas accepted for illustration in this corner.*) COMBINATION GOLF AND SLEEPING BAG for those desirous of being first in line in the morning. (*Idea by Howard McRae, Fond du Lac, Wis.*)



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FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

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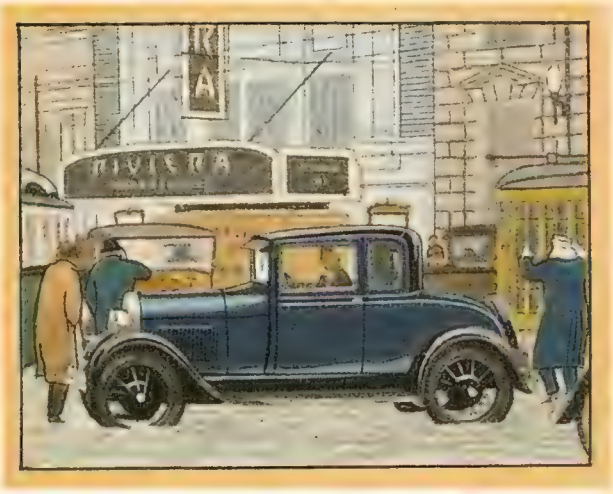
His constant effort is to relieve you of every detail in the care of your car and to help you get thousands upon thousands of miles of low-cost motoring without a care —without even lifting the hood. That is the true purpose and the true meaning of Ford Service.



Some of the features of the new Ford are low, trim lines and beautiful colors, 55 to 65 miles an hour, quick acceleration, fully-enclosed, silent six-brake system, Houdaille shock absorbers, Triplex shatter-proof windshield.

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Why don't they change the menu? Day after day, same old foods . . .

But *is* it the menu? Or is it mainly —YOU! Nature has effective ways of telling you all is not well inside. Loss of appetite is one of them.

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Many people drink a little Pluto Water every day upon arising to insure constant regularity—an excellent way to avoid colds and influenza. Dilute with *hot* water—directions on every bottle. Sold at all drug counters and at fountains. Bottled at the springs, French Lick, Indiana.

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PLUTO WATER

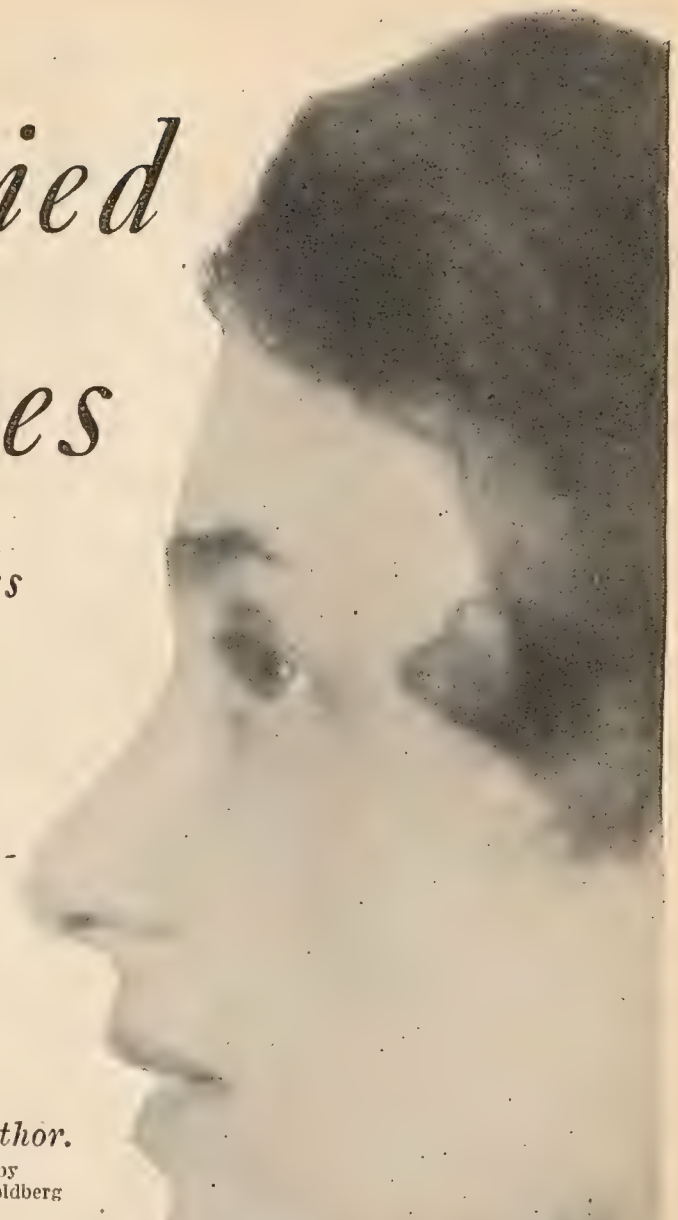
America's Laxative Mineral Water

Why I Married Three Times

The Record of an Experiment in Happiness

By

AVERY STRAKOSCH



The author.
Photo by
Maurice Goldberg

I HAVE been married three times. Three times before I was thirty!

During episodes one and two I often announced, "If ever I get free, I shall never fall into this trap again." I had come to the conclusion, you see, that marriage was a state in which it was impossible to be happy. I didn't believe that intelligent husbands and wives told the truth when they said they were happy.

At the debacle of my second marriage I was even more certain that I did not want to marry again. I said so to myself and my friends, over and over. It became my creed, and every grain of common sense that I possessed revolted at the thought of trying once more to fit my life to someone else's.

But as I looked back, I gradually came to realize that I had really been the leading factor in my two highly unsuccessful matrimonial experiences. Unsuccessful and volcanic. For I was the sort of person who threw things. When I was very young, I mean, because, like every much married woman I have ever met, I was married when I was very—oh, indeed, *very* young!

Both of these husbands were the sons of foreign parents, and each had inherited a rather charming sense of old world gallantry. In fact, as I see them in retrospect, they were very nice young men. And, while each might have frowned at the word "collusion," both eventually proved themselves entirely gracious and sympathetic toward my attempts to terminate our companionship. One, as I remember, was more than generous with alimony!

My first divorce, in Chicago, took exactly six short weeks to secure. There was an interlocutory decree which forbade me to marry for one year. I was amused at this. It sounded very much like telling a burned child to keep away from the fire.

Picture by Edward Ryan

"Steady," whispered the man at my side. "It was the only way to marry you."

I gained what I glibly called "my freedom" for the second time in Rhode Island. But my divorce was scarcely granted before headlines in all the newspapers announced the discovery of the Rhode Island "divorce mill." The next thing I heard, my lawyer was in jail! And for several weeks I did not know just how legally my divorce had been ground out, and whether my status was that of a wife or a divorcée.

The eager person who now appeared upon my horizon, shortly after the smoke of battle cleared away, was an Irishman. Like Kipling's Hibernian, he was a man of infinite resource and sagacity. And I forgot to figure against this when I told him that I never again wanted to see

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

a sign of a marriage license, never as long as I lived.

One velvety afternoon in spring, one of those afternoons when the whole world seems guileless and kind, this ingenious person lured me into his car and away from the city. Beyond New York, through Westchester gleaming with bright new blossoms, we drove until we reached the wilder countryside of rural Connecticut. Then quite before I realized it we were stopping in front of a decrepit brick house in the center of a little village.

"Do we take tea here?" I inquired.

"No," my companion replied, his cheeks suddenly gone crimson, "but I've a little surprise for you."

"I know," I guessed; "some antique furniture!"

"Well," he agreed, "there *is* something antique about this!" He laughed nervously as he helped me from the car, and with this gay bait I was piloted through the crooked entrance of the building before us, and up a flight of winding narrow stairs. A door faced the topmost step. It opened wide just as we reached it.

A squat, middle-aged woman, who doubtless had been listening for our footsteps, greeted us. I thought she observed me rather coyly, but decided it was only her way of smiling. She directed us into a comfortably furnished room — early Grand Rapids; a room of ponderous respectability, unmistakably a parlor. I did not know exactly what to make of our surroundings, especially as one quick glance told me there could be no antiques here.

"Where on earth are we?" I whispered curiously. But before my friend could answer, the same door through which we had come opened again, and in walked an elderly, pleasant looking man.

Picture by Edward Ryan

I DON'T believe there is an unmarried woman living—provided, of course, she is normal—who would not prefer marriage if she could find the right man.

"HERE'S the judge, now," announced the squat little woman. "*We've* been married nearly forty years!" I suppressed a shudder at the mere thought of forty years in the wilderness of marriage, and vaguely wondered at her garrulousness and why she should think we were interested. Meanwhile her husband took off his hat and coat, handed them to her, then walked to the opposite side of the room to another door. He rapped upon it. It opened quickly. Out popped a young man, all brushed and combed and so eager I was reminded of a jack-in-the-box.

"My son, our other witness," the judge explained.

"Witness for what?" I asked. Just then the woman began to snivel. "Oh, my dear," she cried rapturously, "I just love a wedding!"

Suddenly the room was filled with the judge's booming voice, booming unmistakably in my direction, in solemn, funereal tones: "Do you, Avery Strakosch—"

"Steady," whispered the man at my side. "It was the only way to marry you."

"—take this man—" thundered the judge.

I had the sensation of being in a dream, a queer yet not unpleasant dream. Everything had happened so quickly I found it difficult to think. At intervals I could hear myself saying in a mechanical manner, "I do," and at intervals, too, I could hear the judge's sentimental wife weeping.

In a few moments congratulations were being offered, stilted wishes for happiness; papers were being signed, and the judge handed me a square envelope which I accepted in a daze, as at the same time I said good-by to these people whose names I did not even know. Soon we were down the stairs, out upon the road, and in the car. It was twilight now, stars were out, a faint new moon was in the sky. In the ragged shadows of approaching night I opened the envelope to find a wedding certificate cheaply embossed in silver.

Then suddenly, furiously, I realized that I was caught again—married for the third time!

NOW, if I had been sincere when I said that I would never marry again, why didn't I quickly stage a rebellious scene the moment I discovered the "surprise" in the old brick house? I might have said "I do not," instead of "I do"; I might have rushed down the rickety stairs and made a run for the Post Road. From there it would have been a simple matter to get back to New York. If I had had the faintest spark of sincerity, what about my freedom, that beautiful fallacy? Why had I allowed it to slip through my fingers without making the slightest effort to retain it?

The only authentic reason I can give is that I am, in common with all women, an embroiderer. Not that we bear false witness against ourselves knowingly, or voluntarily. But we are women, and the very etymon, or primitive naming of us in old, old English is *wifmann*, meaning wife-of-man! So from the moment we are born we are all potential wives!

I don't believe there is an unmarried woman living—provided, of course, she is normal—who would not prefer marriage to her state of single blessedness, if she could find the right man.

Have you ever noticed the sad and often tragic expression which at moments haunts the eyes of even the most independent and successful spinster? Or the light of restless regret in the roving orbs of the widow or divorcée?

Whether, in my own case, I had been unconsciously searching for the right man to marry or not, I cannot say. One thing I definitely knew: *no marriage is irrevocable.*

Married once more, I concluded I had learned something from my earlier experiences. There were certain things I set out to avoid. For instance, I agreed with a wise old relative that husbands and wives saw each other too often. It seemed to me too that outside elements

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

I like him! He *always* looks so FIT

Of course they like him! One is instinctively drawn to the man who looks *Fit!* To faces clean and clear and smooth.

Today, an enormous and rapidly increasing army of discriminating men, millions of them, assure themselves of fine Face Fitness,—quick, pleasurable, complete,—by the daily use of Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

affected marriage to a ridiculous degree—I mean especially the attitudes and talk of friends. There was a way, I figured, to avoid these causes that might lead to disastrous results. It fitted, I believed, into the modern scheme of things.

Before we were married my husband and I had naturally had our own apartments. Why not continue to keep them and live apart? At the time the newspapers were running many columns concerning advanced husbands and wives who took only an occasional breakfast together. But I wasn't seeking publicity. It was the other extreme I desired: privacy, even secrecy. My third marriage, you see, was teaching me caution. I wanted to see how it worked before I admitted its having taken place!

We had motored north into New England from the little Connecticut village, stopping to buy clothes as we needed them. None of our friends knew that we were married. The day before we returned to New York we seriously discussed our future together. I told my husband exactly how I felt about things in general. He laughed and agreed to do exactly as I wished. I knew these early marital promises of old. I coldly suggested we set on paper any specific ideas either of us might have. Together we composed certain rules by which we believed we could regulate our happiness! I wrote them out very carefully on the back of our marriage certificate. We agreed to the following half dozen:

1. We were to live in separate apartments.
2. Under no circumstances would either one circumscribe the actions of the other.
3. We had full privilege to like or dislike each other's friends.
4. As we were both earners, we would pay bills on a fifty-fifty basis.
5. Business must never be allowed to interfere with pleasure.
6. The moment either one was fed up with being married, it was understood that the other would aid immediately to dissolve the union, and in the simplest manner. There were to be no heroics, no bellyaching, no voiced bitterness or regrets.

MY husband it was who proposed rule two. Although already in his middle thirties he had never been actually married. But he had used his thirty-odd years to observe the way of a man with a maid and *vice versa*. He had seen, he said, so many interesting and attractive bachelors, both men and women, changed by some strange alchemy of marriage from gay and carefree salamanders into plodding drudges.

One personality always seems to dominate, circumscribing the actions of the other, until in a few years two different and often unrecognizable creatures emerge. There was no argument about rule five. We had both been brought up on the reverse of this sentiment and we despised it. We had both seen lonely wives sitting in solitary state in the grand stand while their mates played ball in the selfish world of big business. Not for us! Pleasure before business, and the devil take the hindmost!

A few days after we returned to the city I met my husband for lunch. I thought he greeted me with a peculiar look, a sort of cat-that-swallowed-the-canary expression.

"I have something terrible to tell you," he said soberly, although I was sure I caught a twinkle in his eyes. "Can you stand a shock? Do you know that we aren't really married? That is, not legally?"

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"Well, I found out today that there are certain residential requirements before you can get married properly in Connecticut. We should have lived there at least five days before the ceremony!"

Not legally married!

Could I stand a shock? Could I?

"Then I'm not really married?" I suppressed a desire to shout. "Hooray!" I whispered. My hus—what was he?—looked at me curiously.

"That's funny," he said, "I feel very gay too, because, you know, I'm not really married either!"

"But can't we continue as we are?" I ventured. "If we prove a success with each other, well and good. We can always marry again, legally. If not, we'll separate, without publicity, and we've hurt nobody but ourselves. What shall we call it—this marriage?"

We loathed the word "trial." I suggested a "probation" marriage, but we quickly agreed that it had too much of the ball-and-chain significance. "Experimental," next proposed, was immediately vetoed by our sense of humor, particularly mine. Finally we hit on "conditional." Ours was a conditional marriage. Conditional on what? Our good behavior? Perish the thought! Conditional, really, upon our continuing to care for each other and wanting to remain married.

TRIAL, companionate, conditional, or whatever trick name you wish to give them, these temporary marriages have their drawbacks. We found the mere mechanics of ours burdensome. Our friends knew nothing about our affairs, but they observed us constantly together. They met us everywhere. Eyebrows began to lift questioningly, annoying little innuendoes regarding our devotion crept into conversations. Surely no two people had a better right to be together, yet we found we were always concocting excuses to hand out to curious persons. It was irritating.

My husband lived in an apartment hotel where it was not considered unusual for men to receive women callers. But my apartment was the reconstructed top floor of a private house. The landlord, who lived on the ground floor, a kind and curious old soul, took simple pleasure in greeting the acquaintances of his tenants when they called. Now there was no reason why I should not have any visitor as often as I cared to receive him. But I feared the frequent visits of my husband might cause my landlord to lose the high regard in which I hoped he held me. Thus "conscience does make cowards of us all."

So in an evil moment I introduced my husband as my *brother!* The delight with which this statement was received was most disconcerting. As one falsehood inevitably leads to another, I lived in constant apprehension lest the landlord mention my brother to my friends.

I shall never forget the night Miss Blank rang my doorbell. She called up the stairs that she was on her way to an after-the-theater party around the corner. She had come too early, purposely, to stop for a chat with me. She had really meant to phone first, but had forgotten. Did I mind? Had I been asleep? As she advanced to my floor I wildly motioned my pajama-clad husband into my small study. Then I quickly locked him in.

Miss Blank remained, I thought, suspiciously long. I had no idea what she was talking about. During the entire time of her visit I waited expectantly for my husband to sneeze—he had a cold. And his sneezes were the sort that rocked the house. But the sneeze did not come off. Nevertheless I suffered agonies.

Rule four of our agreement began to complicate our relationship. I have never had an orderly mind concerning money. Indeed, my checkbook has been for years the despair of my bank. Now I found it as impossible to remember exactly what I spent as to keep track of all that I made. I had an awful habit of tucking bills away too, of forgetting about them until they appeared inconveniently and unexpectedly when my funds were at low ebb.

I was able to keep secret these failings of mine for a time, but they finally crept out. Such procedures were hardly conducive to the peace of the masculine mind. With a gesture of despair I urged that we pool our resources rather than split hairs on a fifty-fifty basis. My husband acquiesced without much enthusiasm, I

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

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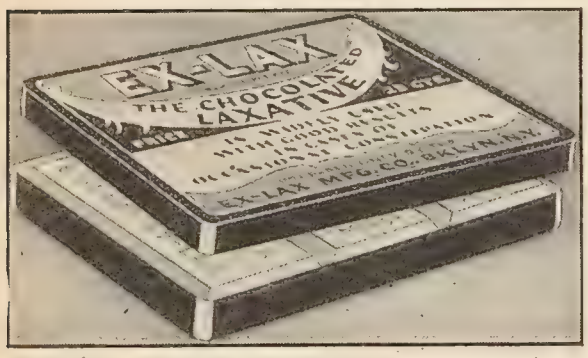

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For it tastes like chocolate candy. It *is* chocolate treated with a tasteless, harmless laxative agent that physicians recommend.

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FOR CONSTIPATION

EX-LAX

TASTES LIKE CANDY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

thought, but insisted that even though I refused to accept money from him I must have full access to his bank account. He innocently arranged with his bank to honor my signature. Although I was still sure of our ability to retain our social independence, we both confessed that economic independence was thoroughly impracticable.

Although we did not realize it at first, our precious notions about not restricting each other's activities were impracticable. Because, before we met, my husband and I had always hunted with different social packs—I with a musical or literary herd, he with a foot in either camp of lower Wall Street and Southampton—we were to discover that a single, unattached, and attractive male or female is entirely different socially from male plus female attached to each other.

We were constantly asked to parties singly, and unless the uninvited one had a date which corresponded, that one was left high and dry. So neither of us was really contented. Thus, without meaning to, we were forever circumscribing each other's actions! For instance, if someone invited me to dinner or to the theater, I would not accept until I knew what my half section was doing. Although he always said, "O. K. Go ahead!" I could not enjoy myself with a vision of him spending a lonely evening.

WEEK-END and business trips which took one of us away were devastating to our peace of mind. We began to doubt the wisdom of my old aunt who said separation was good for married folks.

Invitations came less and less. We were thrown together more and more, which, as far as we were individually concerned, was all right. But we soon began to lose all outside social contacts.

Then quite suddenly it was spring again. The old nostalgia for budding things and green trees swept over the city and came in at windows and doors. Everyone who could rushed to the country. We found ourselves speeding through Westchester, on into Connecticut, and finally off the Post Road up a little-used byway. It appeared vaguely familiar—the outskirts of a country village. Then a few hundred feet farther on I spied a brick house. My husband recognized it at the same time. We looked at each other and smiled.

"Do we take tea here?" I asked as we stopped before the crooked doorway.

"What do you think of conditional marriages?" he inquired, ignoring my hunger.

"I think they're the bunk," I replied enthusiastically.

THAT night we ate supper in the Grand Rapids parlor of the judge, with his wife and their son. I must admit they thought we were a little odd when we invited ourselves to stay five days, and absolutely crazy when at the end of our visit we insisted upon being married all over again—legally!

We returned to town immediately, telephoned our friends, and announced our marriage. No one seemed surprised; indeed, the attitude on all sides was one of skepticism! We didn't receive a single wedding present!

What after all is the difference between many marriages and one? It's happiness we are all seeking, isn't it? Men and women are similar to chemicals. Some mix, some don't. Take for instance concentrated sulphuric acid, add lye to it, and watch it spit and spray and make an unpleasant heat.

But don't forget that alcohol and water mix so thoroughly that together they require less space than when they are separated!

How do you know whether you are concentrated sulphuric acid or not, and whether you are marrying a bit of human lye, unless you experiment?

My husband has just read this article. He says he thinks it is in very bad taste. But what can he do about it? Hasn't he promised never to circumscribe my actions?

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page fifty-six)

1—Which is called the Evergreen State?

2—Who was the champion batsman of the National League for the 1928 season?

3—What is ethnology?

4—What is copra?

5—In Civil War times who were called Copperheads?

6—What is utopia?

7—What is common to agate, nonpareil, minion, and brevier?

8—What is a natatorium?

9—What country is called the Flowery Kingdom?

10—According to the Bible, who slew Goliath?

11—What are arboreal animals?

12—What is the origin of good-bye?

13—What are the given names of H. G. Wells?

14—What city is the flour milling center of the United States?

15—Which is the "off" animal of a team?

16—Of what is parchment made?

17—What son of an ex-President of the United States was killed in the World War?

18—On what river is Quebec situated?

19—In what opera is there a famous "mad scene"?

20—Where was the treaty which ended the Revolutionary War signed?

Wild and Woolly

Hollywood Turns Back to the Horse Opera

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★

THE wonders of the newly created stop, look, and listen drama never will cease. The Fox Movietoners moved their synchronizing equipment out into the Utah hills and then to the Mohave Desert, producing an exciting melodrama played to the obbligato of braying mules and hoof beats on the mesa. This first big excursion of the audibles away from the home studios results in a superfilm you are going to hear a lot about—In Old Arizona.

Based on O. Henry's A Caballero's Way, In Old Arizona is a rich and racy thriller of the Southwest. A dashing bad man, known as the Cisco Kid, and a rough-riding cavalry sergeant fall within the wiles of a Mexican Jezebel. She plays fast and loose—this dusky half-breed temptress—hoping to sell her bandit lover for the ransom upon his head. The tricky retribution provides the kick of the tale.

Warner's noise film, My Man, gives Fannie Brice a chance to do her specialty numbers in the movies.

Bear in mind that all this is told in sound and dialogue—and sometimes with exceedingly rough and ready repartee. Probably it is told with too much gusto and tang for some parts of our land. The adobe siren, Tonia Maria, is a torrid young woman of general cussedness. The cavalry sergeant, Mickey Dunn, is a profane, lady-loving, and sure-shooting forerunner of the immortal Sergeant Quirt of What Price Glory. The bandit is a fanciful Don Juan of the Southwest, a singing, guitar-strumming, and romantic ancestor of the present effete gentry who flash machine guns.

In Old Arizona tells a colorful melodramatic tale; it presents superb sweeps of arid desert and ornery mountain country; and its background of creaking stagecoaches and cracking whips is something new.

The film has a trio of fine performances. Warner Baxter is excellent as the gallant Cisco Kid who is as ready with a ballad as he is with a bullet. Edmund Lowe gives a corking performance of the sergeant from New York's Bowery. And a newcomer from the stage, Dorothy Burgess, sears her way into a tempestuous hit as the bad baby of Guadalupe.

In Old Arizona was started by Director Raoul Walsh, who was also to play the Cisco Kid, but a jackrabbit crashed through the windshield of his car, cutting him badly and blinding him in one eye. While he was in the hospital, Irving Cummings finished the picture.

Warner Baxter as the Cisco Kid and Dorothy Burgess as Tonia in the talkie thriller, In Old Arizona.

★ ★

The hit of Al Jolson is bringing its inevitable onrush of stage and vaudeville stars, all hopeful of turning the chinema trick. Now comes Fannie Brice in a three-quarters talkie, My Man, from the Warner Brothers.

Miss Brice, I expect, will be what they call a one-picture star in Hollywood.

In My Man, Miss Brice plays an unselfish tenement orphan who works in a theatrical costume shop when she isn't mothering a flaming, wayward sister and a little brother. All this aside from caring for a down-and-outer who, of course, is My Man.

In spite of the tax upon her capacities as a little mother, the tenement heroine finds time to entertain her fellow workers with songs, all of which leads to a great Broadway stage success.

While the star doesn't record with complete success, her songs, and particularly the specialty, Mrs. Cohen at the Beach, offer interesting and amusing interludes. The actual honors of My Man are captured by Edna Murphy, who plays Fannie's erring kid sister.

★ ★

In Metro-Goldwyn's West of Zanzibar, said to be based on the Broadway play Kongo, Lon Chaney is a crazy, crippled magician who lords it over a lot of African savages while he endeavors to pull a lifelong revenge out of his hat. Gruesome—but Lon has sandpapered audiences' nerves more effectively in other films.

Personalities—

Warner Baxter was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1891. He earns $1,000 a week. . . . Dorothy Burgess was playing in The Squall when the movie folk discovered her.

The Opportunist

The Story of a Girl Who Got What She Wanted in Spite of Herself

Pictures by
WILL PERRIN

By
PHYLLIS DUGANNE

JENNIFER stood on a corner in the rain, waiting for a bus. She had no umbrella and rain dripped steadily over her brimless felt hat and trickled unpleasantly down her neck. Her shoes were quite as wet inside as out. The wind that came swooping low down the cañons of the streets, tossing the water in swirls about her ankles, was bitterly cold. A crowded bus swept past her and she swore softly.

"Want a lift?"

Without even raising her brown eyes Jennifer shook her head at the young man who had slowed his automobile past the curb where she was standing. He shrugged amiably and slipped on down the flooded smoothness of Fifth Avenue, sitting dry and sheltered behind the wheel.

"Fool!" said Jennifer to herself. "Darned fool!"

Angrily she began walking, slapping her feet down upon the wet pavement. Why hadn't she accepted the young man's lift? Six blocks from her street a half-empty bus caught up with her, and she let it go by with the disdainful air of one who simply adores walking. What difference did it make now? Direct contact with the East River couldn't make her any wetter.

Marian Poole, who shared her apartment, opened the door. "There's a bundle for you, Jen!"

"Yeah?" asked Jennifer rather crossly. She removed her dripping coat and hung it, with an air of exaggerated tenderness, over a chair. She yanked off her hat and shook drops of water from her curly brown hair.

"It's on the couch," said Marian.

Jennifer was kicking off her soggy shoes. Her eyes, moving past Marian, rested upon a box, a somehow important looking box, tied with bright string.

"Why—" Jennifer broke the string and plunged her hands into tissue-paper folds. "Why, what—" She stared, quite blankly, at her roommate.

"I should say," said Marian very calmly, "that it was a fur coat."

Unquestionably it was a fur coat, soft brown like her hair, luxuriously lined in moss green satin.

"There's a card," said Marian.

Jennifer tore open the envelope, gasped, chuckled, and handed the card to Marian.

"Won't you please wear this?" [read Marian aloud]. "You know you aren't warm enough in that blue thing, and you should know me too well to entertain any stupid misapprehension about the spirit in which this is sent. You would wound me deeply by misunderstanding, Jennifer dear.

"Devotedly, LARRY."

"Ho!" said Jennifer. She slipped her arms into the sleeves of the coat. A rolling collar rose about her oval face; her wide brown eyes and the curve of hair upon her cheeks repeated the warm brown of the fur. She surveyed her reflection in the mirror, turning critically from side to side. She lifted her arm and rubbed her cheek against the soft fur, her lips curved into a smile, her eyes grave. Then, abruptly, she took it off. "Want to try it on before I put it back, Nan?" she asked.

Marian Poole had been watching her quietly; without comment, she took the coat.

Jennifer sat down on the edge of the table.

"Remember Nicky Blake's definition of an opportunist?" she asked. "A girl who meets the wolf at the door at night and comes out next morning with a new fur coat?" Her laugh was a little bitter.

Marian took off the coat and laid it gently back upon the couch. "You *do* need a coat, Jen!"

"Sure I do." Jennifer grinned. "I need a limousine, too!"

She folded the coat, brusquely shoved it back into the

"Remember Nicky Blake's definition of an opportunist? A girl who meets the wolf at the door at night and comes out next morning with a new fur coat?"

tissue-paper folds, and tied up the box. "There!" she said, and pushed it out of sight in the corner. "'She was poor—but she was hon-est!'" she chanted derisively. "Oh, I'm a goo-ud girl, I am! What are we having for supper?"

In its box in the corner of the room the fur coat lay crouched like a sleeping animal.

"Oh, I suppose he means it all right!" said Jennifer suddenly. "At least, he thinks he does. But, you mark my words, Nan, if I did take it, he'd feel differently toward me. He wouldn't be able to help it!"

Marian shrugged. "It's all so mixed up," she evaded. "I don't know. There he is with more money than he knows what to do with— Why, Jen, Larry Stevenson spends that much money on one party a couple of times a week! And yet—"

"And can you imagine my mother's face if I took a fur coat from a man?" demanded Jennifer. "Why, Nan, she'd probably think I was an abandoned woman to have had it offered to me!"

The coffee was boiling noisily in the kitchenette; Marian got up and set it rather viciously down upon the table. "I don't see how anyone's expected to know what's right and what's wrong!" she said irritably. "It's all right to go out to dinner with a man, to a night club, to let him spend fifty or sixty dollars on you in a single evening, but—"

"But it's all wrong to let him buy you anything you need!" Jennifer completed. "Them's ethics, lamb!"

"Well, I'm sick of ethics!" said Marian.

"'S morals!" affirmed Jennifer severely.

"I'm sick of morals!" said Marian, so vehemently that they both laughed. "Oh, Jen—what's it all *about?*"

Jennifer leaned over and kissed her. "C'mon, we'll go to a movie. Learn a lot about morality there. Virtue rewarded; love conquers all!"

Later, Jennifer lay awake on the cot in the living room, listening to the sounds of the city and thinking of Larry Stevenson and ethics and fur coats. So many people would say that she was a fool not to accept Larry's gift. She moved restlessly, burying her face in the pillow. Well, she couldn't accept it, and that was that. Any more than she could have accepted the young man's lift that afternoon. Any more than she could accept any of the numerous gifts that were offered so nicely and tactfully.

Larry Stevenson. . . . She lay wide awake and wondered, for the first time, precisely what his attitude toward her was. He liked her and he liked to be with her—and, of course, he found her useful. "Jennifer! I have a client from Iowa, God forbid, on my hands tonight. Will you dine with us and help me amuse him?" So many times she had listened over the telephone to that plea. Dinners at expensive restaurants, and later in the evening an hour or two at a night club, where the cover charge alone was enough to pay her weekly grocery bill.

A FORTY dollar a week job—and here she was, acquiring the tastes and some of the habits of a millionaire's daughter. It wasn't gold-digging, though sometimes it seemed to her that Marian, who knew so many of these youthful Wall Street men, verged perilously close to it. Not actual gold-digging, but an increasingly easy acceptance of the things that came so naturally—silk stockings, gloves, all the little luxuries of life. Being tucked into a taxi and finding, when one reached home, that the driver had been paid. Flowers, boxes of candy, books, magazines—all of them little things, and yet . . .

For Larry to make Jennifer such a gift was proportionately as though she had given him a very fine linen handkerchief. Larry, whom she had known for two years; Larry, who had once kissed her, and never kissed her again because she had shaken her head and said simply, "Please, Larry—"

"I'm sorry, Jen," he telephoned after he had received her note. "I was afraid you'd feel that way, but I'd just cleaned up an unexpected pile and— Silly, isn't it?"

"Awfully silly!" she agreed. "But there it is, Larry."

"There it is!" he agreed cheerfully, and dismissed the subject. After all, he didn't have to shiver the winter out in an inadequate blue wool coat! "Want to go to a tea party with me tomorrow? At Dana Corinth's—ever met him? Usually a bunch of theater people—'s apt to be amusing."

Jennifer hesitated. Sundays were mending days. "Why, Larry—" He was waiting, and she realized that he would think she was angry with him if she refused. "I'd love to."

Dana Corinth's apartment surprised her. It was built on the roof of an office building, and the combination of unbroken sky and sunlight at the windows and the obviously genuine early American furniture gave it the feeling of a country place. The apartment surprised her, and Dana Corinth . . . Jennifer felt a strange breathlessness when Larry introduced them.

New York, Wall Street—this man, like his apartment, had about him the air of the country, dogs and horses, gardens and trees. Tall and rangy, in loose homespun. Yet he wasn't in the least the conventionalized, rough tweed, pipe smoking, romantic type of male. Jennifer, as she smiled up at him, realized what a rare thing it had become to meet a man who was actually an individual.

People drifted in and out, some of them people Jennifer knew, many of them people of whom she had heard. Kay Parmalee, who had made such a success that season in her first nonmusical show. Ogden Wright, who had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

more money than one cared to think of, with Mrs. Wright, who was a lawyer and looked like an early Venetian duchess. Marsden Mayo, the novelist; Peter Clark, the etcher. . . .

Dana Corinth was an excellent host. Moving with seeming aimlessness from one group to another, he saw that no one was bored, that no one was neglected. He paused often beside Jennifer, although there was no hostly necessity for that.

Jennifer felt absurdly, disproportionately happy. That sort of bubbling, effervescent happiness that pervades all one's being.

"I've never seen you look so pretty!" Larry told her.

Jennifer's wool crêpe of tawny orange was more than a year old; the brown feather hat which fitted her head like a wig had cost five dollars at a wholesale feather shop. Model shoes of brown suède, silk stockings with neat little darns at either heel. But her brown eyes were dancing. From across the room her host's eyes had sought her out again, deep blue-gray eyes that remained serious even when he smiled.

A bald young man sat down at the piano. Someone was pushing back a table. Jennifer stood up, and from the farther side of the room Dana Corinth made his way toward her.

"Dance, Jen?" asked Larry, but she didn't hear him. Kay Parmalee was already dancing, dove-gray chiffon fluttering about her slenderness. Then Jennifer was in Corinth's arms, sweeping in long strides down the room.

"You and Larry wait until the others go," he told her. "Kay and Peter are staying, and the Westons—we thought we'd all have dinner together."

"All right," said Jennifer, dancing.

It was 9 o'clock when they dropped downward in the elevator, ten of them, and though Jennifer had come with Larry Stevenson, she was now at Dana Corinth's side, exactly as though she belonged there. They stood on the sidewalk. Kay Parmalee drew the folds of her chinchilla close about her, shivering before the blast of the east wind; but Jennifer, the blue wool coat unfastened, gloves in her hand, stood with her head high, oblivious to the cold that was deepening the color in her cheeks from rose to crimson.

"WE'D better get three cabs," Dana Corinth said. "Go to Manon's, shall we? There—hop inside, little Kay, before this wind blows you away! Larry, will you go in with Kay—"

And then she was sitting beside Corinth in a taxi, and she didn't say anything, nor did he, nor did their silence seem in the least degree odd or strained.

Somehow it was unlike other evenings. Manon's wasn't essentially different from the thousand and one other little French or Italian restaurants whose proprietor is or was or knows or once met the chief steward of the France. But to Jennifer there hung about the party a persistent sense of excitement.

He grasped her wrist tightly. "You were waiting for bigger game, weren't you, Jennifer?"

Larry took her home. "You liked Corinth," he commented.

"You told me I would!" Jennifer said.

"Um," said Larry. "Yes."

Naturally, in spite of liking him, Jennifer didn't expect Dana Corinth to telephone her the next day. There was no reason why he should—and he didn't. There wasn't any reason for him to telephone her on Tuesday or on Wednesday or on Thursday. Or, she told herself severely as she dressed to go out with Larry, on any other day.

"Where'll we have dinner?" Larry asked her.

Jennifer shrugged. She was, she realized suddenly, more than a little bored with Larry Stevenson.

"Dagnino's is good food—unless you'd like to dance at dinner?" She shook her head, and he gave the address to the taxi driver.

Addresses. Larry's mind, she reflected, was like a neat little leather address book.

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

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[THE OPPORTUNIST
Continued from page twenty-six]

The taxi stopped, and Jennifer ran ahead up the brownstone steps and pressed the bell. Through the grating of wrought iron Dagnino himself looked out at her.

"Good evening, Miss Drew." The heavy door swung open upon a wide hall with a carved oak staircase ascending sharply.

He greeted Larry and accompanied them to their table, relaying their order to the waiter as though their dinner were far too important a thing to be arranged without proper etiquette.

"There's Corinth over there," said Larry.

Jennifer turned, and the blue-gray eyes met hers; he rose and came instantly to her side, and she gave him her hand with a sort of eagerness.

"Sit down and have a drink with us," Larry greeted him mechanically.

"I'm with a semibusiness party," Corinth said rather doubtfully. "You wouldn't care to join us after dinner, would you? We're going to the Garden—hockey. And afterward—"

Jennifer laughed and looked at Larry.

"So are we," he admitted a bit reluctantly.

"Then let's all sit together," said Dana Corinth. He turned again to Jennifer. "It wouldn't bore you?"

"It wouldn't bore me," she answered gravely, but beneath the gravity of her voice laughter throbbed exultantly.

It didn't bore her to sit in the next seat to him at the Garden. Later the familiar confusion of a night club was not boring.

"I wish—would you have dinner with me some night, and go to a theater?" he asked her, as they danced.

That silent laughter throbbed within her. "I'd love to," she answered him.

"Tomorrow night?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jennifer.

Tomorrow night—Friday—

Marian, who was not going out, stretched lazily on the couch, watching Jennifer dress.

"Dar-ling! Would you wear the green chiffon?" Jennifer flung open the closet door and swept her eyes over the interior in burlesque indecision.

"We-e-ell—" drawled Marian, and laughed at her. "Idiot!"

LAUGHING, Jennifer snatched the dress from its hanger, dropped it over her head, wriggled once, and was clothed.

"All my eggs in one basket!" she murmured. "Nan, I ought to have another dress! 'S terrible!" But she surveyed the reflection of her solitary evening gown with satisfaction. Choice between one really fine frock or two cheap ones—now, especially, as she thought of Dana Corinth, she was glad that she had chosen the one.

The doorbell sounded and she flew to the buzzer.

There was no "Where shall we go?" Corinth gave an address to the driver and they went.

"D'you know this place?" he asked her as they entered the restaurant.

She shook her head. Oh, she was glad that she had bought the one good dress; glad that instead of the near pearls which Marian had offered her, she had come quite without jewelry! The real thing or nothing! She smiled a little mistily at Dana Corinth, as she half realized what that meant.

The restaurant was quiet and, amazing rarity in New York, it was spacious.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed an hour later. "How you've made me talk about myself!" She looked at him wonderingly. She had been talking steadily—talking of places and people she hadn't thought of in years. Jennifer was twenty-four and twenty of those years had been spent in New England.

"I seem to recall getting an occasional word in edgeways!" he retorted, and she laughed.

Yes, he had talked, too. They'd been talking of their childhood—how had they begun that?

"And there," he said abruptly, but without surprise, "in the flesh, is the very sister I used to torment! Hi, Pats!" He rose, and Jennifer followed his eyes. Tall, like Dana, and blue-eyed like him, her skin dazzlingly white against a black velvet frock—oh, but Jennifer was glad that she hadn't worn those near pearls! "My sister, Mrs. Carter—Miss Drew. Where's Phil?"

"Oh, he's trailing along. Ran into someone he knew outside. Bootlegger, I s'pose." Pats Carter grinned engagingly at Jennifer. "May I sit down? And might I have a roll? I'm starved!"

THEY couldn't, Dana told his sister, go to a concert with her, because he had nearly broken his neck getting seats for the O'Neill opening. Some other time . . .

"Lord, what a winter!" he said, as they emerged from the yellow warmth of the hall to the sidewalk. Wet snow, swollen flakes that melted as they left the air, blew in a slanting curtain from low clouds; the pavement was an inch deep in slush. Dana glanced toward the curb, looked down at Jennifer, then, without a word, he picked her up in his arms and carried her to the taxi.

She sat where he had put her, smiling like a little girl, startled and delighted, as she shook the snow from her brown hair.

"Rotten night," he repeated. He was looking ahead, through the steamy window, at the laboring traffic, and Jennifer leaned back contentedly and studied his face.

It happened in an instant, yet afterward she could remember that change in his face as though she had seen it in a slow-motion picture a hundred times. Swift, extraordinary transformation. . . . He whirled about and caught her in his arms, almost smothering her, his hands fiercely pressing her head against his chest, his whole long body covering her.

She could remember that change of his face, though she had no memory of any crash or impact. Only, after an interval, his face again, still close to hers, but oddly white in the glare of an electric light, with blood trickling down from his hair, and his voice, passionately demanding, over and over, "Are you all right, Jennifer? Are you all right?"

"I'm all right," she answered dazedly, though she still didn't know what had happened.

Now, beyond his face, she saw the body of the driver crumpled over the steering wheel, his arched back glistening with pieces of broken glass. Then she realized that, instead of sitting on a leather seat beside Dana Corinth, she was lying in his arms in a tangle of wreckage. White faces of people evolved in the air at a startling angle from her eyes; voices, a whistle, a clanging bell. Then hands reaching toward her, and the sound of splintering wood and ripping cloth.

Still dazed, still without moving, Jennifer looked into Dana Corinth's eyes and smiled at him trustingly.

"Accident," she said in a funny, childlike voice.

"You darling!" he told her.

Then she was standing on her feet, with his arm supporting her, with staring faces strung about like beads.

"Oh, you're hurt!" she cried. He was wiping his face with a handkerchief, and shakily she rose on tiptoes, put one bare arm about his neck and drew his head toward her; began wiping away the trickling blood.

Beyond them, a truck, resting drunkenly on three wheels, was drawn against the curb; its driver, between

two policemen, was talking earnestly. On a stretcher, the limp body of the chauffeur was being put into an ambulance. Then Dana was lifting her into a cab. His voice came from a distance to her ears:

"—want my doctor to look you over—shock—"

She tried to rouse herself. "I'm all right. It's only my dress—it's my only dress." Her words made a funny rhythm and she began to laugh. "I'm not hysterical!" she said. "It's just—oh, you poor dear!" She began again to wipe the blood from his forehead, tenderly, solicitously.

He leaned down quietly and kissed her mouth. Jennifer closed her eyes. Below her ear she could feel his heart thumping rapidly. She sat perfectly still, listening to it. . . .

"You're certainly lucky," the doctor told her.

She nodded, staring dreamily past him. Lucky! Lucky . . .

"Of course, there's always an inescapable shock to the nervous system," the doctor was telling Dana. "She's still dazed, but she'll be over that in a day or two. You come in now and let me have a look at you."

Jennifer smiled as the inner door closed. It wasn't the accident which would make this day stand out from other days all the rest of her life!

"We'll have our party tomorrow night," said Dana. "Can't we?"

"Um," said Jennifer, thinking of her dress. Oh, well—she could borrow Marian's blue one!

They shook hands almost formally.

"You *are* a darling!" he told her.

THE telephone rang just as she was leaving for the office in the morning, and her breath caught.

"Jennifer? It's Dana. How are you?"

She grinned. Head over heels in love with you, if you really want to know, she thought. Temperature's gone up any number of degrees, just at hearing your voice. Adore you!

"Fine," she answered demurely. "How are you?"

"Oh—grand! Jennifer! I'd forgotten that today was Saturday. Won't you have lunch with me?"

My dear, thought Jennifer indulgently, aren't you rather absurd not to know that I'll do anything you want—always?

After lunch he put her in a cab.

"We're going to buy you a new dress," he said.

She looked at him vaguely. "Are we?" she asked.

He was, she reflected, the sort of man who receives respect and attention everywhere. Sitting beside him in the showroom of the shop to which he had brought her, she tried to be really interested in the models which were paraded before them.

She could see that he liked the gold dress much the best. She tried it on and stood before him, glowing beneath his pleasure.

"Now we'll get shoes," said Dana Corinth.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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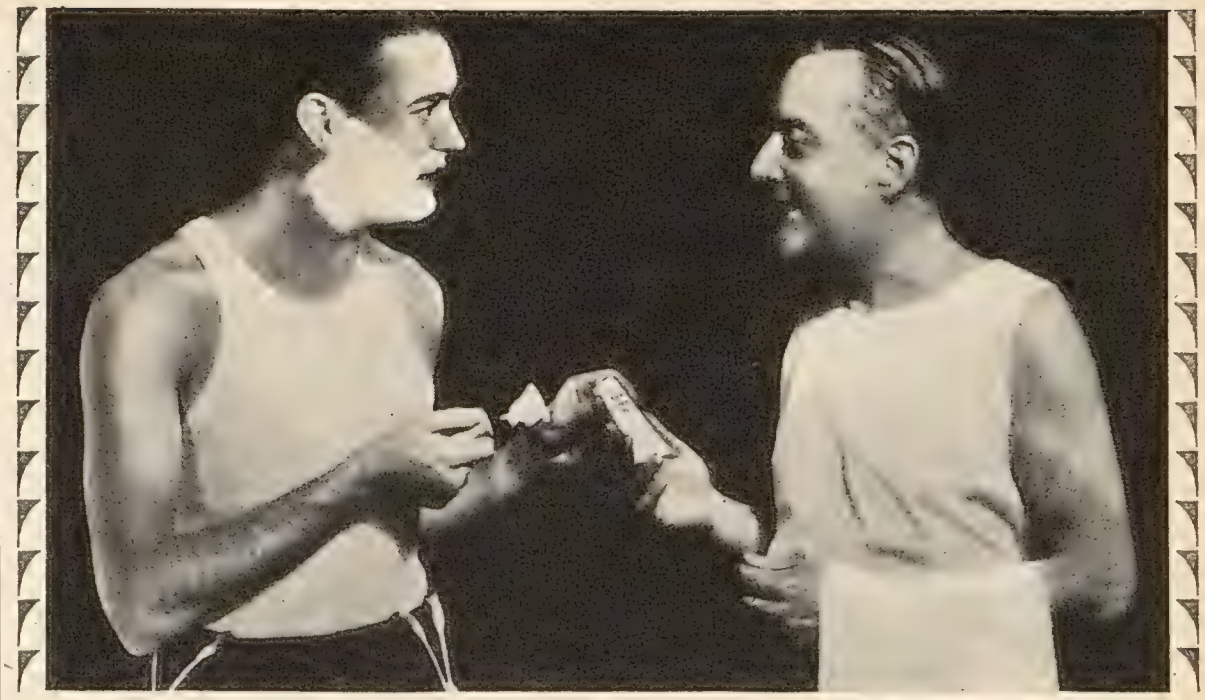

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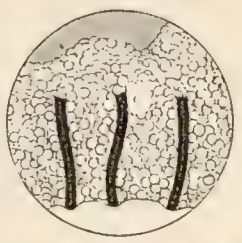

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[THE OPPORTUNIST
Continued from page twenty-nine]

Slippers and six pairs of sheer golden stockings. . . . This was herself, Jennifer Drew! Shopping with a gentleman! She tried to feel ashamed of herself and didn't. He wanted to buy her these things!

The taxi, meter clicking busily, waited with their purchases while they had tea.

"I'll go home and dress and be down for you at seven," he told her.

Marian was taking a bath. "Be out in a sec!" she called, as Jennifer came in.

"No hurry," said Jennifer.

She lifted the golden dress from its wrappings.

"Jennifer!" Marian stood in the doorway, clutching her bathrobe. "Oh—how *heavenly!*"

"Isn't it?" agreed Jennifer. She looked at the dress proudly, complacently, as a mother might look at a pretty child. "Dana Corinth bought it for me," she said, and turned and looked steadily at Marian.

"Well, why shouldn't he, idiot?" Marian retorted. "I guess the taxi company's liable for it, anyway! Your green dress was ruined, and—"

Jennifer shook her head and stared at the golden gown.

"Idiot!" said Marian again and looked at her curiously. "Oh—Larry telephoned. Three times. You know, that lad's jealous, Jen."

"Jealous!" said Jennifer, and laughed.

She was drawing a golden stocking over her slender leg when the doorbell rang. In dismay, she looked at the clock. It couldn't be Dana, so soon!

"I'll go," Marian said, hastily giving a last pat to her own frock. And, in a moment, "It's Larry," she called.

Marian, who was not going out, stretched lazily on the couch, watching Jennifer dress.

Larry's voice drifted back from the living room: "Nan told me you were going out, Jen, but I thought I'd stop in and find out when you'll come to dinner with me. I never can get you on the telephone any more!"

Larry . . .

He was standing by the window talking to Marian when Jennifer came into the room, and he swung about and stood motionless, staring at her.

"Gee!" he said finally. "You look like a million dollars!"

Scarcely conscious of them, Jennifer looked into the mirror. The dress was a delicate blur of golden lace, gold lights shone in her brown hair, and her luminous eyes were flecked with gold.

"Heavens—I must run!" Marian seized her wrap. "I'm to be at the Washburns' by seven!"

Larry did not move.

"Oh—Jennifer!" he said, when the apartment door had closed.

She looked at him vaguely.

"Gee!" he said again. He seemed rather pitifully like a little boy to her, as she contemplated him, all the man-about-town quality stripped away in an instant.

"Do you know how beautiful you are?" he asked huskily.

"Oh, Larry!" She wanted to be beautiful.

"Jen—you know I'm crazy about you!" he said.

She moved impatiently.

He took her hand. "I always have been—you know that! Oh, I suppose I've been like most New Yorkers, sort of shy of the holy bonds of matrimony!" For an instant the man-about-town returned. "There are so

darn few girls you have to marry, these days! But you, Jen—" Small boy again, blundering, blustering. "You and me together—gee, we'd *make* it succeed, Jen! We—"

She shook her head. "Larry—"

"Jen darling, you—"

She disengaged her hand swiftly. "Larry, I want you to go now. Really. Right away." She hated the pleading in his dark eyes; she hadn't wanted him to say all this.

"Will you have dinner with me tomorrow?" he asked.

"Yes," she said swiftly. Anything to get him away! Whatever she should be feeling, she felt merely a tremendous boredom, an irritation at his pleading.

He caught her hand and kissed it, stumbled out a little dramatically. Amusement twisted her lips into a faint smile. So Larry had decided that he wanted to marry her! She shrugged and crossed to the window, stood looking up the street until Dana Corinth appeared.

His sister, he told her, was having a party that evening; since it was Saturday night and the city would be crowded, wouldn't she care to go there?

"Why, of course!" said Jennifer.

SHE had an instant of overwhelming shyness when she stood beside him in the hall of Pats Carter's house, looking beyond into a bright roomful of strangers.

"Run on upstairs and drop your coat," he said. "I'll wait here."

A bed laden with furs and brocades. Suddenly Jennifer asked herself what she was doing in this house. Powder in hand, she stood, very straight, before the dressing table, where lovely, expensive things were set out, and stared at her reflection. Shimmering gold . . . Oh, she looked all right to be in such a setting. It wasn't that! But, she reminded herself, this was Jennifer Drew, who received weekly forty dollars for her services to the publishing house of Thacher's. What was she doing here, in a $200 frock? And what would Pats Carter, her hostess, think if she knew that her own brother had paid for that frock? What—but one thing—could she think?

Soberly Jennifer descended the stairs. Pats Carter was standing beside her brother. She smiled and held out her hand. "Oh, hello!" she said. "I'm so glad you weren't hurt the other night. It must have been ghastly. Dana's told us what a sport you were."

"He was wonderful!" said Jennifer, and flushed. That sounded like a silly schoolgirl.

But Pats Carter flashed her another quick smile. "I think he's sort of wonderful myself!" she said, and reached up and gave his hair an affectionate yank. "Come on in and meet some of this mob."

It was nearly 2 o'clock when she stood again in the hall, between Dana Corinth and his sister.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HELEN MORGAN as the appealing Julie in Florenz Ziegfeld's Picturesque "Show Boat", from the book of that name by Edna Ferber.
Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

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[THE OPPORTUNIST Continued from page thirty-one]

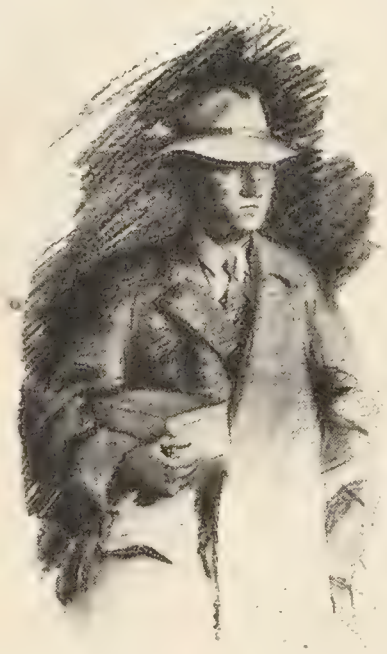
"Swell party, Pats," Dana told her.

"I've had such a lovely time," said Jennifer. "It was so nice of you—"

Pats Carter waved her hand. "Why don't you two come up and drive out to the country with us tomorrow?" she asked. "We're going out to look over the farmhouse—it may be fun. Be here early—ten—"

"Would you like to, Jennifer?"

Was there anything, wondered Jennifer, that she wouldn't like to do if it meant being with him? She smiled, and then looked away from Dana Corinth's face; her eyes told too much.



It was snowing again when her alarm clock shattered the Sunday morning stillness. Marian's voice rose in drowsy protest from the other room:

"Jen—what the dickens—?"

"I'm sorry." Barefooted, blinking, Jennifer appeared in the doorway. "Go on back to sleep. I'm going out to the country with Dana."

"The country!" Marian looked from Jennifer to the window, where snow clung heavily to sill and sash. "It must be love!"

Jennifer flushed. "His sister asked me. She's just bought an old farmhouse in Connecticut, and—"

"Poor Larry!" said Marian, yawning. "What'd he have to say for himself, anyway?"

"Oh—" Jennifer shrugged. "He's so stupid, Nan!"

"Yeah?" Marian raised herself on one elbow. "Look here, Jen—why don't you marry Larry?"

"Marry Larry!" Jennifer laughed. "Don't be silly!"

"Don't you be silly!" Marian was very serious. "Larry's a good kid. He's going to succeed. And he's crazy about you. This Corinth bird—"

"What about him?" Jennifer's eyes became very hard.

"Oh, Jen—" Marian sighed. "Be your age, honey! Social Register—society columns—all that hooey. Of course, we live in a democracy, but—"

"I don't know what you're talking about!" said Jennifer defiantly. "Dana's a dear. And his sister—"

"Oh, Jen!" Marian's eyes were soft. "Of course she'd be nice to you, honey—why shouldn't she? But—"

"You make me sick!" said Jennifer and went angrily into the other room.

SHE didn't have to ask Marian what she meant. She knew that Dana Corinth was different. As different from Larry Stevenson as black is from white. Marry Larry! Her lips curved scornfully. She wouldn't marry him, now, if he were the last man in the world!

"Jen!" Marian was calling gently. "Jen! Don't be sore! Please, honey! I just don't want you to get hurt. And—"

"You're very kind," said Jennifer stiffly, and put on her orange dress.

Marian came in and put her arm firmly about Jennifer's shoulders. "Honey, are you—are you really crazy about this bird?"

Abruptly Jennifer bent her brown head against Marian's shoulder and began to cry. "Oh, Nan—I do love him—so much—"

"There, honey!" Above the tousled head the older girl's eyes looked soberly across the room. "Oh, well—it's grand to love someone. Don't you care, baby."

Jennifer's fingers tightened on Marian's arm.

It *was* another world. . . .

Jennifer, before the fireplace in Pats Carter's library, nibbled golden toast, drank coffee from a Dresden cup.

"Has Hughes taken both baskets to the car?" Pats Carter was demanding. "For the Lord's sake, Phil, take enough robes! And—"

Picnic baskets, beautiful English affairs, with nickel containers held by brown leather straps, thermos bottles, heavy fur robes. Servants scurrying about—butler, chauffeur, maids . . .

"Is this the only coat you brought?" Pats was holding up the blue wool. "You'll perish, child—better take one of mine."

In the back of the car, between Dana Corinth and his sister, she sat, muffled in fur, silent and unhappy.

They played in the snow like children. Jennifer forgot that she wasn't a child when she and Dana held their glittering fort successfully against the attack of the Carters. They had lunch before a tremendous open fireplace piled high with blazing logs. Afterward Dana found a sled, and while the Carters remained behind in their new house, Jennifer coasted down a long white hill until her cheeks bloomed like poppies.

"I wish you didn't have to go back for dinner!" he said.

"I wish I didn't, too." She looked at him soberly. Oh, he was so tall and dear and smiling—and remote! In Pats Carter's coat, Jennifer felt that she was an impostor. Furs—and Larry Stevenson—the girl who meets the wolf at the door at night . . .

TOMORROW would be Monday—the office again, the cold gray of early morning, waiting on windy corners for busses, jostling and being jostled. . . .

They were late in starting back. Beneath the thick robe that covered them Dana's hand found hers and held it tightly. Rye—Mamaroneck—New Rochelle—

"We'll drop Jennifer first," said Dana. "She has an engagement."

Jennifer was silent. How she loved his voice, the warmth of it, the low, deep richness! His hand still grasped hers—she closed her eyes.

Larry was sitting in the armchair by the reading table, doing a cross word puzzle. There was an air of proprietorship about him, a familiarity. . . . He looked up, and instantly an odd, unpleasant expression narrowed his eyes.

"Hello," she said listlessly. "I'm sorry to be late."

"Oh, are you?" He had stood up; his eyes surveyed her, still with that measuring, calculating look. "You should have told me that you preferred sables, my dear!"

"What?" Jennifer stared at him blankly, then she looked down at Pats Carter's coat and laughed.

"I *was* a fool, wasn't I?" Larry went on, and coming forward he grasped her wrist. "Innocent little girl who couldn't take as much as a pair of gloves from a man—you were waiting for bigger game, weren't you, Jennifer?"

"Oh, Larry!" She returned his fierce stare contemptuously. "You're being absurd! You—"

"I suppose that isn't sable?" he said, his voice pitched high, trembling with anger. "Or perhaps you bought that coat out of your lunch money? I might have known when I saw that gold dress—"

Jennifer's voice was sharp. "You're ridiculous!"

"I don't suppose you care whether you ever see Corinth again! I suppose he's nothing to you! He—"

"I like Dana Corinth—a lot!" said Jennifer soberly. "He—I—"

"Oh, you don't have to explain! I may have been a fool yesterday—but that was yesterday!" He laughed shortly. "My dear Jennifer, you don't think that he'd marry you, do you?"

Jennifer flamed. She tore her hands from Larry's grasp and faced him with blazing eyes. "I don't see," she said, in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible, "that it's in the least your affair; but if you'd like to know, I don't care whether Dana wants to marry me or not! You probably can't understand this, but I love him more than anything in this world! I—I *adore* him!"

Larry drew back. He ran his tongue over his lips as though they were suddenly parched. "I—Jennifer—I—"

He stepped back hastily, stumbling against a chair, and stood uncertainly as Dana Corinth moved Jennifer very gently from the doorway and stepped into the room.

There was complete silence. Dana set down a box upon the table.

"Eggs," he said in a level, unexcited voice. "You forgot 'em, Jennifer, and Pats insisted that I bring 'em

down so you could have one for breakfast." He even smiled at her. Then he turned to Larry. "You were saying—?" he suggested pleasantly.

"I'm—I'll get out of here," said Larry, reaching for his hat.

"Out?" Dana's brows lifted politely. "I thought you were taking Jennifer to dinner!" He stood above Larry, looking down upon him with a sort of detached loathing. "You're a swine and a skunk and a—" His voice had begun to tremble; with an effort he controlled it before he went on "—and a whole menagerie of the lower animals," he concluded. "I'd say there was no excuse for your cluttering the surface of the earth at all if I didn't happen to remember that you introduced Jennifer to me—exactly one week ago today!" He turned away abruptly. "Now get out, before I lose my temper!" he said.

LARRY got out, and Dana closed the door behind him.

"I'm so sorry," said Jennifer tonelessly. "I—"

"Sorry!" Dana Corinth's voice swelled. "*Sorry,* Jennifer?" He took her hands in his. "My dear, it's because I'm doubly grateful to that—insect—that I didn't kill him! I'd thought that I ought to wait and try to make you like me a little, before I told you—" He laughed exultantly. "I heard you, Jennifer, so you can't get out of it! I'll call Stevenson as a witness, if necessary. I love you. Could you marry me, Jennifer?"

"Could I?" repeated Jennifer softly, her eyes on his face. "Dana—did you really hear me—what I said to Larry?"

"Darling!" said Dana Corinth. "Beloved darling—"

He caught her tightly in his arms. Out of place . . . not belonging . . . Held so closely, his eyes looking down into hers, Jennifer smiled ecstatically. There wasn't any question of not belonging here!

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Right!

Teacher was giving a written examination to the class in physiology.

August puzzled long over his answer to the question: "What is the skeleton for?"

Finally he wrote: "The skeleton is to hold up the meat."—A. J. Colman, 1656 Rugby Road, Schenectady, N. Y.

* * *

Family Pride

My recently married brother was playing for friends on his violin. They praised his playing highly. Little sister said to one of the guests, "We owned him first."—Mrs. William Marre, 242 Cambridge Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Miss Billie Burke,
Popular American Actress
and Star of the Stage.

"To stay slender-
reach for a Lucky
a most effective way of
retaining a trim figure"

Billie Burke:

"To stay slender reach for a Lucky Strike instead of a sweet when your sweet-tooth tempts you. I have practised this for years and find it a most effective way of retaining a trim figure. There is something to the toasting process which develops a flavor in Luckies that completely satisfies the desire for sweets. At the same time, toasting takes out the irritants and Luckies never affect the voice."

BILLIE BURKE

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY
INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

The Mystery of the

Did a Woman Dressed as a Man Kill William Desmond Taylor?

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

IF a scenario writer proffered to the movie magnates of Hollywood a plot embodying the incidents involved in the murder of William Desmond Taylor, the manuscript probably would be rejected on the ground that it would be an affront to the intelligence of film fans to tell them a story so grotesque, so bizarre, so fanciful, and so impossible!

Yet, not only was Taylor murdered in circumstances so sensational and incredible that his assassination has never been solved, but the case involved famous actresses, lovely women, mysterious jealousies, narcotic addicts, millions of dollars, and ruined reputations—a mystery so beguiling and engrossing and puzzling that it may well be included in this series of articles dealing with famous murders of recent years.

This, then, is the reconstructed and summarized tale of Taylor's murder, a homicide surpassing the most bewildering detective story ever written.

William Desmond Taylor's whole life is cloaked in mystery. When he reached Hollywood he was a mystery; he lived a mysterious life there; and when he died by violence he left behind him a mystery which never has been penetrated.

The record of his early days came partly to light after his body was found carefully laid out on the floor of his bungalow.

William Cunningham Deane-Tanner was born in Carlow, Ireland, in 1877. He was the son of Major Deane-Tanner, a florid, hot-tempered, imperious British army officer. The family lived on the Bellevue Estates at Cappoquin, in County Waterford, thirty miles northeast of Cork.

William (he becomes presently the Bill Taylor of our story) was the third child in the Deane-Tanner family. Nellie and Grace preceded him, and Dennis followed. The family moved to Dublin and the children were given excellent educations.

A DISTINCT break between the choleric major and William came when the latter was in his late teens. The army officer wished his son to prepare for a military life, and when he failed in his examinations the old man kicked him out. There is no definite record as to when Taylor came to the United States. There is a vague yarn that he and Dennis appeared in Nebraska and worked on a farm adjoining the farms of other young British remittance men.

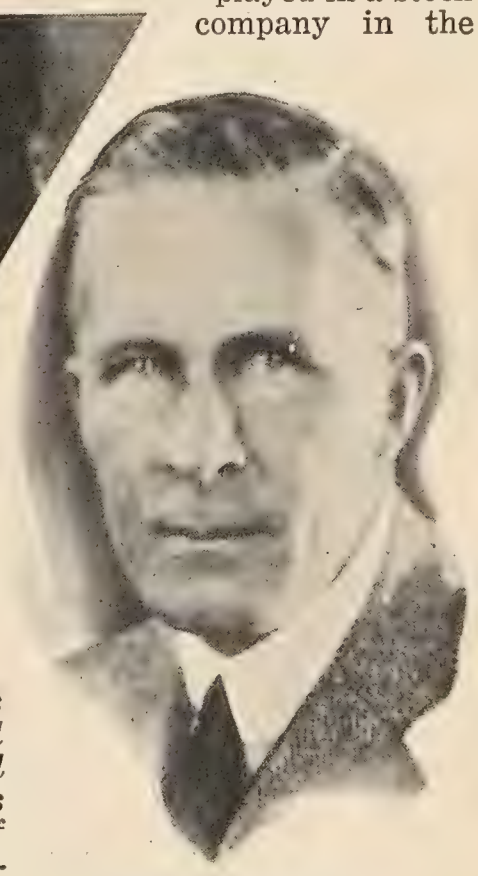
It is known definitely that on December 7, 1901, in the Little Church Around the Corner in New York City, William Cunningham Deane-Tanner married Ethel May Harrison, the daughter of a New York broker. William then was vice-president and manager of the English Antique Shop at 240 Fifth Avenue. The young couple lived in Larchmont, where William joined the Larchmont Yacht Club. He was exceedingly popular there and with his neighbors.

In 1903 a daughter was born to the pair. They named her Ethel Daisy. At noon on October 23, 1908, William got his hat and told his employees at the antique shop that he was going out to luncheon. He did not return that day, and the next morning he telephoned from a hotel asking his cashier to send him $600 by messenger.

The money was sent at once—and nobody ever saw William Cunningham Deane-Tanner again! With no word of farewell or explanation to his wife and daughter, William disappeared as completely as if he had dived overboard from a transatlantic liner.

His life's film now becomes almost a total blank for many years. After he was dead there were rumors to the effect that William Desmond Taylor (as he renamed himself) had been a mining prospector in Colorado, in the Klondike, and in Montana. There is a story that he played in a stock company in the music halls of Skagway, Fairbanks, and other Alaskan towns. But of definite data there are none.

Mary Miles Minter, Mabel Normand, and Miss Minter's mother, all of whom figured prominently in the Taylor investigation.



William Desmond Taylor.

Following testimony on the part of a hotel clerk in the Adirondack Mountains, Mrs. Deane-Tanner found in 1912 that she had adequate grounds for divorce in the state of New York, where in those days only proof of adultery would win a decree. It seems William had spent a week in the mountain resort with an unnamed woman. In 1914 Mrs. Deane-Tanner married Edward L. C. Robins, treasurer of the S. M. Robins Company, which owned Delmonico's restaurant and other eating places in the downtown financial district.

A few years later Ethel and her mother were watching a motion picture. Suddenly a tall, slender, rather handsome figure appeared on the screen. The older woman instantly recognized the gray eyes, the thin, chiseled features.

"There's your father!" she exclaimed. The program identified the actor as William Desmond Taylor. Ethel

Movie Director

P. & A. photo

The bungalow court where Taylor lived and died. His cottage was the last in the row at the left. The Douglas MacLeans lived across the court from him.

$10,000 for the Best Solutions of Ten Real Life Mysteries

THE Mystery of the Movie Director is the third of a series of ten stories of celebrated, never solved detective problems.

Since everybody is a detective at heart, it has occurred to the publishers of this magazine that interest in the stories—most of which will be told in this series from beginning to end for the first time—may be pleasantly heightened by offering cash prizes for the best feats of detective reasoning.

Liberty therefore is going to give its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten mysteries. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, the prizes will be duplicated.

Read the story, figure out who killed William Desmond Taylor, and mail your solution to me in care of Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to Liberty. Everyone except employees of Liberty and members of their families is eligible. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. It might be well to say it within 500 words, simply telling who you think did the killing, and why you think so.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your contributions. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, any solution mailed to me must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story appears. Names of winners will be published as soon after they are selected as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine.

Sidney Sutherland.

wrote to him and presently he answered. A regular correspondence followed, and after a while Taylor came east and met his daughter. He never again saw the woman he had deserted.

BEFORE we proceed with William, a word about his younger brother, Dennis, is of interest. Dennis, too, appeared out of a mysterious past and married an American girl who bore him two children. He too became associated with an antique shop on lower Fifth Avenue. And he too disappeared suddenly, deserting his family and leaving no word behind. From that day to this, Dennis has never been heard of. His wife learned of Taylor's success in the movies, so she moved to Monrovia, California, and until he died her brother-in-law sent her fifty dollars a month.

When Taylor first reached Hollywood he got a job as an actor, but was soon made a director. His progress thereafter was phenomenal. He was the leading director of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, and at the time of his death was president of the Motion Picture Directors' Association. He was highly respected, both as an artist and as a man.

His health was quite frail, and he suffered from stomach trouble. He even went to England in search of relief. Like many other men in high place in the movies, his career threw him in contact with lovely young girls whose temperaments were unstable and their mentality and learning meager. There is no denial of the fact that he was no St. Anthony in his relations with these fair scatterbrains.

But neither is there any denial of the fact that many young girls owed their screen success to his help and counsel. Nor that he waged a bitter, single-handed war on the rascals who flourished during what may be called the Dope Age of the movie industry. Sudden riches, adulation, fame, popularity — these things turned the heads of scores of young actresses, and having exhausted all the other thrills many of them turned to narcotics. Taylor, it is said, never relaxed in his warfare against the dope peddlers, and for a time after he died the authorities hunted in those underworld circles for the motive and the assassin.

The world went to war. Taylor continued to make

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MYSTERY OF THE MOVIE DIRECTOR
Continued from page thirty-five]

pictures. A year after his adopted country went to the aid of the Allies, Taylor enlisted, preferring the company of his own kith. The official record:

"W. D. Taylor, 1127 Orange St., Los Angeles; age 41; profession, director; born, Cork, Ireland; height 5′ 11″; British subject; enlistment attested at Chicago, July 3, 1918, by the British Recruiting Mission in America."

Taylor reached Hounslow Barracks December 2, 1918, a few weeks after the Armistice was signed. He was then sent to Windsor, Nova Scotia, in the summer of 1919, where promotion to a captaincy quickly came his way. He was discharged shortly thereafter. And, to leap ahead of our story a bit, his funeral was one of the most impressive ever held in Los Angeles.

His casket, hidden beneath a Union Jack and piled high with flowers, was guarded at each corner by a uniformed representative of Britain's colonies—a Canadian, a Tommy, an Anzac, and a kiltie-clad Scot. Every person of prominence in the picture industry attended the services.

Another enigmatic figure appears in the drama—Edward F. Sands. Supposed to have been Taylor's valet and chauffeur, his real relations with the director have thus far withstood explanation. It is known that he also was in the British army, but there his name was Edward Fitz-Strathmore; and where he hailed from, and what was his exact status in the Taylor household, are questions as unfathomed as the void he disappeared into shortly before the murder.

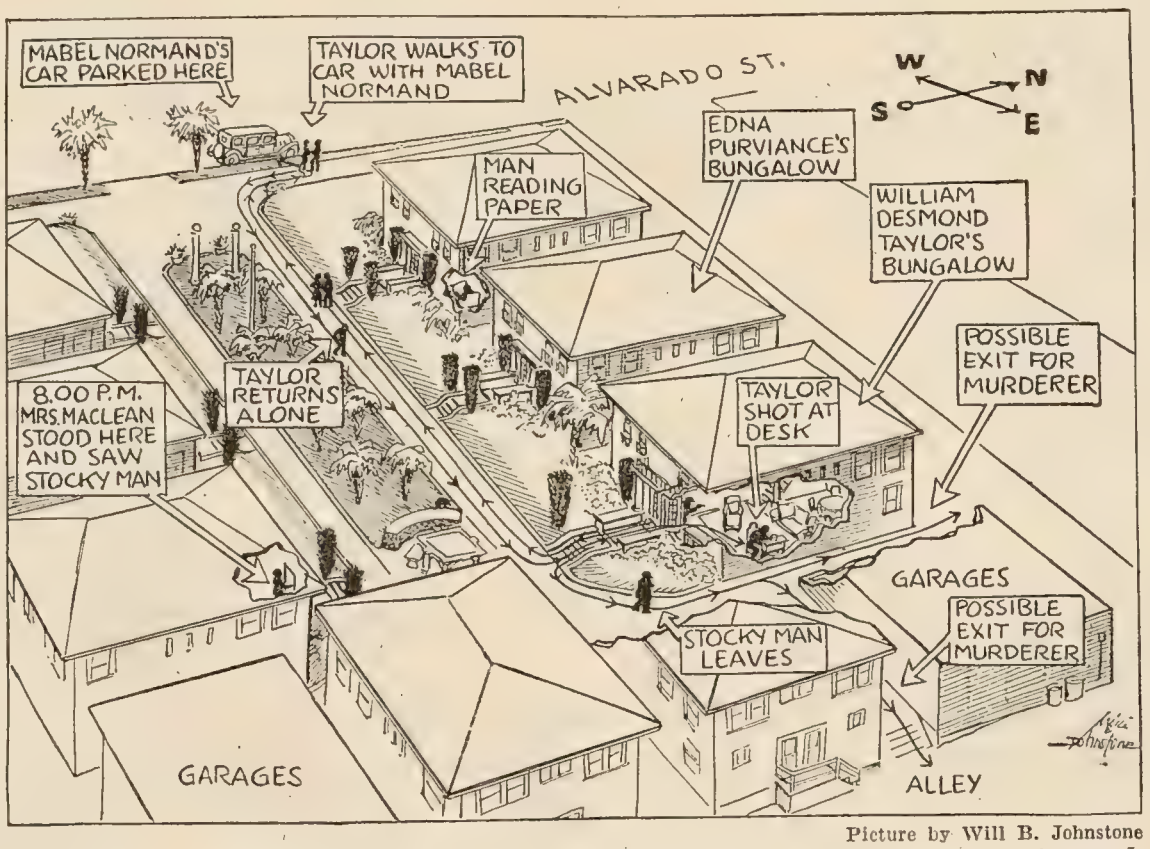
Sands seems to have been more than a valet; for when Taylor went to England late in 1921 because of his health, Sands ran amuck. He forged his master's name to innumerable checks; he pawned his jewelry; he wrecked two of his cars; he stole nearly all his clothes; and apparently he had also blackmailed him from time to time.

When Taylor returned Sands vanished. He has never been seen since. Taylor is quoted as having said he would punish his valet for his misdeeds.

WITH Sands gone, Taylor hired a Negro to replace him—a falsetto-voiced, crochet-work and fancy-work addict named Henry Peavey. Peavey was a queer chap and his testimony at the inquest was a weird mixture of sonorous phrases, effeminate outcries, curious concealments, and amusing disclosures about life in the Taylor home. Poor Peavey, how he flung himself on the coffin and sobbed! But he declined to reveal intimate details of his late master's callers and their affairs.

Two celebrated actresses now appear in the picture, Mary Miles Minter and Mabel Normand. At the time (early in 1922) Mary was probably the most popular actress on the screen. She had even passed Mary Pickford in the esteem of the fans. Taylor had directed her in Anne of Green Gables and other pictures, and she was madly enamored of him. Her letters and lingerie interested the detectives who searched the Taylor premises for the clew they were never to find.

The murder of Taylor and the discovery of her belongings in his bungalow effectually killed Mary Miles Minter in pictures. A desperate effort was made at the time by Famous Players-Lasky to salvage their investment in her, for on their shelves were several of her films waiting for release. These were shot out to the exhibitors as quickly as possible while the movie magnates tried to divert notoriety from their star.



Picture by Will B. Johnstone

A diagram of the bungalow court, showing Taylor's movements and Mabel Normand's shortly before he was shot, and the two exits by one of which the murderer is supposed to have left the court.

But they finally got out of their contract with her as cheaply as they could. They had paid her more than $1,000,000 in salary, and this fortune was cause of numerous quarrels between Mary and her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby.

Mrs. Shelby lamented bitterly the publicity that ushered her daughter into oblivion. She had striven mightily to end Mary's infatuation with Taylor.

Mabel Normand was then riding the crest of her remarkable popularity as a comedienne. A deep friendship existed between her and Taylor. It was owing to his excellent literary tastes that she filled her library shelves with standard authors. They spent much time together, in theaters watching and studying the latest developments in motion pictures, and discussing scenarios and "business" which would improve his status as a director and increase her fame.

MABEL might be designated correctly as the "play girl of the western world." Completely indifferent to public opinion and to such conventions as might cramp her idea of having a good time, her private life was as amusing and hectic and startling in its caprices as her clowning was excruciating in her pictures.

Yet until the Taylor murder case broke upon a curious and amazed world Mabel never had made the front page of the newspapers with any of her escapades. Vivacious, fascinating in her dark beauty, brilliant and wealthy, the irresponsible little film clown had danced through life, treading dangerously near trouble with her experiments in the search for thrills.

Taylor was an earnest but somewhat ineffective balance wheel in their companionship. He strove to make his playmate more sensible, and was in despair at times because of her irresponsibility.

The hook-up in the Taylor case, according to the authorities of Los Angeles, seems to have been this: Mary Miles Minter, the blonde beauty with long curls and cherub face, loved Taylor; Taylor was in love with Mabel; and Mabel regarded the director as a worldly-wise, polished, and congenial friend and jolly companion, *en tête-à-tête* or at the famous film colony parties.

I talked with her last year about the Taylor murder. I think that for the first time she gave a coherent, running account of the mystery. A painstaking investigation of the official archives, now yellowing with age in their steel resting place, and among the authorities, now disposed to forget the murder until the murderer turns up, seems to substantiate the comedienne's story in every important detail.

"It was because of Bill Taylor's counsel in the matter of literature that I saw him his last day alive," she said. "We used to discuss the new authors with a view to the

adaptation of their work to the screen. One of our favorite writers was Ethel M. Dell. We thought The Rocks of Valpré had tremendous possibilities.

"On Wednesday, February 1, Sennett gave me a day off, saying he would phone me what time to show up the next day. I awoke about noon, and wondered how I'd spend the day and evening. I thought it would be a good time to do something I'd been putting off, as usual, since the Christmas holidays.

"I had received so many beautiful gifts, and there were numerous duplicates. I decided to load my car with these things and go to the jewelers, where I could exchange some and have the others engraved. I would also leave my personal jewelry I'd taken out for the holiday parties in my safe-deposit boxes at Hellman's Night and Day Bank.

"So I had William Davis, the chauffeur, carry the packages out to the car, and then I scurried into my clothes. I explained to Mamie Owens, my maid, that I was going to my two jewelers, Brocks' and Feagen's, and would telephone her from some place down there.

"I WAS almost too late. I got into Brocks' store just before closing time, six o'clock, told them what I wanted, and then hurried over to Feagen's, where they were just locking up. All this, and what followed, was carefully checked on afterward by the police.

"I then ordered Davis to drive me to the Hellman bank at Sixth and Main streets. While at the bank I decided to call my house and tell Mamie I'd dine downtown and see Harold Lloyd's new picture.

"I called up my apartment. I lived at 3089 West Seventh Street, a dozen blocks or so from Taylor's bungalow apartment at 404-B South Alvarado Street.

"Mamie answered the phone. 'But you can't go to the picture tonight, Miss Normand,' she said. 'Mr. Sennett called up after you left and said for you to be ready to go on location tomorrow morning at seven o'clock with all your make-up on. And Mr. Taylor just called up and said he had two books for you, and when could you call by for them, or should he bring them over?'

"I told her I would drive by his place and come on home.

"As I left the vault I glanced at my wrist watch. It was nearly seven o'clock. I started to step into my car, and suddenly felt a great appetite for peanuts. I looked around. Standing across the street against the curb was a peanut man's push cart.

"I told Davis to wait, skipped across, and bought two bags of peanuts and one of pop corn, handing the man a ten-dollar bill, the smallest I had. He couldn't change it and I pretended to be surprised and angry. Then I laughed and went into a drug store and got the change.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Feed Fat Away

Two grains of gland food daily. That's what science now employs.

Modern science is using a food substance in the fight on excess fat. The results have been remarkable. Fat has been disappearing fast since this factor was discovered. You see that in every circle. Slender figures are the rule.

The story is this: Some years ago medical research discovered a great cause of excess fat. It lies in an under-active gland, which largely controls nutrition. When that gland weakens, too much food goes to fat.

Thousands of tests were made on animals by feeding this gland substance. Reports showed that almost invariably the excess fat disappeared. Then tests were made on people and with similar results. They were fed this gland substance taken from cattle and sheep.

Physicians the world over now employ this method in the treatment of obesity. They combat the cause. That is one great reason why excess fat is so much less common now.

This gland weakness often came about the age of 40. There is a well-known cause. With countless men and women it is different now. Mothers look like daughters. They have new youth, new beauty. Men have new health and vigor.

Normal Figures Everywhere

Marmola prescription tablets are based on this new method. They were perfected by a large medical laboratory to offer this help to all. People have used them for 21 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others. Thus the use has reached enormous proportions. It has doubled in the past year alone.

They are now seen in every circle. Almost everyone has friends who know them. Any person who is over-fat sees everywhere that it can be corrected.

The way is not secret. Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the reasons for results. When fat departs and new vigor comes you know the reason why.

No Starving

The use of Marmola does not require abnormal exercise or diet. That has brought harm to many. Moderation helps, and we advise it, but don't starve. Take four tablets of Marmola daily until weight comes down to normal. Watch the new vitality that comes. Then use it only as you need it—if at all—to keep the weight desired.

All ideas of youth and beauty, style, health and vigor, require normal figures now. Anything else is abnormal. Try the modern method which is doing so much for so many.

Do this now. Get a box of Marmola, read the book, watch the results, then decide.

Combat the cause. Join today the multitudes to whom Marmola has brought new joy in living.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1.00 a box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets — *The Right Way to Reduce*

[THE MYSTERY OF THE MOVIE DIRECTOR]
Continued from page thirty-seven

"I went back to my car and told Davis to take me to Bill's. As we drove through the traffic I saw a news stand and told him to stop. I bought two magazines.

"Then we went on to Bill's house. It was part of an attractive arrangement. There were eight little two-story cottages built around a U, three on each side and two at the end, the open end of the U fronting on Alvarado Street. I don't know who lived in five of them; but the second on the left was occupied by Edna Purviance, the third was Taylor's, and the last one on the right was rented by Douglas MacLean and his wife.

"I told Davis I'd be only a little while, and asked him to sweep out the peanut shells I'd scattered all over the floor of the car. I got out, left my magazines on the seat, and walked up the left-hand cement walk to Bill's little house. I carried a bag of peanuts to show my gratitude for the two books he had for me!"

A peculiarity the director had was that he never closed his front door during the day and seldom at night, a point Mrs. MacLean emphasized in her testimony at the inquest, as you shall see.

Picture by Glen A. Mitchell

An artist's satirical conception of the scene outside Taylor's cottage after his body was discovered, with Mary Miles Minter agonizing among the cops and film colonists.

"WHEN I reached Bill's open door," said Mabel Normand, "I heard a voice inside: he was using the telephone. So I walked around the flower beds a few minutes until he had quit talking and hung up. Then I rang his bell.

"He came to the door, smiled, and held out both hands.

"'Hello, Mabel darling,' he said. 'I know what you've come for—two books I've just got for you."

"'Righto, my bright duck,' I said, going in. 'And I brought you a present too. Guess what it is.' I held the bag of peanuts behind me.

"'No man's brain could possibly guess what you'd buy,' he retorted. 'But I'll bet it's something fine. Come on in and have dinner. I've just finished mine, but Peavey can fix you something.'

"'Thanks, Bill, but Mamie's going to feed me in bed tonight,' I said, and told him of my appointment for seven o'clock next morning.

"'But you'll have a cocktail, won't you?' he said. I said, 'Sure,' and solemnly presented him with the peanuts.

"He laughed and put the bag on top of his piano. They found it there untouched the next morning. Then he shouted to Peavey to mix a couple of cocktails, and returned to his seat in front of his writing table. The whole top of the table was covered with canceled checks, and he called me over. I sat on the arm of his chair, and he pointed at the litter and said:

"'Look, Mabel, what that damned fellow Sands did to me. Nearly every one of those checks is a forgery; and, do you know, he did such a good job that to save my life I can't tell which are my signatures and which are forgeries! I've been over them twenty times, and I'm going mad. I've no idea how my account stands at the bank, and I don't think we'll ever get it straightened out. Just look at this.'

"He picked up one check he knew he had signed and beside it held one he was uncertain about. Neither of us could see any difference in the signatures.

"I ASKED what he was going to do about it.

"'What on earth can I do?' he wailed. 'I'll never get it straightened out—never. As for Sands, of course he's been missing for months. If they ever find him, you can bet I'll do plenty to him.'

"Peavey came in with the cocktails on a little silver tray.

"He put them down, where the glasses were found the next morning, and bowed low in his funny way.

"'How do you do, Miss Normand,' he said in his shrill voice. 'I trust all is well with you.'

"'All's well, Henry; thanks,' I said. Henry had been released from jail that morning, Bill having gone down to get him out of some trouble he'd got into. He asked Bill if that was all for him.

"'Yes, Henry,' Bill said. 'Clean up out there and trot along. And don't worry; I think I can fix up everything downtown tomorrow.'

"Henry fluttered about a while, and then bowed as he went out, leaving the door open as he always did. It was about twenty minutes past seven o'clock. He left each evening after dinner and came the next morning at seven.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Douglas MacLean saw the murderer leave Taylor's door and turn in the direction of this alley. The open garage was Taylor's.

"After he'd gone, Bill got the books he had for me and unwrapped them, and we glanced through them. Then we talked about my work and his, and about any number of things we were interested in.

"Then he offered to call Fellows, his chauffeur, and take me home, but I told him that my car was at the curb. He said he'd telephone me at nine o'clock, and I said, all right, but that Mamie wouldn't disturb me if I'd gone to sleep by then.

"He walked down toward the street with me. In the cottage next to Edna's we saw a man sitting near the window under a light reading newspapers.

"How important the insignificant sometimes turns out to be! I tremble even yet, nearly six years later, to think what they might have done to me if this man had not told of seeing us leaving together and of glancing out a few minutes later to see Taylor striding back to his bungalow.

"When we reached the curb, Davis was standing at

the door of my car, his feet in the litter of the peanut shells. Bill laughed when he saw them and we chatted for a moment. Then he helped me into my car and Davis drove away. I looked back, and we wafted kisses on our hands to each other as long as I could see him standing there on the edge of the sidewalk.

"I never saw him again. And he didn't telephone me at nine o'clock, as he had promised, for he was lying on the floor of his living room, shot through the back and dead within a few moments after I left him."

Taylor walked back to his cottage, and presumably sat down again to look at the checks on his table. In the morning he was found lying on the floor, coat buttoned, lapels smoothed down, arms lying straight beside the body, feet close together, trousers unwrinkled.

The assassin had evidently slipped into the living room and hidden behind the open door after Taylor and Mabel had left to go to her car.

For an hour after his body was discovered by the terrified Peavey the next morning it was thought that he had died of heart disease, as the bullet wound between the small of the back and his left shoulder blade was not noticed until the ambulance came.

At the inquest everybody who knew anything testified. Mrs. Douglas MacLean said that a little before eight o'clock, just after Mabel Normand had departed, she had heard a pistol shot. She and her maid glanced at each other, and Mrs. MacLean stepped to her little upstairs veranda in time to see a short, stocky man, with a muffler around his neck and his cap pulled down, come out of Taylor's cottage, close the door carefully behind him, glance casually about, and then walk down the steps.

He turned to the left and disappeared between the Taylor bungalow and the house east of it into a little court where the Taylor garage opened on the alley.

Douglas MacLean also heard the shot and discussed with his wife the possibility that the man she had seen leaving had fired it. But nothing was done, and Peavey found the door closed the next morning. Surprised, he rang the bell, and finally opened it—to come upon his master's body.

When his excited shrieks startled the courtyard, Edna Purviance telephoned Mabel, and Mabel almost became hysterical.

Then Edna called Mary Miles Minter, and Mary became wholly so. She started to run to the front door and Mrs. Shelby barred her way.

"You're not going over there," the mother said firmly.

"But Bill Taylor's been murdered!" the little blonde screamed.

THEY stood and argued about it a while, and Mary fell weeping into a chair before a mirror. Suddenly she noticed her reflection and was struck by the expression on her own face.

"Look, mother," she cried; "look at my expression. Don't I register frozen horror perfectly?"

"Hold it, dear," cried Mrs. Shelby, running around in front to see.

Then Mary got out of the house and hastened to the courtyard, where now detectives, newspaper men, movie directors, and tenants were milling around in great confusion. When she arrived she promptly put on a mad scene, screaming and calling, "Bill, my darling, speak to me!" and tearing her fair curls and dashing to and fro across the flower beds—and trying to get into the house.

The police prevented her entrance, for they had already found much feminine finery and dainty lingerie, some of it monogrammed with three M's, and many startling letters—letters which presently became a passport ushering Mary Miles Minter into oblivion.

And then the storm burst with unbelievable fury about Mabel Normand's head.

"I had donned the Spanish costume I was using in the picture," she told me, going on with her story, "and was seated before my mirror finishing my make-up, when Edna Purviance telephoned.

"I was incredulous, then stunned. Soon there was a wild ringing at my doorbell and a wilder clamor outside, and when the door was opened the wildest mob I ever saw tumbled into my living room—detectives and newspaper men and press photographers and curious strangers. They eddied around me and hurled a million questions that I couldn't understand, much less answer coherently.

"Most of them left after I'd told them all I could remember. Some remained, clustered around me where I sat crying, and went on with their questioning.

"Then it dawned on me, hours after they had raided my apartment, that it might be in the minds of some of them that I had murdered my friend! That ghastly possibility made me frantic, and I imagine that the more I talked the less sense I made out of what was, and what was soon proved to be, a perfectly innocent coincidence—that I happened to have been the last person who saw Taylor alive except his murderer.

International photo

Edna Purviance, who telephoned Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter the startling news that Taylor had been killed.

"EVERYBODY who knew me or knew Taylor was questioned again and again by the authorities. Henry Peavey told of leaving me alone with Taylor, and of finding his body the next morning, and Mrs. Douglas MacLean told of seeing the assassin leaving Bill's front door. Pressed to describe this individual, she found it difficult, since he had a muffler around his neck and his cap pulled down over his eyes.

"But she knew Sands, and said it wasn't he. Sands has never been found.

"She seemed startled when some astute questioner in the district attorney's office suggested that the slayer might have been a woman dressed in man's clothing. She reflected a moment and acknowledged that the killer *was* built more like a woman than a man."

So far as getting anywhere is concerned, that is the end of the Taylor murder mystery. I asked the district attorney's office not long ago what steps were being taken to solve the case. The answer was that until somebody showed up with the murderer's name and address the case might be regarded as closed.

Mary Miles Minter and her mother went to Europe for several years. There was talk of court action because of their wrangles over Mary's fortune, but they never got that far with it. Mary put on weight and last year returned to America. At last accounts she was living quietly in Hollywood.

Mabel Normand continued her career with vicissitudes, until finally she eloped with Lew Cody and was married to him. Reports from Los Angeles are that they are living in Beverly Hills, Lew working at a studio and Mabel apparently out of pictures.

Edna Purviance, the famous leading woman of Charlie Chaplin in many of his great films, was involved in a subsequent shooting, and she, too, stepped out of pictures for a while. Not long ago she returned from Europe with the remark that she would soon appear on the screen.

In southern California, official and popular opinion is to the effect that Taylor was killed by a woman disguised as a man. A name is mentioned, but it cannot be printed, because to date no material evidence has been found connecting the suspect with the murder of the movie director.

Mr. Sutherland will tell the story of another real life mystery next week.

Chester

MILD *enough for anybod*

What a cigarette meant there

The actors play their part—and history moves thrillingly across the silver screen. But on the movie lot, how tense the days of strain! And how gratefully welcomed those hard-won moments that mean rest, relaxation . . . and a cigarette!

What a cigarette means *here*

They play their part, too—these buyers of Chesterfield tobacco.

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Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Typical scene in tobacco auction warehouse, where the farmer's work ends and the manufacturer's begins.

field

. and yet THEY SATISFY

Babes in the Woods

A Story of Eves and Eavesdroppers

By Elliott White Springs

Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg

JOE GISH was in my office last week for a chat.

"Come out and spend the week-end with me," he invited me.

"No, thanks," I declined. "I haven't recovered from the last quiet little visit with you and your playmates. The doctors found I had lead poisoning, painter's colic, cirrhosis of the liver, and St. Vitus' dance. And I don't care about being shot by mistake.

"That's one good thing about sticking to flappers and widows. Your intentions can be construed as honorable. But if some bird catches you out on the sun dial with his wife, it's hard to laugh it off even if you're only holding her head. And after I get sufficiently full of high ratio hooch my eyes won't focus on a wedding ring.

"That was one of my troubles at your little soirée. I didn't know the ground rules on your course and was penalized continually. I much prefer Chicago—only strangers shoot at you out there."

"Well, it's different now," Joe told me.

"What's the matter—everybody divorced?"

"No."

"You mean you've quit serving sweet spirits of niter and have connected a charred keg to your oil burner?"

"No. I mean you'll have a quiet, restful time."

"In that place?"

"Sure."

"General Smedley Butler or Billy Sunday?"

"Neither."

"Enlighten me," I demanded.

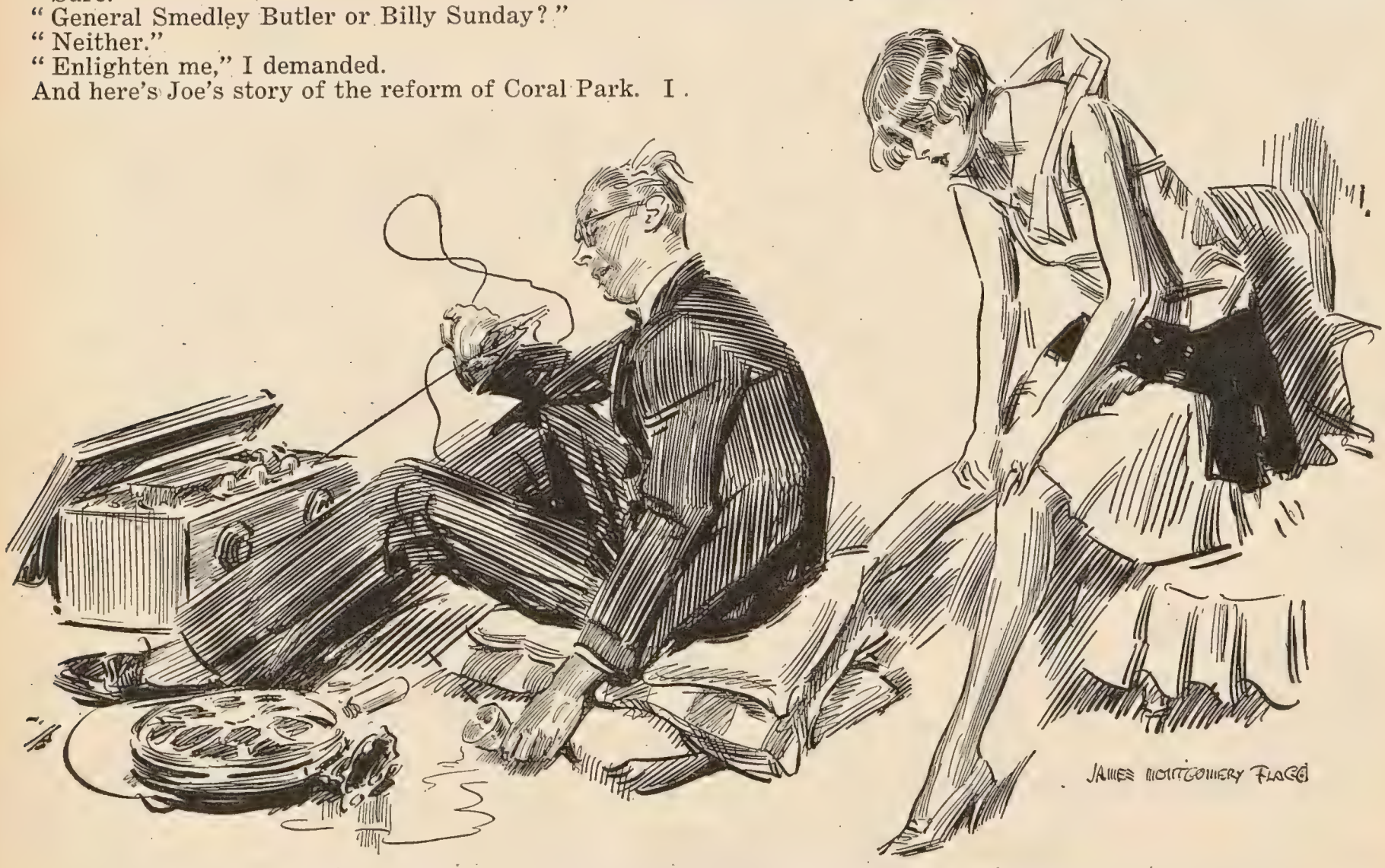
And here's Joe's story of the reform of Coral Park. I always listen attentively to Joe, for his stories have a point.

. . . .

You were out there right in the heat of battle. That was the height of the season. You know how it was—at least every Saturday night and sometimes during the week about a dozen of the young married crowd would get together for dinner and what have you. The cocktails would start at six and dinner at nine. We'd all get thoroughly oiled and dinner was sort of a Roman banquet. None of us could play a fiddle, so we'd swap stories instead.

After dinner everybody would let their repressed desires loosen up and assume the second drinking position. Bill West would concentrate on playing the piano. Sally Carey would insist on doing her imitation of Gertrude Hoffman doing her imitation of Salome. Bob Kerry would do all his athletic stunts and Carrie Williams would try out her sex appeal on the strangers. She's the one that led you out in the garden, and then holloed for help when you took her seriously.

The rest of us would choose partners for bridge or necking, depending on the variety of the likker and the state of weather. You know how it is—champagne and a warm spring breeze will make Will Hays hold Nan Britton's hand under the table and corn whisky in July will make you throw rocks at your hostess. Some



He was a nice fellow, Sam was. After three or four shots of sump oil he'd spend the evening taking the host's radio set to pieces.

After dinner everybody would let their repressed desires loosen up and assume the second drinking position.

cocktails are flavored with mistletoe berries and some with shamrocks.

The only rules we respected were that you had to drink everything offered to you, leave your own wife alone, and stay until everybody else was ready to go home too. You could tell your hostess the food was bad, or the host that his gin was still warm, but you must not try to go home early. And no husband or wife would ever go home and leave the other, so everybody was always in at the death.

You know how these young married people act. When conductors get a vacation, they take a ride, postmen take a walk, Republicans buy oil stocks, reformers pass the hat, chorus girls dance, brokers go to Monte Carlo, and life guards take a bath. So what can you expect of married people on a party? We tried to be wicked and keep up with the times, but you had to get good and tight to take any interest in it.

Sometimes we'd go to the dance at the club, and sometimes we'd go down to the beach. But we always ended up in the kitchen about four trying to get our share of the host's cellar. By that time he'd get generous and bring out his good stuff.

We would all be *non compos mentis* until Tuesday and swear we'd never do it again. By the time husbands and wives were back on speaking terms, there'd be another brawl organized, and we'd forget our headaches and rally around the shaker.

TWO people were responsible for most of the trouble—Tom Wallace and Mary Walsh. They were the ringleaders and felt they were divinely appointed to keep the pot boiling in Coral Park. They were the ones who gave you the bad news when it was your turn to rope off the ring and get out the sponges, who gave your name to the bootleggers, and who called you up Monday to tell you what you'd broken on the last bender besides the Ten Commandments. They mixed the drinks and saw to it that everybody had full glasses. They were the catalytic agents of Coral Park.

The rest of us were neutral—all but Tom's wife and Mary's husband. Jane Wallace was a sweet little thing who had never felt right in public since she gave up the protection of whalebone from her necklace to her spats. A dog always turns around three times when he sits down before he's comfortable. Jane had been turning around ever since she left off those last two petticoats and she wasn't comfortable yet. Her idea of a wonderful time was to put the kids to bed and read for an hour before joining them.

Why she ever married Tom no one was able to figure out, as he believed that home was where you got your mail and woman's place was under the table. If she hadn't gone along with him on parties she'd never have seen him except at breakfast, and if she did go along she couldn't even get up for breakfast—so she didn't score either way. She protested violently and would announce every time she'd arrive on a party that she and Tom were leaving early, but after a couple of coagulated cocktails she'd giggle and tell everybody she secretly pined for a cave man.

AND Sam Walsh belonged on a party like pork sausage at the Passover. He was a nice fellow, Sam was, but he took life normally and couldn't see any sense in filling up on astringents and detergents just because it was against the law. He didn't like parties, but Mary couldn't go out without him and she lived in mortal terror that somebody would throw a party without her helping hand.

Radio was his hobby—he knew the Morse code from his service in the navy and he hated to go out at night because he'd miss exchanging hook-ups with some other bug out in Iowa.

He'd arrive for dinner with earphones on and a soldering iron in his pocket. One girl complained that he was tapping her foot under the table, but it turned out he was only practicing dots and dashes. He was a reluctant guest, but after three or four shots of sump oil he'd become reconciled and spend the evening taking the host's radio set to pieces, or explaining the principle of regenerative amplification to a pie-eyed lady who thought there was something risqué about it. He usually tried to break up the party early, as he had to go into town every morning on the seven-twenty and missed his sleep, but Mary wouldn't leave until she was sure nothing else was going to happen.

The rest of us didn't have to be urged to dress up and cauterize our tonsils once in a while, but we were secretly tired of having to do it so often just to keep down the coat bill for Mary and Tom. And some of us knew when we had enough, but were never able to apply the brakes when we got it, thanks to the urging of our conscientious pacemakers and the accumulative power of sin which comes with the second drink.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Rexall

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Rexall DRUG STORE

There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores.

[BABES IN THE WOODS Continued from page forty-three]

You know how it is—the first drink sizzles as it goes down, the second is a chaser to put out the fire, and after that you've got to keep on drinking to stay on your feet.

A couple of months ago I began to notice a few things, and one of 'em was that Sam and Jane were no longer sitting about yawning and looking at the clock all evening. They were pairing off regularly and they did it like old hands at the game. They'd sneak away when nobody was looking and reappear from different directions just as everybody was looking for their hats.

AND I saw Jane pouring her drinks on the floor twice, so I knew her mind wasn't on her likker. And they didn't act like they were being dragged to the party any more. They arrived cheerfully and smacked their lips over a cocktail, whereas they used to come limping in with a dozen reasons to go home early and hold their noses over the first drink.

One night we were all going to the dance at the club after dinner, and Jane got into the car with Sam, and they didn't rejoin the party until three o'clock when we were all back at the Kerrys'. And another evening they said they were going over to see Clara who was sick. They were gone five hours and I happen to know they were only at Clara's fifteen minutes.

It got to be quite a scandal and after we started watching them it was more apparent what was going on. There was no mistaking the fact that somebody was going to get a big surprise. Mary and Tom were the last ones to tumble to the fact that their mates were living in the new century and they got right worried about it.

One night when Jane and Sam disappeared as usual they got into a fight when Mary made a dirty crack about his Jane vamping her Sam. Their tempers gave them away then. Somebody said it was much better than having them around to register continuous gloom and sing Home, Sweet Home, but Tom and Mary seemed to miss them badly.

It looked as if two homes were going to go Othello, but Sam and Jane were perfectly oblivious to the fact. They were too naïve to even offer an alibi. It never occurred to them that anybody would ever miss them from a party.

One night Tom and Mary were drinking some third-rail gin and decided that it was time they became the aggrieved parties and got the status quo on their respective mates. They dished up double portions of cocktails with a dash of nitroglycerin in each one and got everybody tight but themselves. After dinner they went back in the kitchen and sneaked out the back way and hid in the bushes.

They crept up closer, but not a sound was coming from the car. Then Tom shined a flashlight through the window.

Sam was pretending to monkey with the radio and Jane was helping Bill to get the right chord for Mademoiselle from Armentières. They fooled around the house aimlessly for a while, and then, when they thought nobody was looking, they beat it out of the side door. Tom and Mary saw them come out staggering and giggling and get into Sam's car and drive off. They got another car and followed them.

THERE'S a big grove just off the highway and Sam and Jane turned off the road into the grove. Tom and Mary stopped and put out their lights and discussed the matter. They wanted to know the worst and they wanted the evidence, so they decided to give them fifteen minutes and then sneak up and catch them in *flagrante delicto*.

They gave them plenty of time and then got out and walked down to the grove and crawled up a little side road. They could see the car parked ahead with all the lights out. They crept up closer and listened, but not a sound was coming from the car. Then Tom walked up and shined a flashlight through the window. And would you believe it, Sam was curled up in the front seat sound asleep and Jane was under the laprobe in the back pounding her ear! Both of them sound asleep!

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Infra-Red Rays relieve congestion or troubles causing aches and pains in the body. The Campbell Infra-Red Ray Lamp concentrates a mild beam of Infra-Red Rays upon any part of the body.

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ASK YOUR BARBER

FOR THE NEW MEDICATED MASSAGE

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Doubles your pep. Heals as it cleanses. Those who know are "crazy" about it. Made No. 1 liquid—No. 2 ointment. Knocks head colds, piles, eruptions. Trial will convince. **Made and guaranteed by makers celebrated Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic.**

Neither one of them woke up, so Tom and Mary tiptoed away and went back to their own car. They came on back and decided to say nothing about it to the rest of us. I guess they didn't want anybody to know they were such suckers or had done such a sneaking trick.

It's terrible to get caught eavesdropping if you haven't heard anything. Suspicions are bad manners until you get a dictograph. And I don't think they wanted it known that their mates were really such babes in the woods. It was nothing to boast about.

So when Sam and Jane came wandering back a couple of hours later they pretended they hadn't missed them. But they were so relieved to find out that their suspicions were unfounded that they both went on the wagon and swore off parties. Now they're model mates.

SO Jane sits before the fire until ten now and listens for one of the kids to cough, and gets her beauty sleep between the sheets instead of between the seats. Sam has a new radio that can bring in the weather report from Scotland, and every piece of furniture in the house has drill marks on it. The rest of us are having a peaceful season and getting our arteries softened up. Come out and see.

"Well, maybe, I will," I told him after he finished, "now that I know I won't get poisoned or vamped. But there's one little point I wish you'd clear up for me."

"Sure; what is it?"

"You said that Tom and Mary never told anybody about it?"

"Yes."

"And Jane and Sam were sound asleep?"

"Yes."

"Then how did you find out about it? Were you Houdini or Lon Chaney?"

Joe laughed. "That's where I tripped up trying to make a good story out of it. I got the facts out of Sam. You see, when I saw Tom and Mary sneak out of the kitchen, I tipped Sam off the raid was coming. He gave me this watch for Christmas. It's a beauty, isn't it?"

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

A Ditty

By Sir Philip Sidney

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
There never was a better bargain driven;
My true love hath my heart and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides;
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart and I have his.

Soft Gums *need more than* nice flavor

They need this medicated powder that puts *results* ahead of taste.

DESPITE faithful brushing with flavored pastes, gum troubles steadily increase. No wonder! As your dentist will tell you, soft, easily-irritated gums need the stimulating action of a powder that concentrates on *results* instead of taste.

Pyrozide Powder has done this for twenty-two years. It is not flavored. It contains *only* those gum-stimulating and tooth-cleansing agents that dental clinics have proved most effective. It is medicated with Dentinol, used by dentists to promote gum healing. Its distinctive taste comes from its Dentinol medication.

Scientifically compounded, Pyrozide Powder allays gum irritation and helps make soft gums firm and resistant. It keeps the teeth clean and white by removing the daily deposits of salivary secretions which, if not removed, harden and form tartar.

Today, largely on dentists' prescriptions, more people than ever are turning to it for gum protection. If you wish, begin by using it for just one of your daily brushings instead of your usual paste. The improvement in the condition of your gums will soon be so noticeable that you will use this sterilized, medicated powder exclusively. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all drug stores.

Free sample sent on request

The Dentinol & Pyrozide Co., Sole Distributors, 1476 Broadway, New York City.

Vox

We Change Our Format

NEWARK, N. J.—For the Love o' LIBERTY, what's the idea of bobbing the magazine? Don'tcha know the style? My *cow!* Here we hail a *real* publication; great stories and articles in a book the right size and shape and then—ker-*flop!*—*Elsie E. Sternberg.*

LOUISVILLE, KY.—LIBERTY is certainly in good shape for the New Year, and is to be congratulated on her successful reducing.

We are all familiar with the story of what happened to "the man who stood still." LIBERTY will never suffer a similar fate, for innovation, change, and improvement are her middle names. — *Lee Hamilton.*

NEW YORK NY
WASH IN COLD WATER STOP WILL PREVENT FURTHER SHRINKING STOP FER GOSH SAKES HOLD EVERYTHING STOP LIBERTYS SMALL ENOUGH NOW F H H

We Don't Care How You Read Them

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Oh, LIBERTY, you are going to the "bows."

At one time you had good stories such as "She Who Sleeps," by Sax Rohmer, "Show Girl," by J. P. McEvoy, and "The Clock Strikes Two," by Henry

Kitchell Webster. Every one of them a wow!

But now I can't read your stories without being strapped to my chair, while a man with a cat-o'-nine-tails stands over me and forces me to peruse your pages.

Give us something good, oh America's five cent refuge!—*Francis Foster.*

On the Other Hand

KIMBALL, S. D.—
What it takes to make
A d— good magazine
You LIBERTY folks
Have got.

—*Patrick Brady.*

Yes—And the S., U. Men Would Have Been a Darn Sight Better Off

NASHVILLE, TENN.—I have read the Vox Pop comments of Ernest Stevens on Adela Rogers St. Johns' "Life Story of Barbara La Marr," in which he declared that Barbara was neither handsome, talented, nor successful.

I believe Mr. Stevens must be a bilious

cynic. Barbara *was* beautiful, and if she "went the pace and paid the price" it was a result of the selfishness of man, and *not* the weakness of woman.

In the course of my lifetime I have known a half dozen or so women so beautiful that it seemed a pity they did not have a guard of bayoneted soldiers to protect them from the advances of selfish, unscrupulous men.—*E. H.*

Babies and Mr. Shaw

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I see that George Bernard Shaw did his bit—and what a smashing good bit it was!—for birth control in his LIBERTY interview, "Hates Across the Sea."

I'm at a loss to understand how any sane person can fail to see that it's better, both from a health and an economic standpoint, for motherhood to be deliberate and voluntary rather than accidental and involuntary.

Where offspring is concerned, people are coming to the point of view that it's quality, not quantity, that counts. Better two healthy children whose coming was desired than ten sickly, ill-cared-for, unwanted babes.—*L. Manson.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Birth control advocates may be divided into two classes: those married couples that wish to avoid the responsibility of children and those who have given up the idea of an eternal God and have deified "science" to the extent that their intellects are darkened with materialism. These two classes have but one battle cry: overpopulation.

The overpopulation or food-shortage theory should have been killed in the minds of all right-minded people at the time of Hoover's acceptance speech, wherein he pointed out that, although in the past eight years America's population has increased 8 per cent, her food and other products have increased 20 per cent—or 12 per cent more than necessary.

And this is only the material and not the moral argument.

Our scientists who still believe there is a God—a God who keeps the trees from growing into the heavens—must find ways in which to support future generations. We must not prevent their being born.—*Thady Keane.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why didn't Mr. Shaw point out the fact that birth control among the educated or higher minds means that people in this class will of necessity be overcome and swamped by those who, because of religious scruples or lack of knowledge, abhor this practice?

What about the hundreds of millions in the yellow races? There's no birth control there.

Bernard Shaw is the bunkiest bunk of our time.—*H. E. Hancock.*

Somehow the Idea Doesn't Seem So Hot to Us

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Liked your editorial, "S. P. C. A.," in which you said: "What better destiny is there for a badger or marten than to find himself on the neck of a beautiful woman walking up Fifth Avenue?" . . .

I've got a suggestion, though, for those who want to abolish furs because hunting and trapping are cruel.

Since fur pieces are only for decoration, anyway, being worn on summer days, why not neck pieces which, at one stroke, would appeal to both vegetarians and the anti-fur crowd?

What, in all nature, can surpass the fine blush of a tomato, the coruscations of a carrot, the beauty of a beet? My

idea is for "the beautiful woman walking up Fifth Avenue" to wear an autumn piece of those good, honest vegetables.

Impossible because unfashionable? But stranger things than that have been the fashion.

Down with fur that has died in pain, and up with onions!—*Benevolent Gent.*

Pop

You Never Can Tell—

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—A friend handed me the issue of LIBERTY that had "Trail Tang," by H. Stewart Sar, in it. All I can say is: For gosh sake!

What kind of a bunch of editors have you got, anyhow? What sort of men do you imagine can believe that any *wild horse* ever acted the way Entendedor acted?

A man can walk a wild horse down; but the wild horse does one of two things. He bucks like h— or he hits the breeze (runs!) when he feels the weight of a man on his back.

I have actually ridden more wild horses than the author of "Trail Tang" or the editors of LIBERTY ever saw, or heard about. And I *know*.

Therefore I say again: For gosh sake! —*E. W. B.*

—About These Horse Stories

CHICAGO, ILL.—I just wanted to say the story by Mr. H. Stewart Sar, "Trail Tang," was beautiful. I am not a sentimentalist but I think a few tears shed at the ending were excusable.—*Mrs. F. D. Blake.*

Well, Don't Monkey with 'Em

BOSTON, MASS.—*Wow, wow, wow! Oow, oow, oow!* Those are sounds of pain, and I'm making them because I've just read the sentence: "All men are suckers if you handle them in the right way," in Grace Robinson's true story, "The Girl Who Went Wrong."

Listen! Don't tell the truth like that. It hurts. You know the saying: It took God hundreds of thousands of years to make a man out of a monkey, but a woman can make a monkey out of a man in two minutes.

Now, when I see a lovely girl coming out of a night club with a man in tails and top hat beside her, do you know

what my inner eye sees? It sees a little monkey in those same duds running along beside her—and she's got him on a leash!—*Man Who Was Made a Monkey Of.*

Onward and Upward. Yessir

DENVER, COLO.—I read E. P. Moore's pop in Vox Pop: "Why not stick to corrupting what few morals our fool young people have left?"—and it sure got me up and a-rarin' to fight.

We young folks of today have just as good morals as the older generation had when they were young.

Si used to take Marandie out in the old one-hoss shay and strut his stuff, and just let ole Dobbin poke along as he would and stay in the road. But now

it's different. If we take both hands off the steering wheel we're liable to end up neckin' a tree. We only use one arm—therefore we are only half as bad as our predecessors.—*John Corbett.*

When Was All This?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—

I remember, I remember,
When LIBERTY was born;
Its many tales were all well done
And kept me up till morn;
They didn't put it out so soon,
I had to wait a day;
But now I sometimes wish that they
Would do naught but delay!

I remember, I remember,
When LIBERTY was *right;*
The magazine was not then filled
With tales of gore and fight.
The Delmars, Springs, of hot-stuff ilk,
Were ones I had not met;
And Green meant nothing more than grass;
I wish he were that yet!

I remember, I remember,
When you didn't print a thing
About hot lips, and ladies' hips,
And airplanes on the wing.
I liked the stuff you printed then;
'Twas pretty good—and how!
I'll give you praise for bygone days;
My gosh, you're sure punk now!

I remember, I remember,
The happy days gone by,
'Fore two slick janes went gypsying (?)
And pulled wool o'er your eye.
And now I'll tell the honest truth,
Though I dare not sign my name:
Your magazine is punk as h—
But I buy it just the same!
—*F. C. S. (With apologies to Hood.)*

Mable Inspires a Thought

NEW BUFFALO, MICH.—I have just read that article entitled "Tiger! Tiger!" by Grace Robinson. It is the best story I have read in LIBERTY since you started to publish the magazine.

I once saw Mable Stark's act myself and thought how dangerous it was for this little woman to get into that cage. —*Edward Grieger.*

Requiescat

GREEN BAY, WIS.—How can you ever allow stuff like "Requiescat," by Edward Hope, to creep into LIBERTY? It was absolutely the rottenest and most cold blooded thing I have ever read.—*G. B.*

MADISONVILLE, KY.—One of the few really fine short stories I have read in recent years was "Requiescat." Edward Hope wrote the truth about humanity with a boldness that comes of understanding. I want to thank him and LIBERTY.—*Woodson Browning.*

Grocers' Bills, More Likely

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Haw! "The Way of Peace," by Dorothy Black, had some good stuff in it, but one sentence made me laugh.

The scene was laid in London, and, pretty soon, along came this: "Mervyn was poor, but she was rich, having had an American mother."

Now, I ask you, isn't that European?

To the bozos across the pond, Uncle Sam is Uncle Moneybags, and each of Sam's 120,000,000 nephews and nieces is at least a near-millionaire—just spilling over with coin.

You know, there's a rumor that Londoners think New Yorkers start their fires not with newspapers but with one-dollar bills.—*L. Brooks.*

But a Lot of Liberty Readers Are Not Darn Fools

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Why not stop printing "The End" at the conclusion of your stories and articles? Any darn fool would know it was the end.—*Thos. L. Orr.*

The big "sound money" parade in New York City, on the Saturday before the Presidential election of 1896, and above, some examples of the badges that were worn by the paraders.

BRYAN

An American Phenomenon

By M. R. WERNER

(Author of Barnum, Tammany Hall, etc.)

THE incidents of Bryan's first campaign for the Presidency, in 1896; his luckless allusion to "the enemy's country"; his disappointing speech of acceptance; his unprecedented stumping tours—these were Mr. Werner's themes last week. He described the hostility and terror the Nebraskan inspired in the industrial East, and the measures big business took to insure his defeat. He left Bryan battling against odds on the eve of election.

PART FIVE

FROM "16 TO 1" TO "IMPERIALISM"

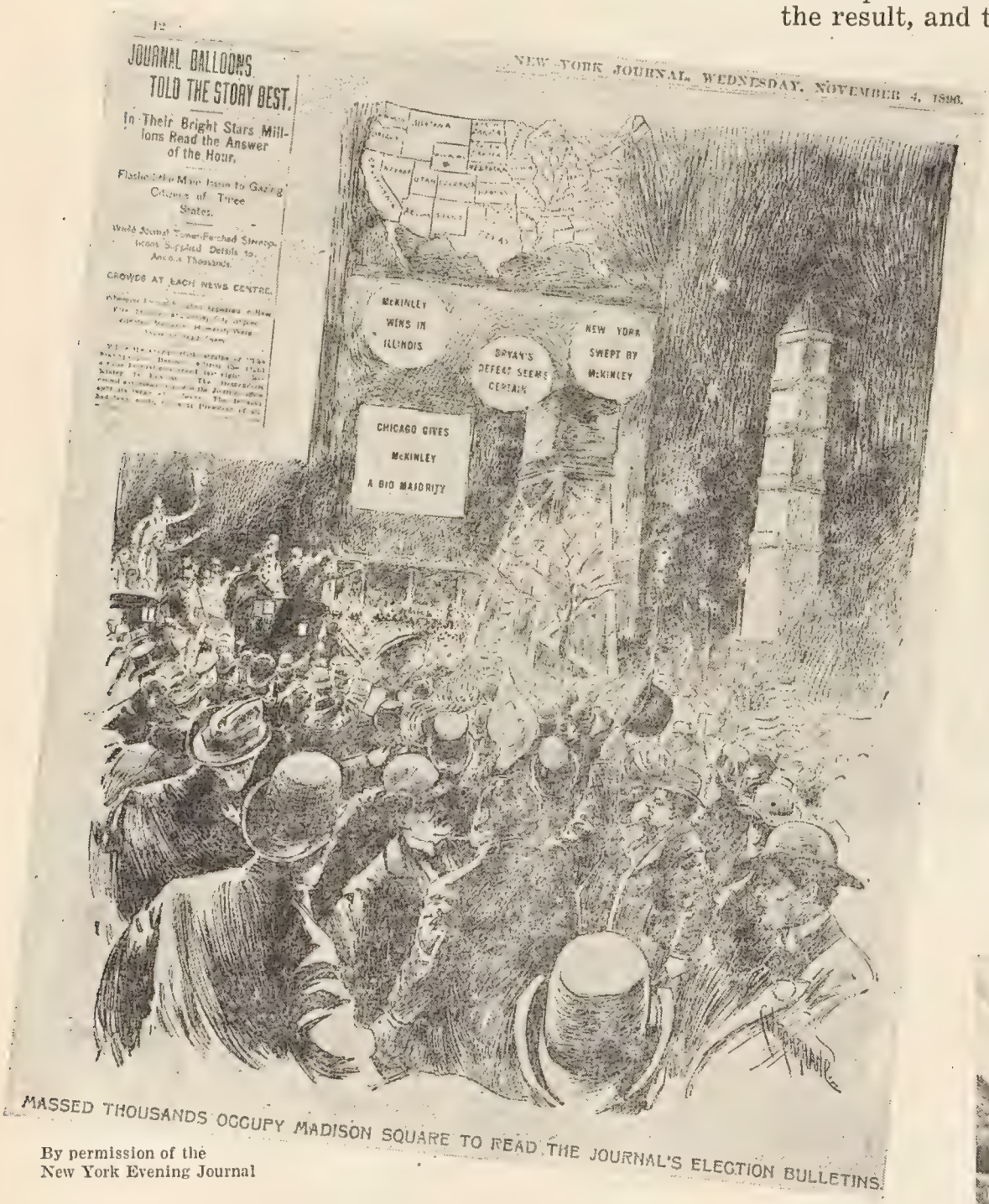
IN his many campaign speeches Bryan emphasized the war of classes which the campaign represented. For this he was accused of anarchy, demagoguery, and of stirring the passions of the mob, but he could do nothing else, for the war of classes was the fundamental issue of the struggle. He questioned the motives of the bankers and insisted upon the rights of the common man.

Sometimes he took advantage of cheap tricks which attracted some of his audience and clouded the issue. When he was speaking at Fredericksburg, Virginia, he told the audience that he was glad to visit the historic place where George Washington threw a silver dollar across the river. "Would you believe, my friends," he asked, "that a silver dollar which was good enough to be handled by the father of his country is so mean a thing as to excite the contempt of many of our so-called financiers? Well, it is. It is so mean that they do not like it.

"Why, our opponents tell us that they want a dollar that will go all over the world. We have had dollars

which have gone over the world so rapidly that we want a dollar that will stay at home without a curfew law. . . . I am not so much worried about our dollars which travel abroad. I want a dollar that will not be ashamed to look a farmer in the face."

Most of the newspapers were very impatient with Bryan's arguments, and sometimes they manufactured stories about his character and the facts of his life. It was published that Bryan was in the pay of the silver-mine owners; that his real name was O'Bryan, which seemed to be considered a sin; that he had been a cheap actor; that he was a member of the anti-Catholic A. P. A.; that he had applied for a job as press agent of the Herald Square Theater in New York just before his nomination; and finally that he was really insane. The New York Times devoted many columns to discussions by alleged alienists of Bryan's sanity.



MASSED THOUSANDS OCCUPY MADISON SQUARE TO READ THE JOURNAL'S ELECTION BULLETINS.

By permission of the New York Evening Journal

The election night of 1896 in Madison Square, New York City, with Hearst's bulletins giving the crowds news of Bryan's defeat.

Bryan continued to carry on his terrific battle for the things in which he believed so strongly and for the people with whom he sympathized so sincerely until the last minute, even though the odds were against him, due to the difference in the financial resources of his friends and his enemies, and due to the unfair attitude of the press. At a few minutes before midnight on November 2 he delivered his last speech of the campaign, and the twenty-seventh of that day.

Just as the campaign was nearing its end the price of wheat rose, relieving somewhat the distress of the farmers, and some men have claimed that this was the most important factor in the result of the election. The Republicans, having all the money they needed to spend, spent a great deal of it getting voters to the polls. Men who were working and would lose time while going to vote were paid for their time, and farmers who had to leave their fields were paid for the loss of their own time and that of their hired help. Farmers were also hired to transport voters in their wagons. Meanwhile, Bryan was struggling virtually alone, for the machine politicians of the Democratic party, who always do so much of the practical work towards getting the voters interested, had given up hope of his election. If they had thought he had a chance, they would have worked strenuously in order that later they might share the spoils.

In spite of all the preparations no one was certain of the result, and the tensity was greater than that of any election since the Civil War. In New York City the campaign had ended with the monster gold parade of Saturday and the mass meetings of both parties at night. Sunday was a restless day, full of suspense, and Monday seemed interminable. There was stagnation in Wall Street and nervous uncertainty throughout the city. The bankers wondered whether any little thing had been forgotten, whether it was still possible for Mr. Bryan to be elected. The London correspondent, G. W. Steevens, who was in New York on election day, wrote: "Nobody can see how it is possible for Mr. Bryan to win, and yet nobody would be surprised if he did."

EARLY in the morning of Tuesday, November 3, men hurried to the polls, and the small boys began their bonfires. Towards evening huge crowds gathered in City Hall Park and around the newspaper buildings. "Thousands of tin horns sputtered." And Tammany Hall was dark at 11 o'clock.

In his house in Lincoln, Nebraska, Bryan was in bed. He needed rest badly. Downstairs in the library newspaper men gathered with Mrs. Bryan and received the bulletins, which she carried upstairs to the bedroom at regular intervals. "As the evening progressed," wrote Bryan, "the indications pointed more and more strongly to defeat, and by 11 o'clock I realized that, while the returns from the country might change the result, the success of my opponent was more than probable. Confidence resolved itself into doubt, and doubt, in turn, gave place to resignation. While the compassionless current sped hither and thither, carrying its message of gladness to foe and its message of sadness to friend, there

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"It is the Humbugs and not the Gold Bugs that are bothering our farmers." Bryan is the "humbug" in the air.

From Judge, Oct. 10, 1896, by permission

[BRYAN
Continued from page forty-nine]

vanished from my mind the vision of a President in the White House, perplexed by the cares of state, and in the contemplation of the picture of a citizen by his fireside, free from official responsibility, I fell asleep."

A stranger had stopped Bryan's eleven-year-old daughter Ruth and asked her whether she thought her father would be elected. "I think he will get a good many votes on D Street, but I do not know about the rest of the country," she had replied.

The final result of the election showed that McKinley received 7,035,638 votes, Bryan 6,467,946. In the electoral college the vote was 271 for McKinley, 176 for Bryan. A change of some 900 votes in California would have given Bryan that state's electoral vote, and a change of 142 votes would have given him Kentucky. A total change of 14,001 votes distributed in the proper states would have given him a majority of three electoral votes.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD of Illinois felt that the odds against the Democratic party had been too much for it to overcome by the natural will of the people. "It was confronted," he said, "by all the trusts, all the syndicates, all the corporations, all the great papers. It was confronted by everything that money could buy, that boodle could debauch, or that fear of starvation could coerce. It was confronted by the disgust which the majority of the American people felt toward the national administration, for which they held us responsible. It was confronted by the unfounded charge of being partly responsible for the hard times. It was confronted by a combination of forces such as had never been united before and will probably never be united again; and worse still, the time was too short to educate the public."

Henry George said after the 1896 election: "What did free silver matter? The people have lost again." It was true that the "people" had lost again, but whether they would have won had Bryan been elected is possible of doubt, for Bryan, as much as he felt for the common man, also believed in the capitalist system, and it was only by means of a more or less complete change in that system that the so-called people would have won anything worth winning. If he had ever been President of the United States, Bryan would undoubtedly have ameliorated the condition of the laboring man to the best of his ability, but he would only have been permitted to do so if his influence with Democratic senators and representatives had been more powerful than the influence of corporate industry with those senators and representatives.

The bankers were overjoyed at the result. H. H. Kohlsaat, the Republican owner of the Chicago Times-Herald, found a group of them playing "follow the leader" in a Chicago club after midnight of election day. The nimble elderly gentlemen were jumping over chairs and tables and dancing in each other's arms.

Some men were downcast at the result. Bryan had begged his followers not to bet on him, because he did not believe in gambling. Some of them disregarded the advice and found that they were pledged not to shave until Bryan became President, to haul Republican friends around the town in wheelbarrows, to roll peanuts long distances, and to ride donkeys from New York to San Francisco. One of these last finally arrived on his donkey at the Bryan house in Lincoln, Nebraska. He was paying the expenses of the journey by selling patent medicines and photographs of the donkey and its trappings.

Brown Bros. photo

Bryan addressing the Christian Endeavor convention of 1897 in San Francisco. This is perhaps the only photograph taken so early in his heyday, showing him in action before a large indoor assemblage.

One man wrote Bryan that he had bet on Mr. Bryan the money he had intended to use to mend his roof. "My house is leaking badly," he wrote. "Please send the money at once." Another man wrote that he had bet his cow, and that now his poor children had no milk. One man sent Bryan a bill for $87, because he had lost that amount of money when gunpowder set off to greet Mr. Bryan had prevented the eggs he had placed in an incubator from hatching. There are in Bryan's papers many letters from children telling him how they had wept when they heard the news of his defeat.

Bryan himself found some comfort in a poem by the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox called An Inspiration, ending:

. . . No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Vachel Lindsay twenty years later recalled and expressed his feelings in a poem called Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, containing these lines:

Election night at midnight:
Boy Bryan's defeat.
Defeat of western silver.
Defeat of the wheat.
Victory of letterfiles
And plutocrats in miles,
With dollar signs upon their coats,
Diamond watchchains on their vests,
And spats on their feet.
Victory of custodians, Plymouth rock,
And all that inbred landlord stock.
Victory of the neat.
Defeat of the aspen groves of Colorado valleys,
The blue bells of the Rockies,
And blue bonnets of old Texas,
By the Pittsburgh alleys.
Defeat of alfalfa and the Mariposa lily,
Defeat of the Pacific and the long Mississippi.
Defeat of the young by the old and silly.
Defeat of tornadoes by the poison vats supreme.
Defeat of my boyhood, defeat of my dream.

The New York Tribune forgot its exultation at the result of the election and poured forth its venom on the hateful Bryan and his cause in one of the most vituperative editorials ever printed in a respectable publication:

The thing was conceived in iniquity and was brought forth in sin. It had its origin in a malicious conspiracy against the honor and integrity of the nation. It gained such monstrous growth as it enjoyed from an assiduous culture of the basest

passions of the least worthy members of the community. It has been defeated and destroyed because right is right and God is God. Its nominal head was worthy of the cause. Nominal, because the wretched, rattle-pated boy, posing in vapid vanity and mouthing resounding rottenness, was not the real leader of that league of hell. He was only a puppet in the blood-imbued hands of Altgeld the anarchist, and Debs the revolutionist, and other desperadoes of that stripe.

But he was a willing puppet, Bryan was, willing and eager. Not one of his masters was more apt than he at lies and forgeries and blasphemies and all the nameless iniquities of that campaign against the Ten Commandments. He goes down with the cause, and must abide with it in the history of infamy. . . .

But the poor editor of the New York Tribune, who knew so well what right was right and which god was God, was destined to hear of Mr. Bryan again.

When it was all over, in the book he wrote about the campaign, Bryan himself made this happy statement: "The reminiscences of the campaign of 1896 form such a delightful chapter in memory's book that I am constrained to paraphrase a familiar line and say that it is better to have run and lost than never to have run at all." Bryan also said in a speech that he felt as Vance of North Carolina felt: "Someone asked him if it did not nearly kill him to have the people pulling him around and shaking hands with him. He replied: 'Yes, it does nearly kill me, but if they did not do it, it would entirely kill me.'"

Chapter IV

"An Inexhaustible Patience Set to Music"

IN one of his Bible essays Bryan wrote that in the story of Job "we find an inexhaustible patience set to music." And in that phrase he summed up perfectly that period of his own career from the time when he was first defeated for President until 1912, when he ceased to be a serious candidate and helped Woodrow Wilson to the Presidency.

P. & A. photo

Bryan in camp as a colonel of Nebraska volunteers in 1898, the Spanish War year. His regiment got no farther than Florida.

After the election of 1896 Bryan received offers from all over the country for his services in various capacities. The day after election the New York department store, Siegel-Cooper Company, sent Bryan a telegram offering him a salary of $25,000 a year as the manager of its law department. He declined the offer. He also received offers from lecture bureaus and newspapers. He wrote The First Battle, a book on his campaign, which sold almost 200,000 copies, and he devoted one half the royalties to the various associations interested in furthering the cause of free silver.

Bryan started on a lecture tour at the end of 1896, but there were rumors that it was not successful, and there was dissatisfaction on the part of the managers, who had guaranteed Bryan $50,000 for fifty lectures. Whatever the reason, the tour was discontinued, and Bryan went back to Lincoln, where, along with his other work, he proceeded to answer the 60,000 letters he had received from admirers during the campaign. During 1897 he lectured on bimetallism and reiterated his belief in free coinage of silver. He also toured Ohio,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

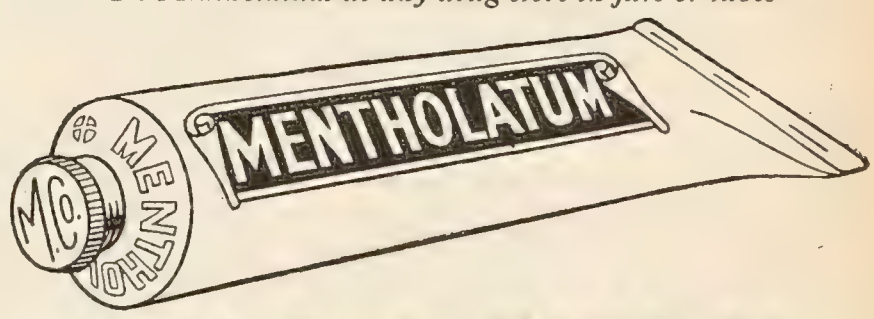
Don't COUGH and SNEEZE

INHALATION: In a teacup of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapor by cupping your hands, or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum.

CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat with Mentholatum. Use about half a tube. Remember rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel. Mentholatum is safe on the most tender skin. Clean and pure—it will not stain clothing or linen.

NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger, apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose, and to the outer edges. Rubbing Mentholatum over the entire outside of the nose is very helpful. Notice the cool, soothing effect—and how easy it makes your breathing.

Get Mentholatum at any drug store in jars or tubes



FREE BOOK ON COLDS

Just write Dept. G N 2,
Mentholatum Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

[BRYAN
Continued from page fifty-one]

speaking against the reëlection of Mark Hanna as senator from Ohio. Large crowds of farmers attended the meetings, and there were frequent shouts of "We'll elect you next time." In one of his speeches Bryan said: "Defeat Hanna and the whole world will rejoice; elect the Republican ticket and every monarch on a European throne will be joyful!" The people threw up their hats and yelled, but they reëlected Hanna.

Throughout Bryan's best days, many of the people who heard him speak were not especially impressed by what he said. He could stir them for the moment sometimes, but when they got home they felt as if they had been to a restaurant and instead of dinner had been served nothing but sentimental songs. However, there were always sufficient numbers who did not want meat in their speeches to make Bryan's influence continuously powerful.

During 1897 Bryan also visited Mexico, where he was greeted enthusiastically as the great champion of silver.

By permission of the World, N. Y.

A cartoon of 1900: the Tammany boss, Richard Croker, and the Tiger welcome Bryan to New York City.

WHILE Bryan was lecturing and writing, President McKinley was having his hands full trying to prevent a war which he did not want with Spain for the sake of Cuban independence and the colonial expansion of the United States. The war was finally made inevitable by those who were aroused by the atrocities committed in Cuba, and those who saw a great chance for business both as a result of the war and during it. Bryan, though he hated war, spoke in favor of the recognition of Cuban independence, which he knew meant war, and in that way he lent his influence somewhat to the forces which were rapidly stampeding McKinley and the government into a reluctant war. When war finally came, Bryan joined the army, and he was permitted to raise a regiment, of which he was the colonel. Men wrote to him from all over the country expressing their desire to serve under him. His regiment was sent to Florida and remained in camp there all during the war. Bryan served in the army from July 13, 1898, until December 12, 1898, when his regiment of Third Nebraska Volunteer Infantry was mustered out. This service prevented him from taking any part in the election of 1898.

As the election of 1900 approached Bryan devoted himself exclusively to political issues and to making his own nomination inevitable. Soon after he was released from the army, he played an important part in the ratification of the treaty with Spain. There was great opposition to the ratification of that treaty by men of both the Republican and the Democratic parties who felt that the treaty, by its clause providing for the annexation of the Philippine Islands, committed the United States to an imperialistic course. It was extremely doubtful that the treaty would be ratified, when Bryan appeared suddenly in Washington and visited Democratic senators and urged them to vote for its ratification. He told them that the issue of imperialism was one that was badly needed in the coming campaign of 1900, and the treaty was ratified by only one vote more than the required two-thirds.

Bryan always defended his action by saying that he felt the treaty should be ratified and the war settled as soon as possible; but as there was no prospect of renewed hostilities, but merely a question of terms, this argument was a lame excuse by a politician in need of thunder.

Less than a week after the ratification of the treaty with Spain Bryan issued a denunciation of imperialism and urged that the struggling Filipinos be given immediate independence. It was a clever political move, for the Democrats had very little ammunition for the coming campaign. During the administration of McKinley there had been a wave of great prosperity due to renewed business confidence and to the industrial activity created by the Spanish-American War. The war had also helped to kill the sectional differences aroused by the campaign for free silver in 1896.

Meanwhile, the gold production of the world had steadily increased, and the invention of the cyanide process of extracting gold from low-grade ore made it very unlikely that that metal would be too scarce for many years. Other developments in the mining industry helped to make free silver a dead issue, for there had been new discoveries of gold in Australia, South Africa, and the Klondike.

Although he knew that the issue was dying, and although he had a new one in wicked Republican imperialism, Bryan insisted that the free coinage of silver must still be advocated by the Democratic party. Many of his closest friends advised him to give it up, but Bryan clung to silver. He had talked so much about it that he could not believe that he had been mistaken, and he also realized the political disadvantage in admitting that he had been wrong once. To his last days he maintained that the free coinage of silver was a just and effective remedy for the financial ills of the country, and he seized upon the great increase in gold to account for the fact that the remedy was no longer needed.

By permission of the Chicago Herald and Examiner

Bourke Cockran lauded Bryan in 1900 after having denounced him in 1896, and John T. McCutcheon cartooned Cockran as saying, "My, how you have improved!"

DURING the winter of 1898 and 1899 Bryan met Colonel House, with whom he was to become more intimately associated later in his career. Bryan's younger daughter, Grace, had not been well, and the family decided to spend the winter in the South. Colonel House arranged a home for Bryan within the grounds where his own home was located, so that Colonel House and Colonel Bryan had many opportunities of discussing national affairs.

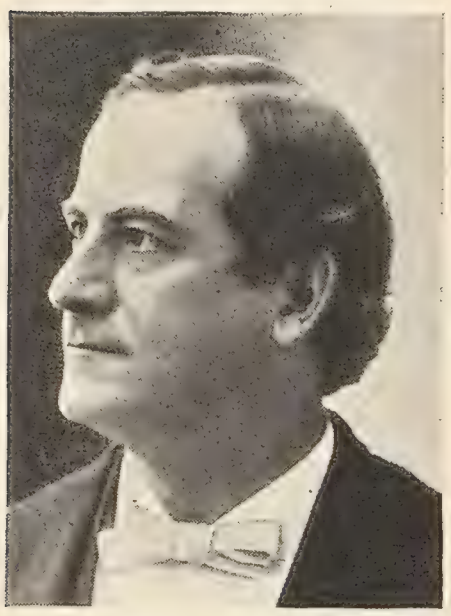
"I found Mrs. Bryan very amenable to advice and suggestion," Colonel House wrote, "but Mr. Bryan was as wildly impracticable as ever. I do not believe that anyone ever succeeded in changing his mind upon any subject that he had determined upon. . . . I believe he feels that his ideas are God-given and are not susceptible to the mutability of those of the ordinary human being. He often told me that a man that did not believe in 'the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16-1 was either a fool or a knave.' He was so convinced of this that he was not susceptible to argument."

Although he remained faithful to free silver and welcomed the issue of imperialism, there was still another problem to which Bryan gave prominence in his political propaganda at this time. When the twentieth century dawned, there was a mania upon the part of the newspapers for symposia concerning the future. The New York World requested an opinion from William Jennings Bryan concerning the greatest menace of the coming century. He wrote: "The increasing influence of wealth will lead to increasing disregard of the inalienable rights of man." At a conference in Chicago in September, 1899, Bryan advocated a federal

license law for all trusts and monopolies, and he also proposed laws against stock watering and regulations requiring corporations to certify to their earnings and expenses, with penitentiary sentences for violations of these laws.

While Bryan was preparing to denounce and to deplore, the Republicans were getting ready to fight the election of 1900 on the principle that the Republican party was in Washington and all was right with the world. Mark Hanna expressed the policy of the party and at the same time contributed a new expression to the nation's political vocabulary when he remarked: "All we need to do is 'stand pat.'" The Republican party has followed his advice ever since.

Early in 1900, however, the anthracite coal miners struck for ten per cent increase in their wages. Mark Hanna told the coal operators that it would be the better part of valor to give the men what they wanted, rather than to run the chance of having Mr. Bryan in the White House. This was enough to frighten the coal barons, and the strike was settled.



P. & A. photo

This picture of Bryan about 1900 was always his own favorite.

THE period of unprecedented prosperity during the administration of William McKinley had been accompanied by consolidation in industry and the development of trusts. Bryan and the Democrats denounced this corporate development, and McKinley and the Republicans accepted it and profited by it. Mark Hanna was able to raise from the large corporations as much money as he needed, and if they did not send as much as he thought they should, he sent back their checks and demanded more.

The Republican convention assembled and renominated William McKinley, endorsed his administration, and sent forth throughout the country the gospel of the "full dinner pail." Theodore Roosevelt was forced to accept the nomination for Vice-President, because the boss of New York state, Tom Platt, wanted to get rid of so much righteous indignation, and because the Republicans needed a picturesque speaker to counteract the effect of Bryan's prodigious tours.

When the Democratic national convention met at Kansas City, it was a foregone conclusion that William Jennings Bryan would be nominated again for the Presidency. There were some eastern Democrats who hated to see this but could not discover any way of preventing it. And then too they felt that it was impossible to defeat McKinley, for there could be no doubt that there had been prosperity during his régime, and that was the most important fact for the millions of voters. The Democrats felt that the losing candidate might as well be Bryan as anyone else. His personal influence among the farmers and small business men was still so great that it could be used to advantage to elect local congressional and state candidates, even if it was not powerful enough to elect Mr. Bryan himself. And Mr. Bryan was more than willing to enjoy the personal publicity of another attempt.

Strenuous efforts, however, were made to prevent Bryan from forcing the issue of free silver upon the Democratic party once more. Senator David B. Hill made a trip to Lincoln, Nebraska. He begged Mr. Bryan to forget free silver, for the sake of the Democratic party. But Mr. Bryan insisted that the free silver plank of the Chicago platform of 1896 must be reaffirmed.

At this time Bryan was urging William Randolph Hearst, whose success with the New York Journal had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Even when teeth are white

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

**4 out of 5 Neglect the Gums and Surrender Health to Pyorrhea*

DANGER seems so remote when teeth are white. But, as your dentist will tell you, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And diseases that attack the gums seldom reveal their presence until too late.

So start taking proper care of the gums to preserve teeth and safeguard health from dread Pyorrhea—the disease of neglect that ravages 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. Prevention is easier than cure. For when Pyorrhea is once contracted only expert dental treatment of long duration can stem its advance.

Every morning and every night, when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for this purpose—Forhan's for the Gums.

Within a few days you'll notice an improvement in the way your gums look and feel. In addition, your teeth will look cleaner and whiter. For while this dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them youthful (the surest safeguard against Pyorrhea) it cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay.

Get This Good Habit

Remember, nobody's *immune*. And the safeguard against disease is proper daily care and a semi-annual visit to your dentist.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes —35c and 60c. Start using it, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. It will protect their health. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

[BRYAN
Continued from page fifty-three]

been established, to start a Democratic daily newspaper in Chicago. Among the Bryan Papers in the Library of Congress is the following letter from James Creelman, Hearst's leading writer, which throws interesting light on Bryan's activities at the time:

NEW YORK JOURNAL
W. R. Hearst

PERSONAL May 24, 1900.

My dear Bryan:

As soon as Mr. Hearst got back I told him of your anxiety and the desire of the party leaders to have a new Democratic daily established in Chicago and I urged it upon him as strongly as I could. He said that he was tired out and not in the mood for a new effort. I pointed out the political glory and the party power and recognition which would result. He declared that no hope of money profits would induce him to throw himself into the abyss of toil again, but that if I could satisfy him that you and the party leaders needed the paper badly, that it was essential to success, that it would be pushed and helped and recognized as the mouthpiece of the party, he would consent.

I at once went to Washington and saw Senator Jones from whom I received assurances that if Mr. Hearst would start a paper in Chicago, it would almost ensure your election by its fighting influence in the Middle West. Senator Jones said that Mr. Hearst would receive all the help the machinery of the party could give him and that he could receive any recognition he wanted either before or after election. I came back here and, adding your pleas to that of Senator Jones, secured Mr. Hearst's consent. *The thing is to be done!*

Second. I have written an editorial calling on the N. Y. state convention to instruct its delegates for you. It is now awaiting Mr. Hearst's approval, which I have practically secured in advance. I have also cabled to England to get signed statements from English princes and noblemen thanking McKinley for his friendly attitude to Great Britain during the Boer War. These I will publish in contrast to American expression of sympathy for the Boers.

I cannot exaggerate the importance of winning the German vote. I hope that the next speech you make will contain a pointed and sweeping tribute to the Germans in America. I get evidence from everywhere—and especially from our German edition—that the Germans are swinging to us in masses.

George Gray has written to me that he must wait for the platform before he speaks. He admires you, but will not support a too strong free silver declaration.

The more I enquire the more I am convinced that the Kansas City convention will make a simple reaffirmation of the Chicago platform and will not specifically mention "16 to 1," unless the convention is put under the pressure of a threat from you that you will not be the candidate, and I know you well enough to believe that you will leave the delegates free on that point, after having expressed your individual opinion.

Give my regards to Mrs. Bryan and the little ones.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES CREELMAN.

Mr. Hearst started the Chicago American, and as a reward he was appointed president of the National Association of Democratic Clubs. This was Mr. Hearst's first entry into politics. The clubs, under Mr. Hearst's direction, attained a membership of 3,000,000 and were useful in the 1900 campaign.

James Creelman wrote to Bryan on June 2, 1900:

We are hard at work for you here and things are moving well. Until a secretary is named for the National Association of Democratic Clubs I am in charge of the organization's work. . . . Mr. Hearst will give $10,000 or $15,000 to start our fund and I will raise that sum to $30,000 or perhaps $40,000 by a little plan—no, I won't tell you what it is! Mr. Hearst asked me to write that Fourth of July Proclamation for him and I am glad you liked it.

We cannot, cannot, cannot and will not, will not, take up "16 to 1" in the East. You know that I am your sincere friend and that I do not intend to intrude too much advice on you; but I want to say that I have seen most of the leaders east, west, north, and south and they are all opposed to any "specific mention" of free silver in the platform and are eager to simply reaffirm the platform of 1896 in general terms and devote the new platform to the new issues. If they say anything else to you they lie; and if you force the convention to make "16 to 1" an explicit issue, reiterated in the platform, you will be simply forcing the delegates against their will.

I say this in all candor and I believe that you already know it yourself. Nobody favors an abandonment of a line in the Chicago platform; it is simply a question of reaffirmation or reiteration or, as I should say, "reirritation." . . .

I think that this state [New York] is close, with perhaps a slight preponderance in favor of Mr. McKinley. There are thousands of Democrats who did not support you in 1896 and a large body of Germans who are certain to support you now on a platform that simply reaffirms the Chicago platform, without specifically mentioning "16 to 1." . . .

By permission of the Chicago Herald and Examiner

In 1900 Roosevelt "the Rough Rider" was the counter-attraction to Bryan's stump speaking. According to McCutcheon, even in Nebraska Bryan's "fences" suffered.

THE Democratic convention met at Kansas City early in July, 1900. Bryan was unquestionably the nominee, and therefore the only uncertainty was whether he would succeed in winning his fight for a plank in the platform declaring for the free coinage of silver. Bryan sent a message to the convention which read: "If by any chance the Committee on Resolutions decides to report a platform in which there is not a silver plank there must be a minority report and a fight on the floor of the convention. I will come to Kansas City on the fastest train available, make a fight for silver on the floor of the convention, and then decline to take the nomination if the convention omits the ratio. This is final." Finally, by a close vote in which the deciding vote was cast by the delegate from Hawaii at the earnest solicitation of the Bryan forces, a silver plank was included in the platform. Some men thought it would be nice to nominate Bryan on the Fourth of July, but the fight on the platform occupied too much time, and he was not nominated until July 5, when he was declared unanimously to be the candidate.

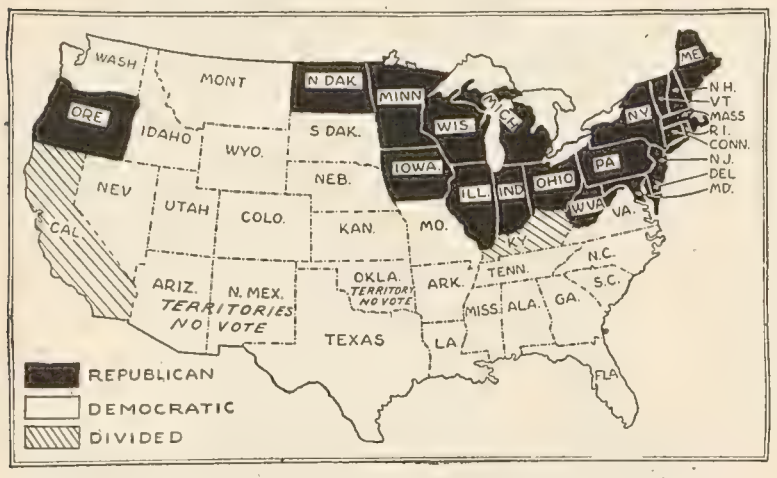
The New York Times reported the ensuing demonstration: "From floor, from platform, from the great banks of seats sloping upward on every hand, from the hanging gardens packed to the very steel girders under the roof there rose a roar made up of one word. That word was Bryan. . . . It was as though all the express trains in the world were tearing at once through the same tunnel." The Lebanon (Indiana) Bryan Club entered the convention hall and opened red, white, and blue umbrellas, twirling them to the music as the members did a cake walk.

Poultney Bigelow reported this scene:

"Utah sent a woman delegate, who appeared upon the platform and spoke inaudibly in favor of Mr. Bryan. She was loudly cheered, because she was a woman and had

wavy hair. . . . At any rate, here was a woman delegate, Cohen by name, for the first time in history ascending the platform of a national convention in support of a candidate for the Presidency.

"When Bryan was finally nominated, no one was surprised, but everyone acted as though he had triumphed



Bryan's defeat in the election of 1896.

over an obstinate resistance, and consequently all went mad with apparent delight. Everybody walked 'ragtime,' the whole body of delegates moved in circles round and round, singing and yelling and keeping step to what music they could hear. In the midst of it was the Utah delegate, Mrs. Cohen, flushed and excited; her hair . . . in imminent danger of being trodden on. She did not seem to feel the ground—she was afloat—she embodied the mad spirit of the movement—it was a cake walk in heaven to her—a heaven of silver clouds.

"People pointed to her from the galleries. 'Look at the woman'; but she laughed and shouted and trotted along with the music, happy as a school child on a frolic.

"'What's the matter with the new woman?' shouted men in the galleries.

"'She's all right,' yelled Mrs. Cohen, in reply, and went on with the carmagnole. When she had danced and yelled herself tired she perched on the edge of the platform and remarked happily to a delegate, as she arranged her dress: 'My, but wasn't that hot stuff!' Then, while adjusting hairpins, she leaned over and called to a reporter:

"'Say, are you for Bryan?'

"'You bet!'

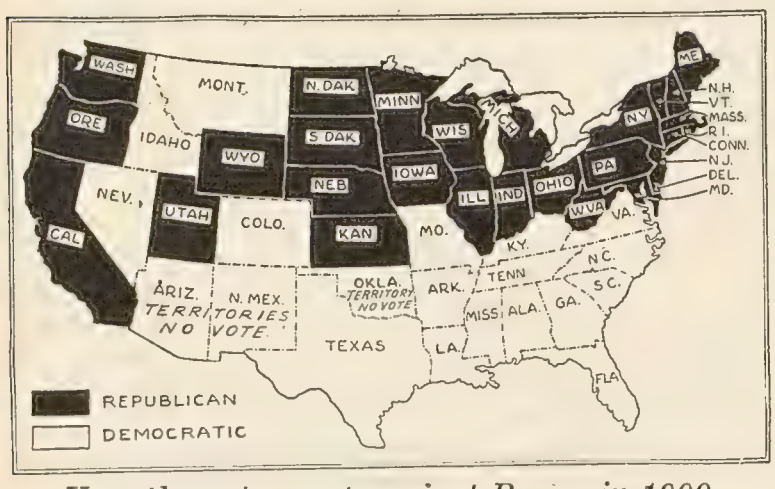
"'Shake!' And the bond was sealed."

While all this was going on Bryan was lying on a lounge in the parlor of his home in Lincoln. His former law partner Talbot rushed in from the telegraph room and shouted: "You're nominated, old man!" "Talbot," remarked Bryan, "this is terribly sudden."

For a time it was doubtful who would be the candidate for Vice-President. William Sulzer, later governor of New York, was active in his own behalf, and he was awaiting the arrival of Richard Croker, his Tammany boss, to find out whether he might have his support. When Mr. Croker arrived in Kansas City, he said: "Bryan and Sulzer! Huh! How long before everybody would be saying: 'Brandy and Seltzer'?" Whereupon Mr. Sulzer's boom collapsed. The convention nominated Adlai E. Stevenson, who had been Vice-President under President Cleveland.

THE platform declared that imperialism growing out of the Spanish-American War was "the paramount issue of the campaign," and in his many speeches Bryan spoke of it as constantly as he had spoken of free silver in 1896. "Dr. Taylor," he said, "has aptly expressed it in his Creed of the Flag when he asks: 'Shall we turn to the old world again with the penitent prodigal's cry?' I answer, never."

Bryan denied that it was the "manifest destiny" of the United States to become a colonial empire, and he maintained that such a policy would be profitable to the classes of society he hated at the expense of those he loved. And he went to his favorite book, the Bible, and in it he found no warrant for imperialism. "The command, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,'" he said, "has no Gatling gun attachment."



How the vote went against Bryan in 1900.

Bryan's oratorical triumphs were offset in the campaign of 1900 by the enthusiasm aroused by a new popular star, Theodore Roosevelt, whose energy proved as attractive as Bryan's melody. While McKinley remained in Washington, Roosevelt toured the country, and Senator Mark Hanna sent as his accompanists a large number of orators who spoke of the virtues in "the full dinner pail." In this campaign Mr. Roosevelt began that lifelong practice of calling everybody who did not agree with him on foreign policy weaklings and criminals.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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EVERY woman who desires a soft, smooth skin should take the marvelous Linit Beauty Bath before retiring at night.

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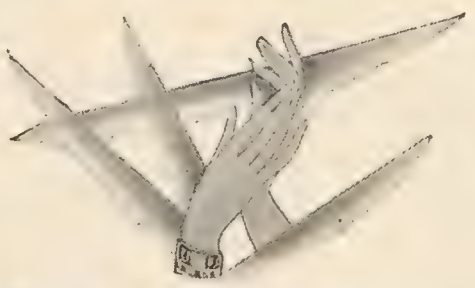
Linit gives the skin just the right amount of lubrication. It neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, which often makes it chafed and inflamed, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

If you cannot believe that a fine laundry starch like Linit also makes a marvelous beauty bath, we suggest that you make this simple test:



AFTER dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced—INSTANTLY!

Linit is sold by your Grocer.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

BRYAN
[Continued from page fifty-five]

The result of the election was that Bryan was defeated by an even greater majority than in 1896. McKinley received a vote of 7,219,530 and Bryan 6,358,071. McKinley received 292 electoral votes and Bryan 155.

AFTER the campaign Bryan told this story about himself: "I was the innocent cause of a Democratic barber in a small town in Colorado losing his job. It occurred soon after the close of the last campaign. I went to Colorado on a visit, and while there dropped into a barber shop to get shaved. When the tonsorial artist released me from his chair I asked him what his bill was, and he told me that he was so proud of having shaved a candidate for President that he would not charge me a cent. In order to return the compliment I induced him to accept a silver dollar for his service. I had scarcely got out of the town before the barbers' union held a special meeting and expelled my admirer. When he protested that he had not shaved free, but had accepted a silver dollar from my hands, the president of the union informed him that his protestation convicted him of violating one of the rules of the union, which was that $5 was the 'regular fee for shaving dead men.'"

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How Bryan provided himself with an organ, The Commoner; how he tried to force his views on his party in 1904 and received a setback; how he recruited his prestige by a trip around the world, and then in 1908 made his final run for the Presidency, will be told next week.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—Washington.
2—Hornsby, then of Boston and now of the Chicago team.
3—The science which treats of the division of mankind into races, their origin, characteristics, and so forth.
4—Dried coconut meat from which coconut oil is expressed.
5—Persons in the northern states who sympathized with the South.
6—Any place or state of ideal perfection.
7—All are sizes of type.
8—A place for swimming; especially an indoor swimming pool.
9—China.
10—David.
11—Those which frequent trees.
12—It is a contraction of God be with ye.
13—Herbert George.
14—Minneapolis, Minnesota.
15—The one on the driver's right.
16—The skin of an animal, as a sheep, goat, or calf.
17—Quentin Roosevelt.
18—The St. Lawrence.
19—Lucia di Lammermoor.
20—In Paris.

Curves

By
EILEEN
BOURNE

FOLLOWING the announcement a few weeks ago that curves were due for a popular revival, it is feared that some of my correspondents interpreted it to mean that reducing days were over for women. They write to inquire if their ten, fifteen, twenty pounds excess weight does not make them eligible for the new fashion in figures.

Just to set myself and indulgently inclined women right on the subject of fashionable curves, let me repeat what I said before—that curves of fashion are not made of cushions of fat. The curve referred to as the new line of beauty is simply rounded slenderness. It is, in other words, a neat filling out of the lean and hungry looking figure of the demon reducing orgy of several seasons back.

It is a safe bet that we shall not return to the inordinately bosomed, too-ample-hipped, and thick-waisted figure of the plump, placid beauty of a generation or two ago—not for a number of years at least, if ever.

Every radical change in fashion has reflected conditions of the times under which they originated. Economic necessity or the lack of it has shed its influence on clothes and figures. The lives of people, their activities, are shown in their raiment. Today we have a period of our own in history, and the current vogue for the slim figure is a part of it. Speed, efficiency, youth worship are outstanding characteristics of our day. Then there are verve, energy and force, ambition and achievement—all qualities concurrent with our present-day life, out of which has grown an ideal to which women must conform or they're disqualified as up-and-coming members of this immediate generation. In other words, the plump, placid figure belonged to another era, not to ours.

WOMEN are inclined to blame men for the current slim requirements, but they themselves contributed no small share of the need. With woman's entrance into business, she stressed the economic necessity for the flapper body. Take the busy business elevator as one simple illustration. It can hoist only so many pounds in a loaded car. Office space becomes a serious consideration, too. And women of desk-room size are given preference. Also our modern system of small apartments certainly discourages the voluptuous femme.

Then, women who have taken their cue and shed their ten, fifteen, and twenty pounds gross, discovered that slenderness and energy are synonymous. With their lighter bodies they were stirred with ambition, and they became most critical of sisters who loved their food and leisure too well to change.

Popular opinion being what it is, let no woman, then, believe she can avoid the reducing program if she is overweight. She may be round, but of a slender roundness.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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...help prevent and correct
colds and flu
by avoiding
ACIDOSIS

LIBERAL use of the fresh juice of Oranges and Lemons means extra precaution against Colds and Flu! That is because the alkaline-reaction of these fruits helps maintain the proper alkaline balance of the body . . . vitally important during epidemics or unhealthy weather periods. Body resistance to infection thus becomes greater.

Oranges and Lemons not only supply alkaline balance but furnish fluid to aid in ridding the body of toxic substances in the correction of colds. These juices will also aid in the control of body temperature.

Acidosis is almost always present with a common cold; decreased vitality, due in certain measure to Acidosis, lowers resistance to the infection. It secures a foothold before one realizes what is happening. Thus, it is apparent that for protection against colds and flu alone, the juice of Oranges and Lemons should be consistently used by every member of the family.

Simple measures such as Hot Lemonade (taken immediately after a hot bath and after getting into bed) will give effective relief in the first stages of a cold. Profuse perspiration opens the pores and poisons are expelled. This should be followed on awakening next morning by putting fresh juice of one Lemon in half a glass of water. Stir in half a teaspoonful of baking soda and drink while it effervesces. Lemons and baking soda both contribute to the body's alkaline reserve.

This widely used formula is also often prescribed as a preventive. *And before we forget, always see a doctor before cold or flu conditions become serious.*

In correcting a cold too much stress cannot be laid upon the real necessity of drinking ample fresh Orange or Lemon Juice on arising and frequently during the day. Many specialists prescribe liberal use of these fruit juices . . . often recommending the use of a strictly alkaline diet (fruit, vegetables and milk) until the cold is cured. Such procedure speeds recovery and shortens convalescence.

So, if you wish to guard against colds and flu, *watch your diet!* Prevent Acidosis with plenty of Oranges, Lemons and other alkaline foods and thus maintain greater resistance to all disease. Acidosis causes lowered vitality, lack of endurance and many common ailments such as headaches, sleeplessness, sour stomach, nausea . . . all warnings of more dangerous diseases.

"Telling Fortunes with Foods," endorsed by an eminent diet authority . . . and free to you if you mail the coupon . . . discusses Acidosis in layman-language. It contains normal anti-acidosis and Safe-Reducing diets and lists acid and alkaline foods. You should read it and know how to avoid Acidosis and thus help prevent colds and flu.

California Oranges are trade marked "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper. California Lemons carry the name "Sunkist" on the wrapper. "Sunkist" is assurance of uniform quality.

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Valaze Powder—clinging, fragrant, wondrously becoming. Rachel, White, Cream, Natural, Mauresque, Blush, and, for evening, Mauve. 1.00, 1.50

Valaze Rouge — imparts a luscious bloom that protects the skin! Red Raspberry, the smart day shade, and Red Geranium, the enchanting evening shade. For the ultra-conservative there is the subtle tint of Crushed Rose Leaves. 1.00, 2.00

Cubist Lipstick— An alluring color. Red Raspberry for day, Red Geranium for evening. 1.00

Water Lily Lipstick, indelible. 1.25

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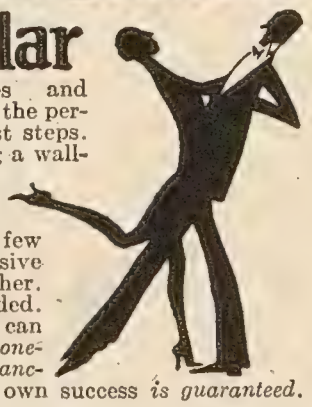
Helena Rubinstein

PARIS—LONDON

8 East 57th Street, New York City

Why Good Dancers Are Popular



EVERYONE admires and wants to dance with the person who knows the latest steps. There is no need of being a wallflower! By my remarkable new easy method *anyone* can learn the newest dances at home in a few hours. Much less expensive than from a personal teacher. No music or partner needed. So simple even a child can learn quickly. Almost *one-half million have learned dancing this easy way.* Your own success *is guaranteed.*

To prove I can quickly and easily make you an accomplished dancer, I will send you FREE my new book, "The Short Cut to Popularity" and FIVE TEST LESSONS. To pay the cost of mailing, handling, etc., send 10c. Learn in private—surprise your friends. Act *now* and be a good dancer *soon!*

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For Cleansing and Purifying the Skin

The standard of excellence for fifty years

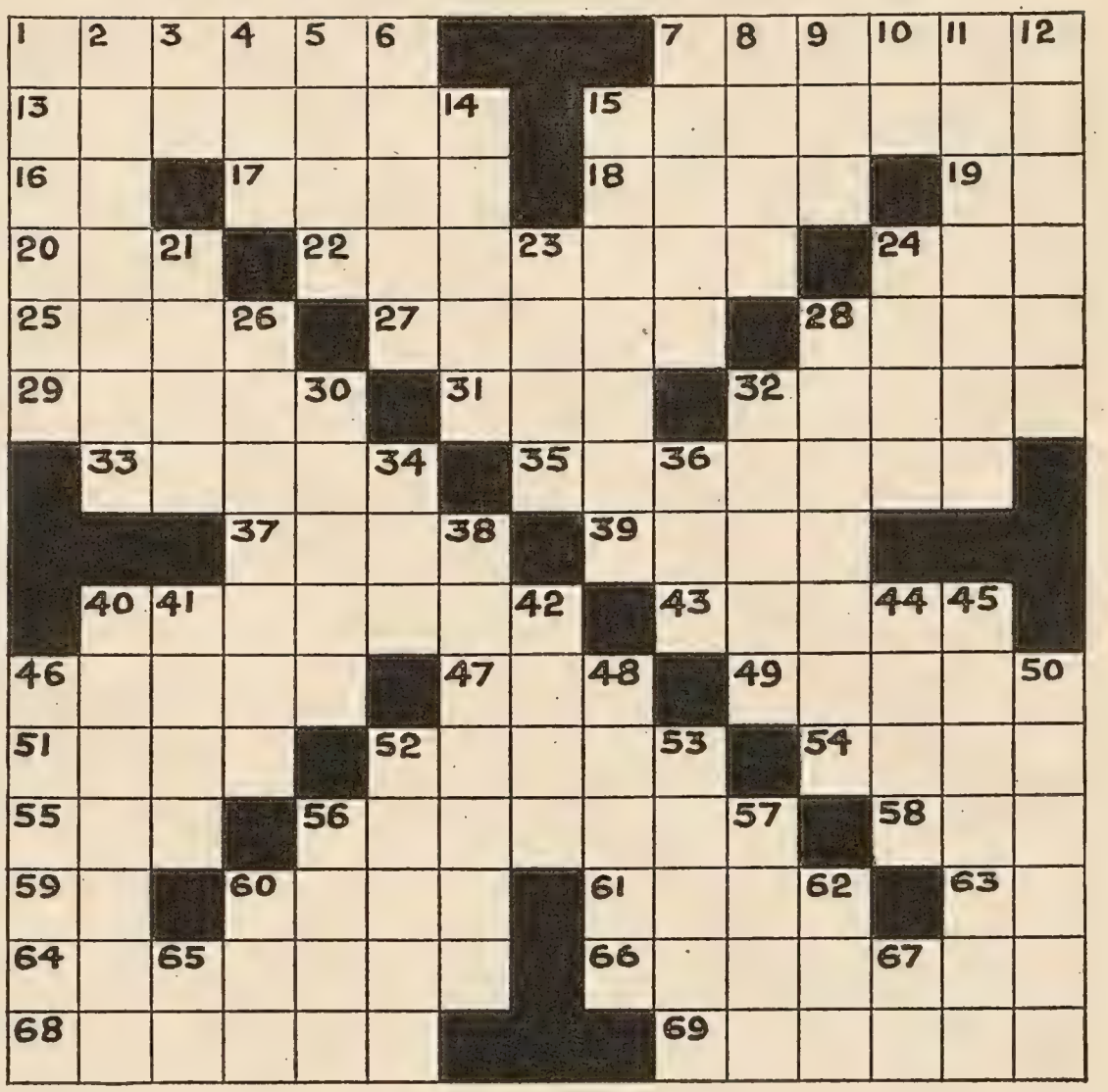
In Next Week's LIBERTY—

Half a Brick for Henry

A lively romance of a modern girl and a determined youth

By B. L. JACOT

An *Easy* Puzzle—



HORIZONTAL

1 Conventionalized representation of a beetle
7 Word of honor
13 Light portable sunshade
15 Navigator
16 Over and in contact with
17 The cheek (zoölogy)
18 A silkworm of Assam
19 Initials of a continent
20 Possessive pronoun
22 Examined and adjusted, as an account
24 Equine quadruped
25 Part of a book
27 Becomes dry and withered
28 The wild plum
29 Scorched to hardness
31 Neither
32 Narrow inlet on the Norwegian coast
33 Titles by which things are known
35 Nullifies
37 Leave undone
39 Sharp-pointed missile weapon
40 Pair of arteries in the neck
43 Time during which a sovereign rules
46 Biblical name in the book of Esther
47 It is
49 Pry about in a sneaking way
51 A government in Russia in Europe
52 Condition
54 Quarry
55 Leading unit in a military formation
56 Emotion
58 Small bird
59 Printer's measure
60 Support for a bridge span
61 Amend and revise
63 Initials of a continent
64 Renders slow or slower in progress
66 Stricter in discipline
68 Gives a slanting direction to
69 Rejected as a false conception

VERTICAL

1 The plunder taken in war (plural)
2 Water container used by soldiers
3 Metric measure of area
4 A tatter
5 On the ocean
6 Premium given for a loan
7 Removes the outside covering of
8 Exhausted of moisture
9 Inlet with depth diminishing inward
10 A preposition
11 Grantors of leases
12 Expunged
14 Burdened
15 Measured
21 Feminine proper name
23 To fetter or handcuff
24 Genus of liliaceous plants
26 Pertaining to the thigh
28 Number of eggs covered by a brooding fowl
30 An evil spirit; a devil
32 Passes through any experience
34 Remain inactive or quiescent
36 Fish having a pike-like body
38 Snickers
40 Kind of candy, usually in cube form
41 Term used in solemn ratification
42 The face of a timepiece
44 Hollow-horned ruminant animal
45 Person designated for an office
46 Hangs about
48 Enclosures for animals
50 Kind of firecracker
52 Fertilized and ripened ovules
53 Terminated
56 Flame
57 Bestow
60 Soft food for an infant
62 Cardinal number
65 Toward
67 Japanese measure of distance

L	A	D	Y		C	I	T	E	S		S	A	L	T
E	R	I	E		A	R	I	S	E		O	B	O	E
F	E	A	T	U	R	E		A	N	T	L	E	R	S
T	A	L		S	E	N		U	S	E		L	E	T
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S	T	I	N	G		C	O	G		M	A	S	T	S
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I	N	A		S	O	P		S	A	C		D	E	N
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A	T	E		T	U	G		I	T	S		R	A	T
S	A	M	I	S	E	N		P	L	E	N	A	R	Y
E	R	I	N		S	A	M	O	A		A	M	E	N
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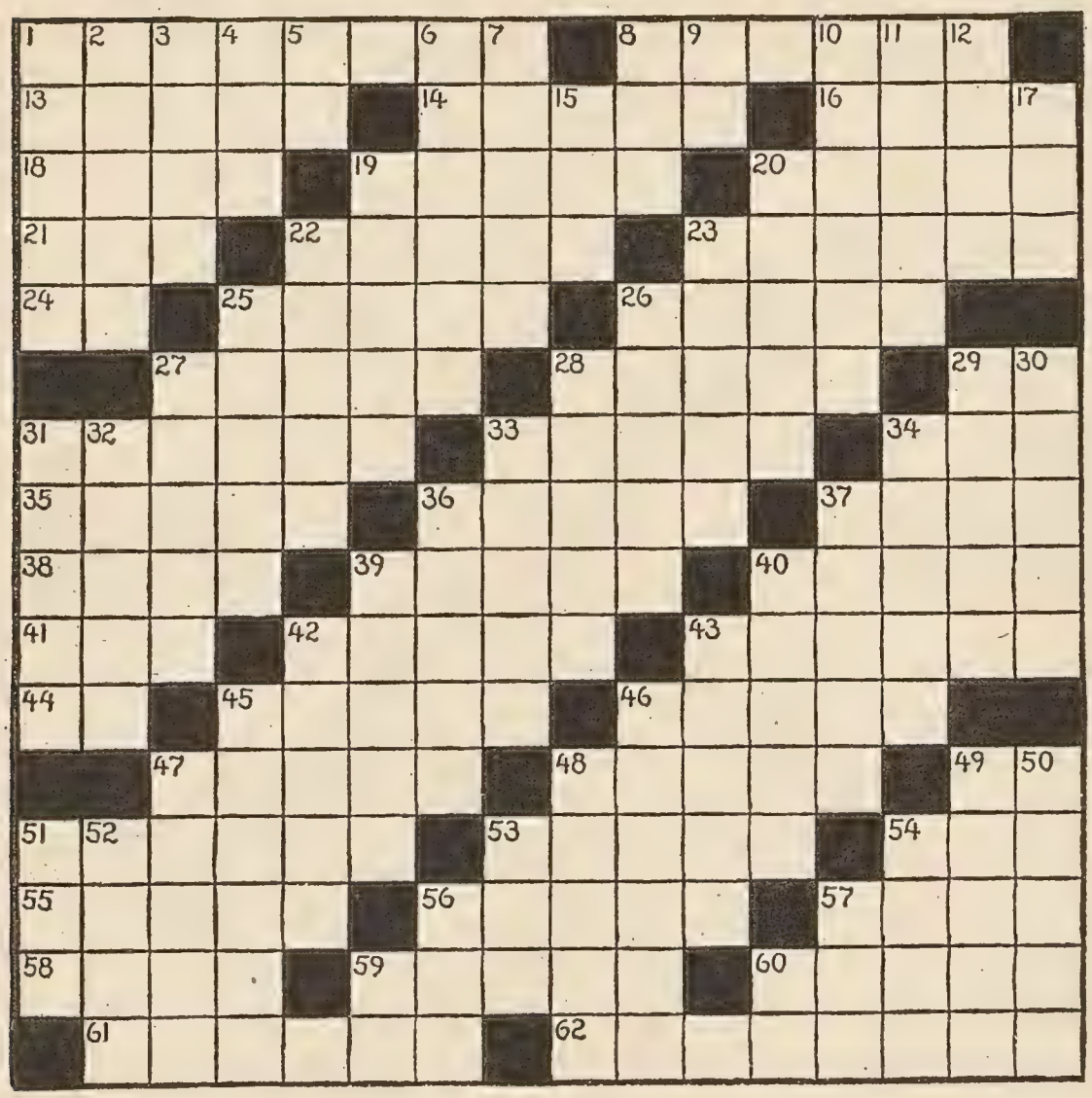
Answer to last week's easy puzzle

and a *Hard* One



HORIZONTAL

1 Bladderlike organ on the heads of some flies
8 Highly colored Sumatran monkey
13 Long narrow piece cut or torn off
14 A localized vector (mathematics)
16 Prong, as of an antler
18 Toward the mouth (zoölogy)
19 Wading bird
20 The chief gods of the Teutonic pantheon
21 Discharge pus
22 Tall, slender, and tapering
23 A series of bets
24 A form of to be
25 Coated with icing
26 Calumniate
27 River in Jugo-Slavia
28 Undraped figures (art)
29 Aspiration enjoining silence
31 Rebounds after striking
33 Town in Missouri
34 Fitting
35 Funeral oration
36 Rating for assessment
37 Violent Adriatic wind
38 Summits
39 Covered with wax
40 Blue-and-white ship's flag
41 Those in office
42 Animal of Asia and South America
43 Raspers
44 Symbol for an element
45 Former Turkish Sultan
46 A dinner course
47 Cut into small narrow pieces
48 Wander from proper limits
49 Japanese measure
51 Manifests disdain
53 Stalk of reed grass
54 Beverage
55 Son of Zeus
56 Rowed
57 Birds of prey
58 Permission to use
59 Beneath
60 Sprang up
61 One of the Canaanite tribe
62 Wandered

VERTICAL

1 A cutaneous disease
2 Strum
3 Native name of an Asiatic country
4 Played the first card of a trick
5 Hypothetical structural unit (biology)
6 A genus of nettles (botany)
7 An Irish poet and wit
8 Siamese measure of length
9 Assimilated form of in
10 A genus of ferns
11 Passageway
12 Genus of dolphinlike mammals
15 Refine, as metals
17 Noun suffix signifying qualities collectively
19 Extends across
20 Town in Württemberg
22 Viscous mud
23 Pertaining to the feet
25 Intoxicating liquors
26 Town in Luzon, P. I.
27 Drips
28 Potassium nitrate
29 More dependable
30 Hearkens to
31 Pertaining to a whale
32 Without a sharer
33 Aphorism
34 Half-rotten, as wood
36 Happening quickly
37 Quit! (nautical)
39 Timber bolted to a row of piles (plural)
40 Pertaining to the hair
42 Birds of the gull kind
43 Practical unit of electrical capacity
45 Became compacted
46 Guides
47 Sweeten
48 A river in Germany
49 Signification
50 Facilitated
51 East Indian tree
52 Malay canoe
53 Downcast
54 Designating a system of weights
56 Pronoun
57 Period
59 Note of Guido's scale
60 Area ten meters square

B	A	C	K		A	R	N	A		R	A	T	A	L
A	M	O	R	P	H	O	U	S		O	T	A	R	Y
H	E	R	O	E	S		N	I	O	B	E		B	E
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H	E	A	P	S		Y	S	E	R		S	T	A	Y

Answer to last week's hard puzzle

The Vital Point

SINCE any radio, old or new, is only just as good as the tubes in its sockets, it is clear how vital a point perfectly balanced tubes are.

The brand of radio tube is just as important as the make of the set.

Insist on

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for clear reception

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Index to Advertisements

This Issue

Advertiser	Page
Advance Display Corporation	58
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	4
American Tobacco Co., The (Lucky Strike Cigarettes)	33
Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., The (Spud Cigarettes)	21
Bayer Aspirin	60
Branston, Inc., Chas. A.	59
Brown & Haley (Almond Roca)	74
California Fruit Growers Exchange	57
Campbell Company, The William	45
Carbona	78
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. (Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream)	29
Cunningham, Inc., E. T.	59
Cuticura Soap	58
Daggett & Ramsdell	71
Dentinol & Pyrozide Co., The	45
De Soto Motor Corporation	27
Dixon Crucible Company, Joseph	55
Ex-Lax Manufacturing Co.	22
Ford Motor Company	15
Forhan Company	53
French Lick Springs Hotel Co. (Pluto Water)	16
Health Products Corporation (Feen-a-Mint)	63
International Harvester Company	6
Jiffykake Co.	59
Kohler Co.	Back Cover
Kolynos Co., The	31
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. (Chesterfield Cigarettes)	40-41
Linit	56
Marmola	37
Menhenitt Company, Limited, The	59
Mentholatum Company	51
Mercolized Wax	45
Mu-Col Company, The	45
Murray, Arthur	58
Outgro	78
Rubinstein, Helena	58
Sparks-Withington Company, The	65
Stein & Company, A.	3
Stutz Motor Car Company of America, Inc.	Second Cover
Thermoid Rubber Co.	73
United Drug Company (Rexall Drug Stores)	44
United States Tobacco Co. (Old Briar Tobacco)	Third Cover
Vapo Cresolene Co.	63
Whyte-Fox Medicated Massage	45
Williams Company, The J. B.	19
Winn School of Popular Music	45
Wyeth Chem. Co. (Liquid Hair Groom)	78

We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

Le Premier Pas

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE Gulf Stream's own blend of deep velvet blue. A steamer's smoke curling to the cloudless sky. Veteran palms tossing their green plumes on the sandy shore's creamy crescent. Timid hissing waves venturing to the beach, then retreating hurriedly to join the bolder waves beyond the bar rolling south to the Spanish main.

"Isn't it wonderful to be rich?" Lil was asking Sandy as they risked death by coconut gliding in their wheel chair on a palm rimmed drive. "Florida's my winter paradise." She sighed, luxuriously twinkled her diamond rings, fairly wincing at their splendor! "Most young matrons have just a meager engagement ring," she said. "Now I have one, two, three, four, five diamonds, not counting the chips." Her blue eyes sparkled.

"Don't boast," Sandy grinned. "You might tempt fate to sick burglars on you." He was counting his wallet contents ($782 plus some chicken feed silver) under the $40 Panama balanced on his white flanneled knee.

This week's cover picture.

They passed a nodding row of monster poinsettias. A chatting row of tanned grand dames dressed as youthfully as their second childhoods would permit. Tap, tap, tap, went their dainty straw pumps to emphasize especially choice bits of beach gossip. Through owl eyed lorgnettes they stared at Lil and Sandy.

"I gave our names to a society reporter this morning," Sandy told her. "We'll probably get bids to some card games. Unless you're mentioned in the society column, nobody who is anybody will give you a look-in."

"It would be lovely to be invited for something tonight," Lil said. "We've only been wealthy for two weeks."

A glimpse of sea framed by rubbery looking palm-tree trunks. Several sports-clothed women playing clock golf on an emerald lawn.

"We must send Ma a telegram every day," Lil was saying. "I wish she could've come with us. That house will wear her out. She'll get flat-footed on the stairs."

And Lil and Sandy were wheeled under a flower trailed porte-cochère right up to the door of their balconied, awninged hotel with its rows of striped pillars.

Bathing hour! Antoinette, little Ulysses' chic French nurse, was lolling under the shade of a red beach umbrella splurged with dragons. Little U., in a little red suit, was putting pebbles in his mouth.

"*Non, non, non!*" Antoinette cried. "*Vous êtes très mauvais.*"

"Don't swear at him," Sandy said, admiring the nurse's form, which really vied with Lil's in grace.

"Sh-sh-sh!" said the waves as they hurried along the edge of the beach.

Blue sky. Sand as smooth as silk. Admiring glances from other bathers. Were they billionaires or just millionaires, Lil wondered.

"Stay here with my purse, dear," she told Sandy. "Antoinette and I will take the baby down to the pavilion for lemonade. Doesn't he look cute toppling along?"

"*Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte,*" Antoinette murmured, flashing her French eyes over her shoulder to Sandy.

Lil's Florida smile suddenly lost its mirth. What did *that* mean? She'd better buy a French dictionary at the drug store!

(Next week's cover adventure: Beach Scandal)

Has Wall Street Gone Wild and Whirling?

A Look Beneath the Turbulent Surface of These Piping Times

By
IRVING FISHER
Professor of Economics,
Yale University
Pictures by T. S. TOUSEY

THE world views with doubts and apprehensions the hectic activity of the New York Stock Exchange, which has overwhelmed its mechaincal equipment and its human servants with daily records of 5,000,000, 6,000,000, almost 7,000,000 shares traded; which worked the ticker nearly three hours after the close and then shut down for a day to recover its breath; which achieved 100 per cent increase above the averages of June, 1926; which piled up its borrowings for 1928 by more than two and a quarter billions above 1927, or 56 per cent; which sent the call money rate up to 8, 10, and 12 per cent; which in November exceeded for the first time the 100,000,000-share mark for a full month's trading, and which recorded advances within a few hours of 8, 17, 25, and 51 points for the most active stocks.

It was such a market that skyrocketed the value of the 1,100 New York Stock Exchange seats from $319,000,000 in January to $653,000,000 in December.

What possessed this "wild and whirling" market?

No doubt it did some whirling. The sharp reactions of June and early December proved that. In both cases the wind was untempered to shorn "lambs." Many a poor saver standing behind the dry-goods counter or at the workbench, or driving a truck; many a betrothed or wedded young couple or rich man's son saw their "fliers," big and little, crash in those reactions.

But the market has failed to crash down even to the high levels of former years. Instead, the New York stock market, as shown by my investors' index, lost less than one-third of its gains during 1928. In the lull that followed the December recession, the market found itself still 25 per cent above the high point of 1927, and two-thirds higher than the record day of 1926. Unless most signs are deceiving, the refluent wave of trading has left prices of securities, and especially of common stocks, on a shelf where they will remain permanently higher than in past years.

No doubt many confiding ones among the outside public received a rude shock in December. The folly of unintelligent speculation by individuals with small sums to invest can hardly be emphasized too strongly. The small investor should either avoid speculative stocks or seek safety through pooling his savings with others of his class in investment trusts safely and skillfully managed by experienced and far-seeing managers.

The Wall Street wind has been untempered to shorn "lambs."

The individual who pits his unskilled guesses at the fluctuations of the market against the tremendous forces which swing security prices finds himself sooner or later badly pinched, if not ruined.

Such uninformed stock trading is nothing but gambling, and it harms not only the gambler and his dependents but every legitimate speculator and investor in the market.

The small investor today is no longer the traditional "lamb" shorn of his golden fleece, lost in the savage wilderness of "the Street," and destined to be devoured by the "wolves" who inhabit this financial jungle.

AS estimated from corporation reports, there has been an increase of 1,000,000 owners of shares during the past five years. Most of these new participants are permanent investors who get their dividends quarter by quarter, and who may be compared with strong-box holders. Within the past four years the share value of investment trusts, under whose expert care the individual investor can sleep o' nights, has grown from $5,000,000 to a total of $800,000,000.

It is competently estimated that there are today at least 15,000,000 holders of corporate stocks and bonds in the United States. They represent one in eight of the entire population of men, women, and children. Within twenty years the number of security holders has increased some thirty fold.

The American public is investing in corporate securities more extensively and more understandingly than ever before. The last generation was financially illiterate. The present generation can read the records of basic improvements in industry in the new business indexes and in the market letters of business and financial services. Its vision of improvements that are being applied and are still to come is sharpened by the reports of organized science and invention.

The sporadic Yankee adventurer-inventor, fishing up a fortunate discovery from the ocean of scientific possibilities, has been superseded by technological explorers equipped with steam trawlers, dragnets, and torpedoes.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HAS WALL STREET GONE WILD AND WHIRLING?]
Continued from page sixty-one

The great experimental laboratories of the Iron and Steel Institute, the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, General Motors, the National Electric Light Association, the Chicago packers, and other industrial associations have drawn to their staffs the chemists, physicists, and other specialists of the universities in the work of organized research.

Commissioner Robertson of the Patent Office at Washington reports a total of 117,000 patent applications for the year 1927-28 alone. This record-breaking stream has swamped his staff. Inventions, introducing economies which are revolutionizing industry, are boosting the prospective earning power of corporations and supporting the high prices of their common stocks, so that the dividend yields of dividend-paying stocks are lower than the interest yields of high-grade bonds.

In vain, bankers like Leonard P. Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Company warn that the prices of stocks have risen more than twice as far above "normal" as they have ever gone before. Common stocks possess advantages that are lacking in bonds and preferred securities with fixed returns. They have not only the chance of larger returns in the present, but they increase in capital value with the prospect of future improvements as well. They accomplish this by "discounting" that future and by decreasing the rate of interest by which that future is discounted. The Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aëronautics announces that it is no longer necessary to grant equipment loans to air-transport companies, because the "investment public is now ready to supply the capital for enterprises of this kind."

Our 15,000,000 holders of stocks and bonds represent one in eight of our entire population of men, women, and children.

At any moment the Guggenheim Fund may announce the attainment of its supreme object of creating a safe and foolproof plane for use by the millions. Perhaps de la Cierva has already produced it with his windmill device, or Curt Volkhart with his rocket combination of automobile, airplane, and hydroplane, or Santos-Dumont with his invention for birdlike flight. At all events, America has shot ahead swiftly in commercial aviation. We are operating more than 18,000 miles of airways, of which 8,000 miles are lighted for night travel. We have licensed 3,700 pilots, flown the Friendship and the Spirit of St. Louis across the Atlantic, sent Byrd across the North Pole and into the Antarctic. It is but natural that the New York Trust Company should take note that airplane production for 1928 is almost five times that of 1927, and that demand for almost every type of plane is rapidly expanding. It is natural, also, that investors should take little note of present returns in bidding up the price of airplane stocks.

A MULTITUDE of new machines and devices opens up boundless possibilities of future developments. The new talking motion pictures promise added enjoyment to the patrons of the screen drama. Television may one day enable us to view in our own homes great national spectacles and, in partnership with the radio, may send grand opera and stage productions thousands of miles to the dwellers in the most remote regions.

A book and a newspaper printed on paper made from cornstalks have just been published. At the Coal Conference just held in Pittsburgh the production from coal of 40,000 tons of gasoline was announced by Dr. Carl Krauch, head of the German Dye Trust. Last year 3,000,000 pounds of "artificial cotton" was grown in England's soil at a saving of eight cents a pound. There is the man-made lightning let loose from a chain of transformers by Dr. Harris J. Ryan in his laboratory at Stanford University, in search for a way to overcome interference with high-tension power lines. The series of transatlantic conversations by phone to Austria opened by Secretary of State Kellogg indicate what the future holds in the way of quick communication. There is the merger proposed to unite the world by cable and radio. Precision machine tools now work down the parts of the Ford engine to an accuracy of three ten-thousandths of an inch.

How many of these inventions and discoveries will be turned to the practical use of man during 1929?

Is there any wonder that investors, with knowledge of epoch-making inventions and methods of higher organization about to be applied, should bid up the market for common stocks in industries that are expanding as a result of new inventions; that the Engineering Foundation should be launching its drive for $7,000,000 in aid of scientific research; that Dr. Charles H. Herty, adviser to the Chemical Foundation, Inc., should call for the establishment of a Cellulose Institute to be financed jointly by the lumber, cotton textile, and paper industries; that scientists of widely varying industries should advocate more carefully organized research in imitation of Eastman Kodak, the duPont companies, the National Aniline and Chemical Company, the Westinghouse and the General Electric; that Dr. Harrison E. Howe, member of the National Research Council, should declare that the government may now renounce its leadership of research in favor of the industrial groups?

ALL these inventions and discoveries are being encouraged and exploited today as never before by leaders in industry and financiers in Wall Street. A higher market is the inevitable result.

Moreover, the market is permanently high because the intrinsic value of stocks has already achieved prodigious gains.

Samuel W. Parr, president of the American Chemical Society, reckons the value of present output of products of chemical research at two billion dollars for 1928. New discoveries and inventions, utilizing by-products and former wastes from forests, fields, and mines, have since 1921 lifted American civilization to a far higher standard of living.

Hark back, for a moment, to the business crisis of 1920, and to the subsequent developments, born of that crisis, which have brought the nation to its present pitch of prosperity.

Herbert Hoover's Engineering Committee on Elimination of Waste in Industry reported some of the causes of that depression. The Hoover committee found throughout industry faulty organization and no adequate control of materials, design, production, and marketing methods.

The loss from idleness in shoemaking occasioned by waiting for work and material amounted to about 35 per cent of the time. It was found that standardization of the thickness of walls might mean a saving of some $600 in the cost of the average house. There were 6,000 brands of paper, of which half were more or less inactive, and the duplication of brands tied up money in unnecessary stock. A shoe factory with capacity of 2,400 pairs a day had shortage of needed racks, reducing output to 1,900 pairs daily.

Most plants were found with no cost systems, or with incomplete knowledge of costs, and for this reason most of them lost money. A multitude of shops lacked modern personnel relations with their employees; the workers had no unbiased means of approach to employers, while employers lacked the means of treating with their own men. Few plants had effective employment records; the turnover of labor was high and costly. Sales policies were defective. There were cancellations of purchases on long-term contracts ranging up to 14 per cent, and returns of goods up to 11 per cent in so-called normal years.

Production was restricted by both employers and men.

Maintenance of high prices, collusion in bidding, and unfair practices contributed to limit output, as well as the practice of "ca' canny" by workers and the restrictive rules of the unions.

It was estimated that among the 42,000,000 men and women then gainfully employed, illness disabilities amounting to more than eight days each per year, including non-industrial accidents, cut off annually a total of 350,000,000 working days. The deaths of at least half of the 500,000 workers who died annually were found to be avoidable by proper medical supervision, periodic physical examinations, health education, and community hygiene.

Here was a possible saving of $1,800,000,000 a year by effort in preventing illness!

In addition, there were great wastes from defective eyes and teeth of workers, and the time lost by industrial accidents was reckoned to be 296,000,000 days, with added economic loss of about $850,000,000 a year.

With publication of this report and of the succeeding Hoover report on unemployment and business cycles, all American industry awoke to the possibilities of economies and higher organization.

Capital was supplied by the banks in measured volumes, according to the needs of industry. The vast American market, blessed with absolutely free trade between forty-eight state jurisdictions, was thoroughly surveyed, and the wonders of technique and research were systematically appraised in the large-scale and smaller but rapidly merging industries.

This varied and exciting chapter in modern industrial expansion was summed up by the announcement, in 1927, by the National Bureau of Economic Research that American income for the previous year, almost ninety billion dollars, had broken all records in its jump from 62.7 billions since 1921.

THE average income per person gainfully employed in the United States had risen to over $2,000 and would buy one-third more than the average income of 1921. "New inventions and greater skill and organization," the bureau reported, "are among the causes to which is ascribed this general increase in economic welfare in the face of a constantly growing population and a relatively inelastic supply of natural resources."

European nations have sent their delegations of inquiry to this country, searching for the causes of its vast increments of wealth. American industry today is the model for the world. It is estimated by C. G. Poore that the United States does annually two-fifths of the world's work. Half the basic materials of commerce either originate or are brought here. More than half the world's iron and steel is produced here; three-fifths of the world's coal; half the world's timber; three-quarters of the world's oil; three-quarters of the world's telegraph and telephone equipment; and ninety-two out of every hundred automobiles on earth.

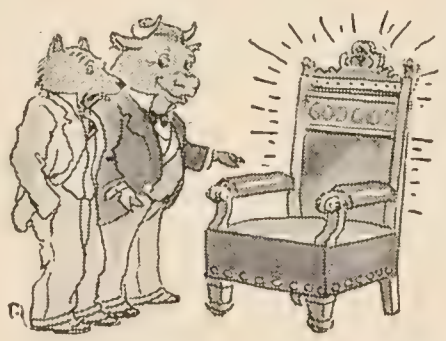
In mass production 9,000,000 American workers in 200,000 industrial plants produce yearly sixty billion dollars worth of goods.

The banking resources of our trust companies gained, in the fiscal year 1928, nearly a billion and a half, reaching a total of twenty-two billions of dollars. The fifty great American insurance companies, developing from five or six groups twenty years ago, have aided tremendously in stabilizing risks during the past five years.

Life insurance has reached the hundred billion mark. Federal Comptroller of the Currency Pole reports resources of all reporting banks for the fiscal year 1928 of $71,574,000,000, an increase of nearly three and one-half billions over 1927. Savings deposits have increased in the same period more than two billions, to a total of above twenty-eight billions, or $214 per capita.

ALL individual deposits in reporting banks rose to fifty-three billions at the end of the fiscal year, or $405 per capita, and individual deposits subject to check to over twenty-one billions.

As the year closed, the records of industrial production surpassed the prodigious totals of 1926; the expansion, as reported by the National Bank of Commerce, being "premised generally on the urgency of consumer requirements and a free movement of commodities into consumption." Abundant crops and extensive construction schedules also reduced unemployment.



It was the market that skyrocketed the price of a Stock Exchange seat.

Along with these new records of production in steel, rubber, copper, automobiles, buildings, distribution of electrical power, and of both wages and profits, reports are coming fast of new industrial mergers.

The era in which trusts were suspected and harried is past, and their function in the cheapened processes of large-scale production is recognized by the public. The railroads are encouraged by law to consolidate their lines. The industrials are combining the most diverse enterprises.

Back of the investment and commercial banks stands the Federal Reserve System, exerting its powerful influence to stabilize the purchasing power of gold. Business has been

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

CHEW IT

Feen-a-mint is made like chewing-gum purposely. For by chewing you relieve constipation — quickly, surely and pleasantly . . . This is the secret of its world-wide use today . . .

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[HAS WALL STREET GONE WILD AND WHIRLING?]
Continued from page sixty-three

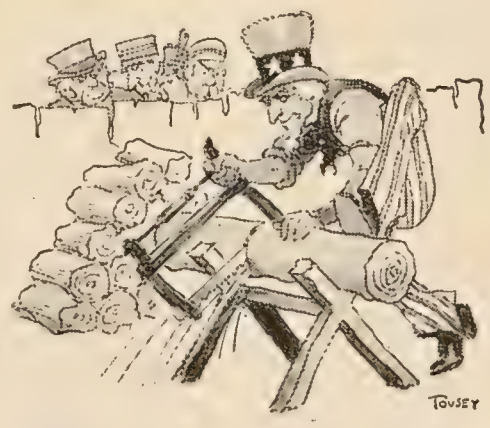
accelerated because the general price level has not fluctuated so violently as in the past.

Some economic writers doubt the sufficiency of the world supply of gold, fearing that the basis of the nations' currencies will prove inadequate for the expanding needs of business. These economists anticipate a long period of slowly falling prices, like the period from 1865 to 1897. The possibility of such a decline in the future is very real, but does not seem immediately imminent.

Tight money means deflation, with business crisis and depression like that of 1920-28. The National City Bank shows that with member bank credit expanding in the ratio of ten credit dollars for each gold dollar, with the requirement that member banks outside the sixty-five reserve cities shall keep 7 per cent on demand deposits, and that 3 per cent reserve shall be held on time deposits in all banks, there has been immense expansion of credits between the fiscal years 1922 and 1927. Seventeen billions of credits have been extended, based upon an increase of but $800,000,000 in our gold stock.

But during the past year we exported $500,000,000 in gold to Europe.

It was needed over there. It was not needed here. We have still, as surplus gold, $600,000,000 of the billion used as backing for the nation's gold certificates. These yellow-backs can be converted, at need, into Federal Reserve notes requiring a gold backing of only 40 per cent, releasing the means for further credit expansion amounting to ten or twelve billions.



The United States does annually two-fifths of the world's work.

The American stock market, then, is higher today than during the era prior to 1921 for two main reasons:

First, the unification of banking under the Federal Reserve System, thus adding enormously to our banking power and the efficiency of bank credits in financing business and controlling the price level.

Second, the unparalleled development of new sources of power and materials and improvements in industrial processes and organization.

Yet another factor has operated to boost common stock prices: Investment trusts have removed much of the risk inherent in common stocks by spreading the risks over a large number of stocks—something which the individual investor or speculator could not do because of his limited funds.

THE great profits of the investment trusts have been derived from knowledge of this inherent investment advantage of common stocks at just the time when they have taught great numbers of investors to eliminate their individual risks by pooling their capital and investing in diversified securities. They have taken advantage, that is, of the depression of common stocks far below their mathematical value; due, of course, to the average man's dislike to assume the risk of staking his little all in the market on a single stock, however promising.

First-class investment trusts reduce these risks and increase returns in two ways: First, a more accurate and complete knowledge of the financial conditions of the issuing corporations enables them to exclude the wildcat stocks from their investment lists. Second, the spreading of their investments over a large number of selected stocks which give promise of returns far above the yield of bonds or preferred stocks, cuts the individual's losses from failure and enhances his gains from investment.

This pooling of risks by diversifying investments in varied stocks and other securities is similar to insurance. If one stock goes bad, the losses are made up by the gains in other stocks, so the individual investor is not ruined. The elimination of risks has greatly stimulated the demand for the formerly despised common stocks and sent their values up all along the line.

In this the principles concerned are what I have called the "mathematical value" of chances to gain by assuming a given risk, and the "caution factor" that prompts all cool-minded men to decline to take a risk except at less than its mathematical value.

For example, if one invests in a lottery ticket where there is one chance in ten of drawing a prize of $50, it is evident that the price of the ticket must be considerably less than $50, which is the income it may yield. In this case the mathematical value will be one-tenth of $50, or $5.

Now, if a professional gambler should always pay the mathematical value of the chances, he would, in the long run, probably come out about even. Thus, if he continued to try for such $50 prizes, paying each time $5, he would probably win about one time in ten. In a thousand trials, therefore, he might expect to win 100 times, spending $5 each for his 1,000 tickets, or $5,000, and receiving $50 each for his 100 prizes, or $5,000 also.

But a gambler is one who usually will pay more than the mathematical value. At Monte Carlo, the "bank" makes its profit in this way, although its victims know full well that they are paying about 3 per cent more than the real mathematical value of their chances. The consequence, of course, is ruin to most of them, as it is ruin to the average "lamb" in the stock market.

FORTUNATELY, persons who deliberately gamble are in most communities in the minority. The ordinary man is reluctant to assume any risks, and is, on the contrary, willing to make sacrifices in order to rid himself of them. To him the chance of gain is outweighed by the prospect of loss. It is this sentiment which gives rise to the phenomenon of insurance, and to that kind of insurance of risks which is represented by the first-class investment trusts.

These trusts have taken advantage of safety in the numbers of dollars which their pools accumulate. The more capital a man possesses, the less is his chance of serious loss in any enterprise involving risk; and for this reason a rich man, or a rich investment trust, finds it possible to grow still richer. The rich can well afford to lose millions where the poor can barely afford to lose hundreds. There was less likelihood of ruin to the United States Steel Corporation from its investment of $75,000,000 in the new steel-producing city of Gary than there would be to a workingman who makes a "safe" investment of $1,000.

For one thing, the many dollars can be invested in a wide diversity of undertakings. If some of these fail, others will make handsome profits which will overcome the losses, and the diversity of investments will assure stable returns.

So the investment trusts have assured their members by investing in a wide diversity of securities. In addition, the investment trusts have taken full advantage of the fact that common stocks, if intelligently bought and sufficiently diversified, earn more than bonds, especially if we include undistributed or accumulated earnings; and especially when, as in the past six years, the real income of business has grown. For bonds and preferred stocks, with their fixed return, cannot share in all this prosperity, while common stocks not only absorb their full share of it, but the share of the preferred securities as well.

Naturally, therefore, because of the decreased risks in handling them, and, in addition, because of progressive increases in their intrinsic present and future values, common stocks have gone up and up.

The general level may well drop very considerably, as it already has and seems likely to do for a month or two, without receding very far toward where it was a few years ago. The individual investor should beware, especially at present; but he will, in general, do well if he invests through investment counsel or through a *first-class* investment trust.

THE END

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Gumdrops, figs, prunes, dates, nuts, and raisins may be used to fashion dainty favors.

Simple iced or chocolate cake adorned with animal crackers and candles makes an attractive centerpiece.

HEALTHFUL children's parties do not necessarily mean pampered parties. By all means celebrate Junior's birthday with a cake and all its fixings, but plan to serve it with a nourishing midday or evening meal put on in party style.

The children's dinner should consist of simple fare, needing only the everyday foods rigged up in party clothes.

Herewith are some ideas for healthful menu items:

SOUPS. All the so-called cream soups (potato, carrot, tomato, celery, pea, asparagus, lettuce, and spinach). Vegetable soups, broths, or liver soups.

SALADS. All raw vegetable and fruit salads if served with a plain boiled dressing acidulated with fruit juice.

VEGETABLES. All vegetables baked, cooked waterless, steamed, or cooked in very little liquid. Serve either creamed or lightly buttered.

MAIN DISH. Eggs; macaroni products; simple sandwiches; liver and bacon; savory rice; roast or scraped beef; broiled meat cakes, lamb chops, or steak; stewed chicken; broiled or creamed lean fish.

DESSERTS. Ice cream; ices; fruit, raw, baked, or stewed; sponge cake, angel food, lady fingers, ginger cookies, plain cup cakes, sugar cookies, or gingerbread; cereal or bread puddings; milk puddings; junket puddings; custards; plain or fruited gelatin desserts.

BEVERAGES. Milk; orange or other fresh fruit juice; cocoa.

CANDY. Dried fruits, pop corn, nuts, a few sugar wafers, gumdrops.

Menu for a Child's Birthday Party

Alphabet Soup Croutons
Creamed Vegetable-Meat Service
Potato (baked on the half shell or potato rosebuds)
Raw Vegetable Birds'-Nest Salad
Toasted Butter Sandwiches
Milk
Orange Snow Pudding Birthday Cake

Creamed Vegetable-Meat Service

1 cup cubed cooked liver
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups seasoned milk
½ cup hard cooked eggs, chopped
½ cup carrots, cubed
½ cup peas
½ cup diced celery
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 shredded pimento
Parsley to garnish

PUT the liver in simmering water to which salt has been added (½ teaspoon salt to 1 quart water). Melt 3 tablespoons of butter over a low flame without browning. Remove from the fire and blend in 3 tablespoons of flour. Slowly stir in 1 cup of milk. Return to the fire and boil, while stirring, for 5 minutes. Add the other ½ cup of milk and ⅛ teaspoon of pepper. Cook over water from 10 to 15 minutes.

Cook the combined vegetables in ½ cup of water in a tightly covered vessel until tender, or about 10 minutes. Add these vegetables and their liquid to the white sauce. Also add the cubed cooked liver and remaining ingredients. Serve hot on toast.

MAKE up your menus from LIBERTY'S cookbooks. For breakfasts, dinners, and suppers 100 Standard Recipes is best. For tea, luncheon, and party menus be guided by Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks and A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes. Each book is 10 cents—all three for only 25 cents. Get them and use the coupon, please.

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Raw Vegetable Birds'-Nest Salad

Shredded greens
1 medium carrot, raw
1 cup ground cabbage
¼ cup roasted peanuts
Boiled cream salad dressing

SHRED washed lettuce leaves, endive, or cabbage, cutting it into long, fine pieces. Shape into nestlike forms on salad plates. Remove the skins from the peanuts, and grind with the vegetables. Add enough boiled cream salad dressing to moisten. Shape into egg forms. Place three in each nest.

Orange Snow Pudding

1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
¾ cup sugar
1 cup boiling water
¾ cup orange juice
1 to 2 tablespoons lemon juice
A few grains salt
¼ cup cold water
2 egg whites

MIX the gelatin and cold water. Let stand until the water is absorbed—about 5 minutes. Add the boiling water, sugar, and salt and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Then add the fruit juices. Strain and pour into a mold. When the mixture begins to stiffen, beat with a mechanical egg beater. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and let stand until stiff. Serve iced with orange sauce.

(If prepared gelatin is used, follow directions therewith.)

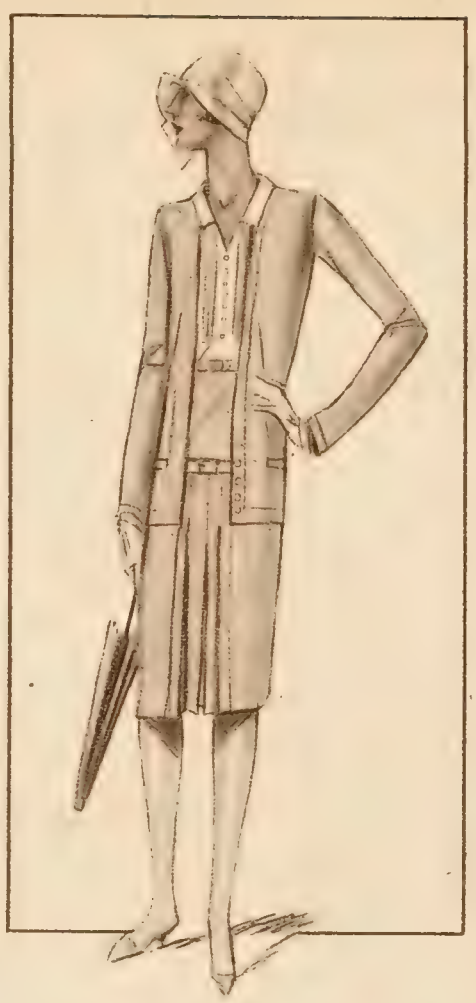
Birthday Cake

1 standard sponge cake
¼ pound cake sweet chocolate
1 box animal crackers
Birthday candles
Candle holders

BAKE the cake at least one day ahead. Shortly before the party, spread with the chocolate which has been melted over warm (not boiling) water. Melt the chocolate slowly with vigorous beating, and do not heat over 90° F. Keep the cake in a warm place. Just before serving, garnish with animal crackers and lighted candles.

Lelong signs this tailleur of black broadcloth carrying a scarf of broadtail.

(Left) A tailleur with new details in black rep from Drecoll-Beer.



From Jean Patou comes a sports tailleur of beige and white tweed.

(Right) Louiseboulanger makes this suit of porous wool in brown and white.

SUITS, *pfd.*

By

BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

WOULD you like to have a get-chic-quick secret for next spring? This is a red-hot tip. It can't go wrong if you act on it intelligently. I have it straight from Paris style headquarters that Suits, Preferred, is going to have a big boom.

That style-powerful group of women known as the smartest women in Paris have invested heavily in suits which some of them are now wearing along the Riviera. In fact, suits began to look up sometime in the winter. During the Paris social season a few of the most fashionable were already wearing them. The Paris couturiers began the serious creation of suits for their *demi-saison* shows of advance spring models some months ago.

By this time every woman is beginning to think about her spring clothes, and before plunging into actual selection there are certain facts that should be known. If you follow the lead of many important style dictators and decide on the suit, there are details that are essential if you are to be suited *à la* Paris.

Paris has created for spring a great variety of tailleurs so that the greatest number of women may be suitably costumed therein. Here are three of the outstanding types of tailored suits worn by smart Parisiennes: the strictly tailored suit; the soft, dressy suit; and the simple sports suit. Each of these types comes to us from Paris with new details and a spirit of novelty. I will explain.

Probably the most convincing explanation is to be found in the accompanying sketches, the first of which shows a strictly tailored suit of the preferred kind. This suit comes from Drecoll-Beer and is made of black rep. Black and navy blue are the two favored shades for this kind of tailleur, and the short, belted jacket shown in our sketch is the smartest type.

The skirt, which is flared by circular side-front gores, is much smarter for the classic tailleur than is the plaited skirt. The small embroidered arrows just above the belt give a slight blouse to the upper jacket which is extremely chic, and the braid-bound pockets and cuffs are distinctive details. This suit is correct in a final way when worn with a simple blouse of white crêpe de chine or white cotton or linen, and a simple felt hat.

An ideal type of dressy suit from Paris is the Lucien Lelong suit of black broadcloth shown in our second sketch. This suit, with its bloused and peplumed jacket and accordion plaited skirt, has the air of a smart tailored dress. It is collarless and is worn with a half-handkerchief of black broadtail tied around the shoulders. The jacket is tied at waist and neck by broadcloth bows. It is worn with a pale gray georgette blouse.

THE tweed suit will be all important for sports and practical wear, and our third sketch shows one of the newest and smartest from Jean Patou. Beige and white diagonally patterned tweed is used for the cardigan jacket and for the sleeveless dress. This type of jumper dress is worn over a tailored blouse of silk or piqué, cut out in front to give the effect of a vestee.

Our fourth sketch shows an entirely original kind of suit from Louiseboulanger, and one which even now is making style history. This suit is semi-sports in feeling, and is made of a loose, porous woolen, the jacket and lower skirt in dark red brown and the blouse and upper skirt of white. Louiseboulanger, to avoid any effect of bulkiness when she makes blouses of transparent wool, leaves the jackets unlined. The small revers and trimmings are of white wool. The skirt is shirred—a very fashionable feature. The narrow brown sash at the waistline is another. The white wool collar of the blouse is draped like a scarf.

The Murders on the

Molly Walks Into Danger, Alone

in

EDWARD DOHERTY'S

New Serial of Mystery on Broadway

ON a roof sixty stories above Times Square perched The Corsairs Club, the highest of New York's low dives. The club belonged to Big Joe Carozzo. It was in Joe's den there that Spots Larkin was discovered—murdered. Spots' head lay on a table and from his neck protruded the steel shaft of a spindle.

Outside, on the roof, another man sprawled in a stupefied sleep. This was Anthony Sommers, brilliant lawyer in his day, but ruined by alcohol. In Sommers' pocket was a ticket to Detroit.

Spots had been offering an enormous diamond for sale. The gem could not be found, but the police discovered a fake diamond, covered with chewing gum, in the wastebasket, and a blood-soaked handkerchief marked "A. S." Anthony Sommers was held for murder.

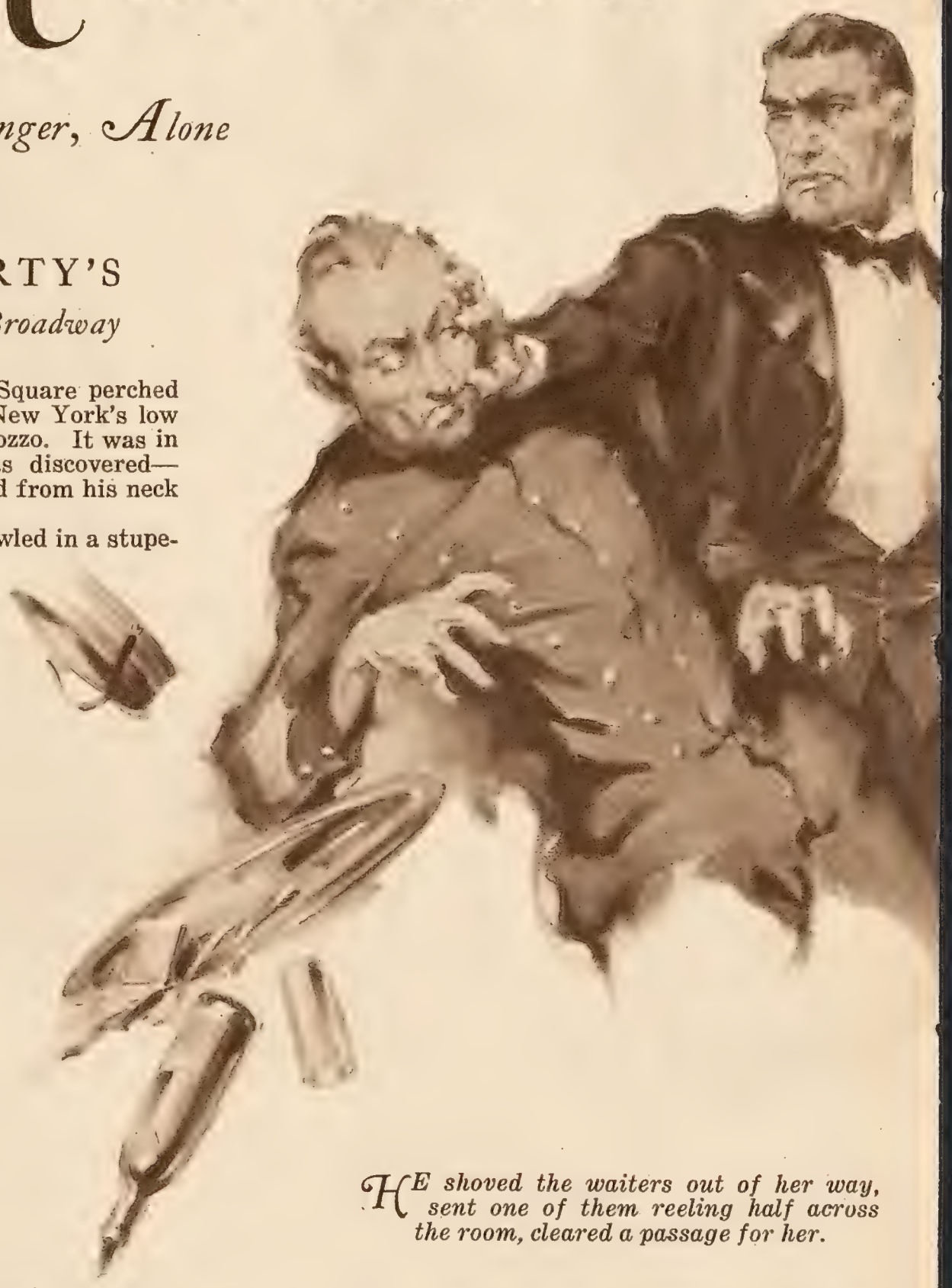
Marcia Caponi, Joe's girl; Big Joe himself; Mickey Finn, Joe's prize killer; Pio Mora, a singer of Joe's; and Flat Wheel, the waiter who found the body, all gave damning evidence. The sum of it was a picture of Sommers filled with jealous hatred of Spots on Marcia's account, of Sommers planning to leave New York and acquire immediate riches, of Sommers alone with Spots, bargaining for the diamond on Joe's behalf.

Sommers reply was: "It's all a frame-up." He had had, he said, no interest in Marcia, no concern about the diamond, and was going to Detroit to take a case. He had drunk with Spots, then his brain had gone blank.

Anson Keen, the prosecuting attorney, ridiculed this simple defense. He honestly believed Sommers guilty. He had been in the notorious cabaret on the fatal date, sightseeing with his wealthy friend Geoffrey Platt. That Geoff had shown undue interest in a cigarette girl and that he had been mysteriously absent for an hour, Keen had observed. He knew Platt had rushed, at once, to Europe, but he did not know that a priceless diamond went with him.

Molly Sommers, Anthony Sommers' lovely daughter, awaited the verdict in the office of the Milwaukee Chronicle. Ted Morehouse, whom she had agreed to marry only if her father were freed, was with her.

The verdict came. It read: "Sommers guilty. Murder second degree. Twenty years to life imprisonment."



HE shoved the waiters out of her way, sent one of them reeling half across the room, cleared a passage for her.

PART FOUR

ALL the way from the Chronicle office to the hotel they walked in silence. The crowds jostled them. Policemen yelled at them. Motorists swore at them. They neither saw nor heard.

Mrs. Sommers was sitting by the window when they came into the hotel room. She had been crying.

"They've sent him to jail," Molly said.

She took off her tight gray hat and tossed it on the bed.

"I know." Her mother's voice was flat, barren.

Molly put her handbag on the dresser, unpinned the orchids, took her suitcase from its stand by the closet door, and began to open it.

"I'm going to New York—tonight," she said.

"New York?" There was fear in Ted's voice.

"You knew I would go," she said.

"Yes, but—I didn't think you'd go so soon. Molly, marry me and we'll both go. I'll do everything I can to help you. We can get a license in Chicago early tomorrow morning, and catch the Century. Then—"

"No, Ted. I must go alone."

"Alone! But what can you do alone?"

"I can sing."

"I know that, dear—but how will that help?"

"I shall get a job singing in that roof garden cabaret. If I can't do that, I'll get a job scrubbing floors. It doesn't matter what I do, so long as I get in. Once there, I can tell better how to go ahead. Somebody in that place has Larkin's diamond. That's the man who killed him. I'll find out who he is."

ROOF

Pictures by
DALTON STEVENS

"You're a little white lamb going into the woods to see which wolf ate her father," Ted said angrily. "Maybe I'm dumb, Molly. But even if you did get the diamond—what would it prove?"

"IT would prove that the man who had it had a motive for killing Larkin—a stronger motive than my father had. It would start an investigation that would bring out the truth."

"And in the meantime—"

"You're afraid!" she cried. "You don't trust me."

"I'm not afraid of anything you may do. I'm afraid that something will happen to you, something you won't be able to prevent."

"Oh, there will be danger," she said lightly, and the bright head went backward in a swift little jerk. "But what is danger?

"Have you seen my mother's eyes? Then look at them now. Have you heard Ella crying in the night because her beau has left her? Have you seen Connie and Lucia blush when their father's name was mentioned? They couldn't even stay in the lobby today, because they thought everybody was looking at them, pointing them out. Anthony Sommers' children!

"Do you realize," she went on, her hands clenching and the color flaming in her cheeks, "do you realize that a gang of crooks has shut up an innocent man for the rest of his life, branded him liar and drunkard and thief and murderer? Do you realize we must all bear his shame who bear his name?"

"SHAME? Tommyrot! People talk, of course. But they'll forget in a little while. Anyway, I don't see what you can do about it, alone and unprotected. Let me take you to New York. You can sing in the cabaret, and I'll be a steady customer. I'll take you there every night and home every morning."

"No, that wouldn't do at all. I must be free to come with anyone I choose, to go home with anyone I choose."

"I tell you, Molly, you are going to sacrifice yourself."

"What if I do?" she asked, and he threw up his hands as though she had struck at him.

She took a step nearer to him. Her voice was low.

"Nobody in the world is too big to sacrifice everything for Anthony Sommers!"

"Mrs. Sommers, can't you say something to her?" the desperate young man asked. "Can't you make her see—?"

The woman made a gesture with her hands.

"She's her father's daughter, Ted," she said softly. "I'm sorry for you. But she's her own woman. She will do as she will—and I will not forbid her. She is Judith."

"Judith?"

"Judith of Bethulia. It's in the Bible, one of the apocryphal books, the Book of Judith. The people in Bethulia were dying of hunger and thirst and pestilence. The dead covered the streets, and the dying fell and covered them. The Assyrians were encamped outside the city, and there was no mercy in them.

"Judith stole out one night to the tent of Holofernes. And she made eyes at him. And she got him drunk, and cut off his head, and brought it back to her people. And the next day the Assyrians, when they saw the head of Holofernes, fled in terror.

"And Judith said, 'As the Lord liveth, who hath kept me in my way that I went, my countenance hath deceived him to his destruction, and yet hath he not committed sin with me, to defile and shame me.'"

"Yes; but—"

"Ted, don't you think Judith was a pretty big woman to do what she did?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page sixty-nine]

"Of course."

"And if God watched over Judith he will watch over Molly."

"And even if Holofernes had shamed her," said Molly quietly, "she would still have been a pretty big woman. And I don't believe God would have paid much attention to her sin."

"But in New York—" Again Ted was interrupted.

"Morals aren't governed by geography," Molly said. "A girl can break her heart as easily on Main Street as on Broadway, as quickly in her own home in Sommerville as in a cabaret on the roof of a New York skyscraper."

"Yes," said Molly, looking at the picture. "Let her rest."

She held out her hand to him; but perhaps he did not see it, for wrath and bewilderment and despair blinded him. He turned on his heel, bade her a brusque good-by, and hurried out through the door.

For a moment she couldn't believe he was gone. For a moment she stood facing the door, tempted to open it and run after him and call him back. The exaltation she had known a few moments before, when her mother talked of Judith, had left her; the sense of high adventure and romance had staled; and the thrill that lay in the thought of dangers to be met was gone—gone like Ted.

She ran to her mother and wept like any other girl who had quarreled with her sweetheart and lost him.

II

MOLLY was coming across the choppy waters from Jersey City when she first saw New York. She moved to the prow of the ferryboat—and there it lay!

Acres and acres of buildings rising into the clouds, a million windowpanes glittering in the sun. Miles and miles of towers, and back of them miles and miles of other towers. Wealth undreamed of, power uncalculated, majesty incomparable, beauty beyond all hope of realization.

Her heart pounded. The shine came into her eyes, the flush to her cheeks. And a voice within her cried, "New York! New York!"

A wild impatience grew in her as the ferry neared its slip, and she wanted to shout, "Hurry! Hurry!" The boat bumped against the piles on one side, slewed around, straightened, bumped the dock.

At last the way was clear. She ran, carrying her suitcase, ran into the terminal, and bought a copy of each of the New York papers on the stand.

She read them quickly, one by one, looking for news of her father. But she could not find his name anywhere. The papers had forgotten Anthony Sommers. She was about to throw away the last of them when her eye caught the words "The Corsairs Club."

She read the story quickly—read it again. It was brief but colorful.

"Monica Lane, former cigarette girl in The Corsairs Club," the paragraph said, "tried to kill herself last night. She had been drinking with friends in an uptown speakeasy. Suddenly she reached into her handbag, pulled out a bottle, raised it as though to give a toast, and cried, 'I'll see you all in hell.' She put the bottle to her lips, but one of her friends knocked it to the floor, burning his hand with acid. Monica was arrested, charged with disorderly conduct. She was released on bail and went to her home at — West Fifty-seventh Street."

"How simple!" Molly thought. She had only to find this girl and make her her friend. Monica could tell her about The Corsairs Club; might be able to help her—might even know something about the murder.

Molly hailed the first taxicab she saw, and gave the driver Monica's address. The ancient vehicle threaded through the traffic, skidding, bumping, rushing, missing other cars miraculously, and stopped outside a red brick building at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street.

There was a sign in one of the front windows: "Room to Let." Here was more luck. She could live under the same roof with Monica Lane. There was no doubt now that they two would be friends.

The room was small and up four flights. Old smells clung to it like barnacles to a rock, and old sighs seemed to hover in it. The one window looked down on the rails of the elevated road.

Molly took the room, and was glad.

"I understand my friend Monica Lane lives here," Molly said to the withered lady who showed the room. "Does she live on this floor?"

"Bless you," said the other, "I don't know. There's a Bessie Lane and a Mary Lane and a Lily Lane. If there's a Monica Lane, I don't know her. What does she look like, now?"

Molly didn't know, but she couldn't say so.

"Oh, I'll find her if she's here," she said.

But weeks went by and Molly didn't see Monica; or, if she did, she didn't know the girl. It was hard to make friends with the girls in this house, she learned. They stared at her, but made no overtures. Even the little brunette in the next room had no greeting for her when they met in the corridor. Like all the others, she seemed suspicious of Molly.

She didn't dare to go to The Corsairs Club until she had found someone familiar with the ways of the strange world on which its doors opened.

She went to the penitentiary the day after she arrived in New York—went almost singing, and returned near to tears. She had not been allowed to see her father.

She had taken him some books and a box of cigars, the kind he liked. And as she passed through the entrance arch in the gloomy wall, above which a man walked, carrying a rifle, she had thought, "He may finish these books in his cell, but he'll smoke the last of the cigars at home."

He would be surprised to see her. How long was it since she had seen him last? Three years. More than three years. She would tell him she was more proud of him now than she had ever been—for he had preferred disgrace to lying.

She would not tell him of her plans, but she would ask him about Carozzo, and Mora, and Marcia, and all those others, and about the cigarette girl. Artful, innocent questions they would be. It would be difficult to fool him, she knew. But she had confidence in her ability.

SHE smiled sweetly as she entered the warden's office.

"I am Molly Sommers," she said. "I want to see my father, Anthony Sommers."

A young man looked at her suspiciously, though with some deference, and his voice was gentle as he told her, "But that's impossible."

"Impossible? Why impossible?"

"Why, Anthony Sommers is in the prison hospital," the young man said. "Nothing serious. Just a nervous breakdown. But nobody is allowed to see him."

"If I could talk to the warden—"

"Sorry! Those are the warden's orders."

He turned away from her, and to Molly it seemed that he was uneasy.

"Could I leave him a letter?" she asked.

The young man agreed to that—a little too quickly, she thought.

She could feel him staring at her as she wrote.

"You'll see that he gets this?"

"Certainly," he answered. But there was something in his manner that made her distrust him, something she could feel but could not name. She left the letter with him, and the books, and the cigars.

And in all that time there had been no word from

her father, no acknowledgment of the letters she wrote. Every day she called the penitentiary from a public telephone. Every day she was given the same information:

"He's in the hospital. You can't see him."

There was something sinister in all this, she knew. A girl would be allowed to see her father, even if he were in the condemned cell waiting to be put in the chair. Why couldn't she see Anthony Sommers?

"He must be seriously ill," she thought, "or he would answer my letters. He will die unless I save him soon. And how shall I save him?"

III

THE days dragged by and nothing happened. She wrote long letters to her mother and her sisters—cheery letters, optimistic letters full of tender white lies. Now and then she sent them little presents she found in the shops.

But the days weren't all solid gray. One couldn't be unhappy all the time in New York.

There were so many things one could do by day. One could go down Broadway to Times Square and look up at the roof of the Allegheny Building.

One could walk down Fifth Avenue. Ah, Fifth Avenue! There was a secret little thrill in every foot of it.

The innocent seeming shops in Fifty-seventh Street she avoided after her first experience. She had strolled east in the impressive, stately thoroughfare, and in the window of Eileen Drew's she had seen a black taffeta, bare of adornment save for a girdle of tiny crystals. It was good. It was sophisticated. It was beautiful. The ash blonde saleslady told her it was called the Black Narcissus. The crystals turned out to be perfect diamond shaped mirrors. But the price was not the forty or forty-five dollars Molly thought it might be. It was $450.

Molly got her black taffeta in Fifth Avenue; but she never forgot Eileen Drew's. She stood on the sidewalk a few minutes after she left the shop, staring at the name on the window.

"I can't buy her dresses," she thought, "but I can use her name. Eileen Drew. I must remember now that I am Molly Sommers no longer—not in New York. I am Eileen Drew." She laughed, wondering what the real owner of the name was like.

One could do most anything in the long days; but at night one could only sit by the window and plan, and despair, and go to bed to dream—to dream of her father in the penitentiary hospital, or her mother, or her school door bubbling with children at recess time, or of Ted.

But, when she awakened, it was to realize that love was over and Ted was gone, and she was alone in New York, bewildered, helpless, in despair. She was a romantic, stubborn fool, she told herself. She would fail, as Ted had predicted. She had cut her-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page seventy-one]

self off from everyone to save her father—and she didn't know how to begin! The task was too big for her, too big for any girl.

One hot August night she sat by the window. Her mind was still unbrushed of the cobwebs of her thoughts—and it seemed for a moment that she was in the attic of the farmhouse, under the fragrant strings of herbs that hung from the eaves. A clock would strike, she fancied, and downstairs tired farming people would sleep on, and in the barnyard a cock would crow.

She looked at the moon, a sulphurous moon bearded with a gray wisp of cloud. But in the moon wash were only strange hostile buildings, and a dark street, and tall lamps, and an elevated train roaring into the dark.

She looked at the moon again, wondered if Ted were looking at it too. She pictured him walking in the moonlight with a girl, smiling at her, holding her hand.

She sang almost without realizing it—sang because there was need of song:

You are gone, and all is gone;
And through each weary day
Only tender memories remain.

WEEKS ago, when she had first sung this melody, she had laughed at its surplus of sentiment, its self-pity, its cloying sweetness. But now it seemed to express everything she felt within her.

Memories are sunbeams through a sky of cloudy gray,
Memories are roses in the rain.

She remembered cool, dim paths in the woods, a lane that wandered by the crooked Kickapoo, a field where she and Ted had hunted four-leaf clovers years ago.

Days I knew, with you,
Are just a memory—just a memory.
That is all—that's left to me.
Happiness, I guess, is just a memory—
Just a memory
Of a love that used to be.

Ah, that night when the sky was powdered with stars, and Ted had held her in his arms and kissed her, perhaps for the last time!

Will we share the night,
the moon, the stars
above, again?
Will I live to hope, to
sing, to smile, to laugh
again?
Love again?
In my dreams, it seems,
Your face is near to me,
And it's dear to me,
Though it's just—a memory!

Someone was rapping on her door. Had she disturbed the house? Was it the landlady come to complain—or the hard little brunette next door? She put on a kimono. Suddenly her hands began to shake. Could it be—could it be Ted? She felt a weakness in her knees. She went to the door and opened it.

A YOUNG man with Valentino sideburns and wavy black hair stood before her. His eyes were as blue as his shirt. His teeth were crooked, and his smile was crooked. So much Molly saw in the light of the corridor. But there was something about his smile that made her like him.

"I heard you singing, honey," he said, "and I thought maybe you knew the kid next door."

His voice was soft, almost caressing. He had called her "honey"! What sort of man was this? She switched on the light and stared at him, and smiled as he stepped back. He appeared so overwhelmed.

"Oh!" he said, and it seemed as if he could say no more. She invited him in, motioned him toward the chair.

"Please don't think that I—that I—"

"Don't apologize," said Molly. "You're quite welcome. I haven't talked to anyone for weeks unless it was to say 'How much is that?' and 'I'll take it, then.'"

"Thanks!" he said, giving her a shy little grin.

"I am Eileen Drew."

"Eileen Drew!" He said the name softly, as though he enjoyed the sound of it.

"Miss Drew, I m a newspaper man. I came up to see the little girl next door, but— Did you know her?"

He seemed to be selecting his words for her especial benefit. She wondered why. She had liked it better when he said "the kid next door."

"I've seen her," she said, "but I never talked to her. I heard her crying one night, and went to her door and knocked. But she wouldn't let me in."

"She will do as she will—and I will not forbid her. She is Judith."

"She hated women," he said simply, lighting a cigarette.

"You mean she's dead?"

"Dead. Acid. No failure this time."

Molly sat on the bed, facing him, studying him, her legs doubled under her. Was it possible the girl next door had been Monica Lane?

"She wrote me a note, but I didn't get it until a little while ago. And I got here—too late."

Perhaps the sympathy he saw in Molly's face warmed him back to his natural speech.

"They tell me that when she first came from the tall uncut she was as green as they make 'em—as sweet a kid as ever went wrong on Broadway. But she'd been in and out of jail when I first saw her. She was hard! Yet there was something nice about her. 'N-N-Nat' she used to call me."

He flipped the half smoked cigarette through the window, lit another.

"Why did she kill herself?"

"Boy trouble!"

She had heard the phrase before, had read it in one of the Broadway columns. It had sounded funny then. Boy trouble!

"She came from a tank town in Iowa, and many a joy johnny was breathless for her. And she was green! I've just come from her room. I saw her lying on the bed, with a man's picture in her hand—and I heard a girl in the next room singing a requiem."

"Was it—was it Monica Lane?"

"Yes. You did know her, then?"

"I had read about her. I knew she lived here. That's all."

"She used to peddle cigarettes in Big Joe Carozzo's place, and gyp the drunks out of their change."

HE smiled, and another cigarette went shooting out of the window, tracing a bright path in the night.

"She fell in love with Geoffrey Platt—the only man in the world, I guess, who never tried to double cross her. What a story it is! Monica Lane, soiled, hard, bitter, poor, going soft for the most eligible bachelor in New York! Killing herself because she could never have him—lying there with his picture in her hand—and you singing 'Just a memory'!

"And all I can write is something like this: 'Monica Lane, former cigarette girl in a Times Square night club, was found dead in bed last night in her home at umpty-ump-ump West Fifty-seventh Street. A previous attempt at suicide, made less than a month ago, failed because a friend struck a bottle of poison from her hand. It is said the young woman was despondent.'"

"Yes," said Molly, looking at the picture of Platt which the reporter held out to her. "It is enough. Let her rest. And this man is a gentleman—too much a gentleman to be linked with any scandal."

"I can't bring you into the story, either. And her note—the spelling, the crazy things she says—I think her yen for Platt must have unbalanced her a trifle."

"Are all reporters as considerate as you?"

"When a story touches their friends—well, most of them are, I guess."

"But not all?"

"Some of them would write scandal about their own grandmothers. But—tell me something about yourself, Miss Drew. You sing well. Where do you hide yourself?"

"You mean—am I a professional singer? No, I'm not. But I want to be. I came to New York simply to sing in The Corsairs Club."

"And I want to write another Abie's Irish Rose. Miss Drew, I know dozens of girls who want to be cabaret singers. And they all want to sing for Big Joe Carozzo. But—a girl like you!"

"Is my voice so bad?" she asked, pretending dismay.

"Your voice is exquisite. Your face is exquisite. You could sing anywhere, any time. I could get you a chance to sing in two musical comedies. I might even get you a hearing from Gatti-Casazza. It isn't that."

"I'm almost twenty-one and—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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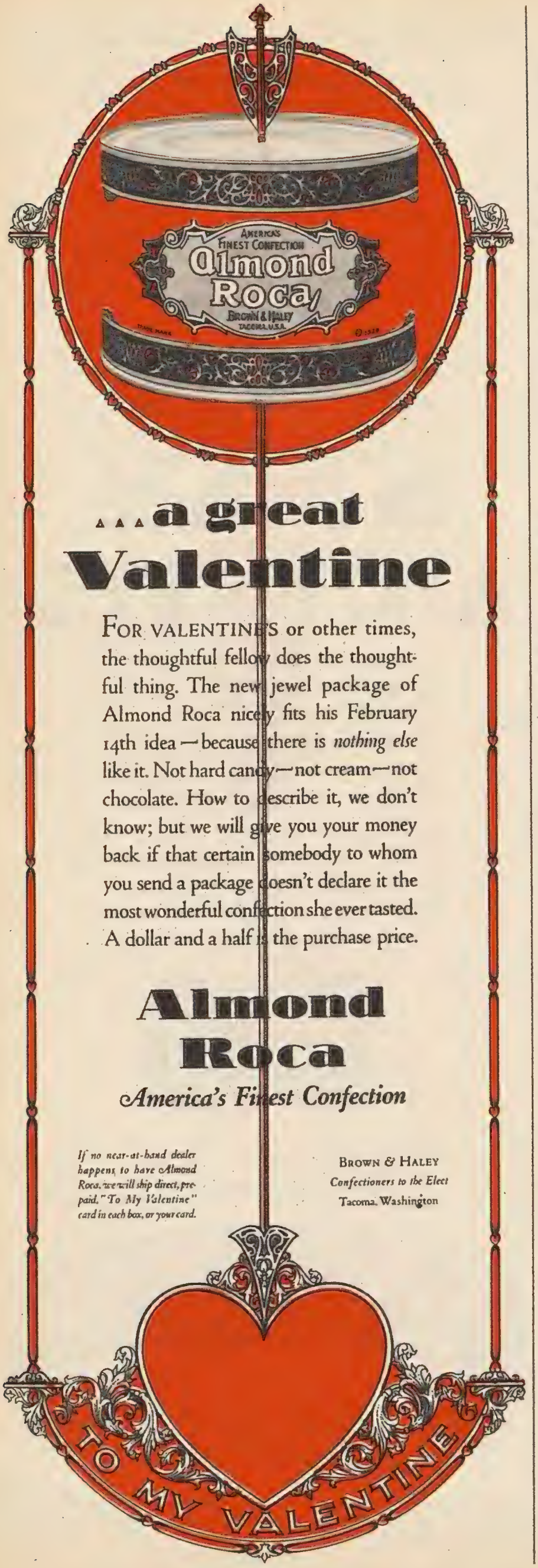

a great Valentine

FOR VALENTINE'S or other times, the thoughtful fellow does the thoughtful thing. The new jewel package of Almond Roca nicely fits his February 14th idea—because there is *nothing else* like it. Not hard candy—not cream—not chocolate. How to describe it, we don't know; but we will give you your money back if that certain somebody to whom you send a package doesn't declare it the most wonderful confection she ever tasted. A dollar and a half is the purchase price.

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America's Finest Confection

If no near-at-hand dealer happens to have Almond Roca, we will ship direct, prepaid. "To My Valentine" card in each box, or your card.

BROWN & HALEY
Confectioners to the Elect
Tacoma, Washington

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page seventy-three]

"And you can take care of yourself? Hundreds of girls have said that. Monica Lane was one of them. They didn't know what they were talking about. I tell you, most girls have to buy success on Broadway. They buy it with their beauty, and pay for it with their tears."

"He's going to put that in a book," she thought.

"They're little white lambs going into the woods to sing to the wolves?" she asked.

"Good!" he said. "Great line! Only, a lamb has some chance of getting away with it. When a girl gets full of giggle water in one of these—"

"Are you Irving Henschell?" she asked.

"Because I talk like he writes?" He laughed with her. "No. I'm Nat Retticker."

"Oh! You write those stories of chorus girls and bootleggers and night club entertainers. I like your column—and Henschell's too. His slang is delicious. 'Making whoopee,' and this couple is 'altar bound,' and that couple was 'sealed' or 'welded,' and that couple had it 'abrogated,' and 'moon pictures,' and—and 'tall millinery' and 'giggle water' and 'boy trouble'!"

"Would you like to meet him?"

"Of course I would!"

"Good! I'll call around for you tomorrow night. We work at night. All Broadway reporters have to. We take in the shows and the speakeasies and the clubs. We're all waked up about seven or eight o'clock in the morning."

"What time will you come, Mr. Retticker?"

"Early. We'll have dinner, see a girl show, and then take in the white rock watering places. You'll see speakeasies and dives. You'll see drunken kids of sixteen and seventeen, drunken women of sixty. You'll see naked women. You'll see things I couldn't even talk about to you. And you'll be so sick of Broadway that you'll want to go home."

"But—if I want to stay?"

"You won't when you see how rotten the life is, how phony. Broadway's a fake, Eileen Drew. And you—you're real. You don't belong."

He reached for his hat, took Platt's picture from her.

"I must phone in my yarn," he said. "Sorry if I upset you. But—don't feel too bad about Monica. She only got what she wanted."

His hand went mechanically to his pocket. She heard paper rustling under his hand—the note.

"Did she mention Platt?" she asked.

"No. It's just a crazy little letter. She said she knew who had killed Spots Larkin, and she wanted to tell me before it was too late. Well, if she did know, it's too late now."

"Too late!" she echoed. Dear God, was it indeed too late?

Without warning he took her hand, held it palm upward, put a shy hot kiss upon it, and ran.

And Molly stood there long—staring at a door that was closed.

IV

THEY had a steak sandwich in a Seventh Avenue delicatessen after the show—an enormous steak lying on two pieces of toast and flanked with French fried potatoes, lettuce, sliced tomatoes, and a piece of raw onion. Molly looked at it in some astonishment.

Was this the fare of Broadway girls? Why, it was enough to feed two hungry farmers in thrashing time.

"And they call this a sandwich?" she asked.

"On the level! The wind won't blow that away. I was with a girl the other night, and she was eating potato chips with her steak. The waiter opened a window, and the draft blew her potato chips across the room. She held her steak on the plate with both hands and hollered, 'For God's sake, shut that winder.'"

Nat, she noted, was gay tonight, but though his eyes made constant love to her he was careful that his hands did not so much as touch her hands. He talked of everything: his job; his expense account, that let him buy all the meals and all the drinks he wanted; his friends—who were of all kinds; his column; his experiences in the

clubs. Apparently he had forgotten Monica Lane, and the secret she would keep forever!

He pointed out people in the delicatessen. "That gal goes home on the subway every night, and her father waits for her at the home station. Some night her train will be late, or it won't run, or something. The chap with her is married. The girl with the Chink is taking hop, they say. She won't last long. The baby in blue was married last week to a movie director—not the johnny who's feeding her now."

Molly wanted to go to The Corsairs as soon as she could; but Nat insisted on showing her other places first.

There was an ornate barroom, made to look like a street in some tropic land. It was crowded. It was alive with noise. Molly felt stifled, lost. Men and women stood up against the bar, talked and sang, laughed and drank, stared at her. Three bartenders in white aprons worked feverishly. Men garbed as Mexicans went through the crowd, playing guitars and singing. Molly could hear them only when they were close by. Someone was playing a piano somewhere in the room. Molly couldn't see it. The bar was covered with bottles and glasses. In front of the mirror were piles and piles of bottles, mounds and mounds of glasses.

Nat tried to elbow her up to the bar. There wasn't room. There wasn't a vacant seat at the tables. There wasn't a comfortable spot to stand in between bar and tables. The place reeked with smoke.

Molly saw a young girl with her arms around a man, her mouth on his mouth. She felt a great disgust. A young man was looking soulfully into an old woman's face—a woman with thin bare shoulders. Young girls with old men, young men with old women! They made her think of a paragraph she had read in one of the papers:

"The New York girls are so nice. They go out often, but always with their daddies. And their daddies buy them everything. Nice daddies!"

"Let's go!" she said. "I need fresh air!"

THEY went some place in a taxi, went upstairs in an elevator. Nat explained that this club owned the whole building—seven floors. As soon as one floor was padlocked by the prohibition agents, he said, the club reopened on the floor above.

They went to many places thereafter. All she recalled of them later were glimpses, incidents.

"And now," Nat said, "I'll take you to a dive that will make you blush! It's strong medicine—but it's good for what ails you."

"Lead on," she said. "I feel as if I'd been swimming for hours in seas of drunken women. I feel intoxicated myself—though I've had nothing but ginger ale. I can stand most anything now."

It was a room with ghastly yellow walls from which electric fixtures stuck out like bones. A couch ran around three walls, behind little tables where a few dozen men and women sat.

A waiter in a bellboy's uniform escorted them to a table, brought them glasses. A girl sang to them—an ugly little girl, Molly thought. A colored girl played the piano and smoked a cigarette. Back of her, apelike darkies wrenched blue music out of brasses.

"Is this all?" Molly asked.

"No. Wait. You'll be blushing before you know it." He smiled tolerantly, waved to a man across the room. "That's Chet Qug," he said, "that long, lanky hoodlum with the pretty girl in pink."

"Qug?"

"Qug. And his right name too, I guess. He's the toughest guy in New York."

Qug came to the table as Nat finished talking of him. "'Lo, feller!" he cried. "Glad to see you in good company for once. But why take a girl like her into a pigpen like this?"

"Medicine, Chet, bitter medicine. Miss Drew, Mr. Qug."

The "toughest guy in New York" shook hands with Molly, gave her a smile out of his hard blue eyes and his wide pale mouth.

"Beat it out of here, girlie," he said gently. "You ain't doing yourself no good being seen here."

As he spoke a number of barelegged girls rushed into the center of the room and began, not to dance, but to make sinuous motions with their bodies, to writhe and shake and twist themselves. Here was pornography, here was horror, here was passion standing naked and leering at her.

The waiters joined the girls.

"Get hot!" they cried.

The music laughed and gurgled obscenely.

"Get hot!" it echoed.

Men and women applauded, cheered, thrust dollar bills into outstretched hands, cried, "Get hot!"

Molly's face was burning.

"Take me out of here, please," she said.

"Good kid," said Qug. He shoved the waiters out of her way, sent one of them reeling half across the room, cleared a passage for her.

"Thank you," Molly said, and he shook hands with her again. "I'm going to shoot my broad home," he said to Nat. "She's got a lot of homework to do. And I'll catch you later at Carozzo's dump. Don't forget. Carozzo's."

"We've got to stop in at the Orchid a moment," Nat said. "See you at Carozzo's. And—thanks for the straightarm stuff."

"The pleasure's all mine. Take care of that girl."

THE hostess at the Orchid, an effervescent woman of middle age, greeted Nat with a kiss, and looked at Molly. "You beautiful, beautiful dream!" she cried. "Oh, Nat, where did you get her?"

She sat at their table for some little time, telling Nat the news she had to tell, while Molly's eyes made little trips around the room. She saw a waiter holding a bottle of ammonia to the nose of a drunken man; she saw a fight that was stopped after a few blows; saw a woman sobbing over her unconscious escort; noticed a woman sitting at a table not far away. The woman had distinction, despite the lines of dissipation in her face. She wore diamonds.

"That's Rose White," the hostess said. "A few years ago she was the most beautiful thing in New York. She was just what her name is, a white rose. There's a story for you, Nat. When she gets tipsy enough she'll begin to sing. Her voice is still sweet, but not what it was once."

"What happened to her?" Molly asked.

"Half a million dollars," Nat said.

He rose. "It's nearly daylight," he announced. "We'll be just in time for the show at Carozzo's."

In the taxi he asked her: "Do you still want to be a cabaret singer?"

"Yes. Don't ask me why. And please, please help me."

He seized her hand, held it tight.

"Oh, Eileen, you are so beautiful and innocent and sweet, and I want to keep you with me always. I love you! But please—please go home, dear, and never, never, never come back!"

He said he loved her, and she knew he meant it. She felt a little compassion for him. He did so want to "save" her!

"I like you, Nat," she said. "You mustn't make love to me, though, and you mustn't try to keep me from—from my work."

She gripped his arm when the taxi slid to the curb, gripped it tight and didn't know it.

"This is Carozzo's!" a voice cried within her. "This is the tent of Holofernes! I am here. Will I be like Rose White? Will I kill myself like Monica Lane? What does it matter?"

"Oh, Nat," she said aloud, "I'm—I'm half afraid!"

Well might Molly be afraid of what she was to find in The Corsairs Club. Follow her into that fantastic dive in next week's Liberty.

He Made Prize Fighting Safe for Society

An Estimate of Tex Rickard

By Edwin C. Hill

P. & A. photo

TEX RICKARD

BOXING was a bum when Tex Rickard came strolling nonchalantly along life's highway, swinging his cane, an unlighted cigar clamped in a corner of his tight-lipped mouth. Rickard picked boxing out of the gutter and put it into evening clothes.

He took it out of the barges and barns and nasty holes-in-the-wall where it had been housed for time out of mind and put it in a palace he had dreamed for it, this dreamer and schemer, and got it into the Social Register and made it Big Business.

He turned his poker face toward the fixers and cheaters and thieves and racketeers who had soiled and degraded a great sport and froze them with the cold eyes that had been the despair of four-flushers all the way from the Arctic Circle to Paraguay. And when he had done all these things—this cowboy-gambler with the mentality of an empire builder, this casual Napoleon—he died. There was, perhaps, nothing else for him to do. He scarcely knew how to play.

New York, looking its last upon him as he lay among the roses and the lilies that rich and poor had heaped around his bronze coffin in the very middle of the arena of the new Madison Square Garden that he had raised with his genius—for it was nothing less—gave him the hail and farewell that it reserves customarily for Presidents and cardinals. The countless thousands of every kind and degree who tiptoed in and out of Cauliflower House while its late master lay in state, were not there to pay their last respects to the rich Mr. Rickard or the famous Mr. Rickard or even to the Mr. Rickard who had uplifted the sport of boxing, great as that achievement was. They paid them to the memory of a man who had played square through his fifty-eight years of adventure. For that quality of squareness alone, he would have towered in his world.

What a life he lived! There were a dozen novels in it. He lived Zane Grey novels in the Panhandle of Texas and Rex Beach novels in the gold camps of the Yukon. In Alaska they nicknamed him "Tex," but he was not a born Texan. He was born, as a matter of fact, in Kansas City. His father was a millwright, and his father and mother were both of English descent. When Tex was only a little tad the family moved to Texas and settled down near Sherman, not far from the Comanche Indian reservation. That was in 1877 when Texas was wild and woolly. When Tex was eleven, his father came to the end of a hard working life, leaving little but a good name, and the boy had to get out and hustle to help support his mother and his four brothers and sisters. At eleven he knew how to fork a pony and herd steers.

His mother was of the stuff that pioneers are made of. In that bitter, lawless country, she kept her family together somehow and started them in life with certain principles she believed in. She taught Tex that one of the most important things in the world was to keep one's word. He was very proud of her, and was able to make her latter years easy and comfortable. He brought her from Seattle, where she is still living at eighty-one, to see the Dempsey-Willard fight in 1919 and introduced her to the newspaper men with the air of one who was conferring a real favor on the press.

He got his first glimpses of the world outside of Texas as he approached manhood. Working for ranches in the Panhandle, he was sent on the long trail with great herds, clear up to Montana. In those days he lived the traditional cowboy's life, a lot of work seasoned with rough fun and gambling. From boyhood he was a good gambler and would bet on anything that appealed to his judgment. He never let emotion sway him.

WHEN he was only twenty-three the city fathers of Henrietta, Texas, made him town marshal. They did not pick weaklings for that job in the early '90s. But Tex held them down. He never went looking for trouble, as Bat Masterson told this writer some years ago, but when trouble came along he looked it right in the eye.

Town-marshaling had begun to pall on him when, in 1895, he got a letter from a friend in Alaska. The letter told about the gold fields and it told about the gambling, high, wide, and handsome. Tex read it—and Henrietta lost its cowboy peace officer, while Alaska's census of gamblers went up by one.

He hit the trail and arrived in Nome in one long lanky piece. He tried prospecting, and did well enough to start

him in the business he really had his eyes on—keeping a gambling house. He opened the Great Northern at Nome and in two weeks—fantastic as it sounds—cleaned up half a million dollars in coin and dust. Then he struck a run of hard luck and dropped the larger part of it.

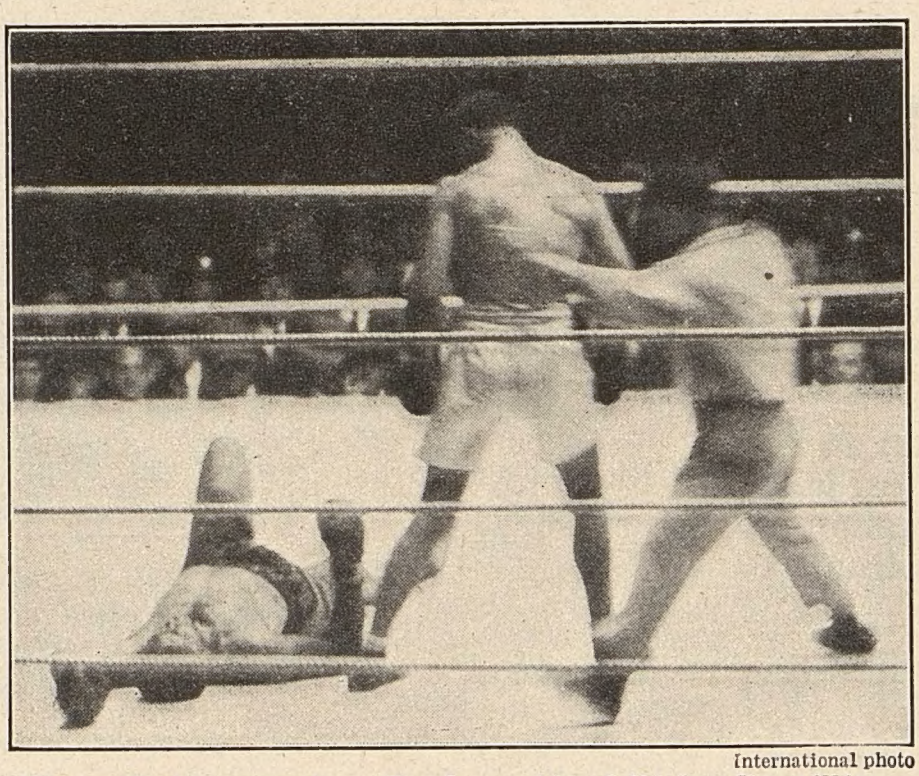
In those distant days Alaska knew him as well as New York came later to know him. He had a thousand friends among the sourdoughs and the chechahcos. Luck went up and down. A miner blew into the Great Northern one day and tackled the roulette wheel; twenty-four hours later he had Tex's last $50,000 and Tex had nothing. Tex went back to work chopping wood near Dawson City and selling it for $15 a cord and when he had got $300 together he went back to Nome and to gambling.

He got tired of Alaska in 1905 and started out once more, landing in San Francisco with about $60,000. He went prospecting in South Africa without finding any bonanza, and then heard of big gold strikes in Nevada and hit the trail for Goldfield.

That move was unquestionably the turning point in his career. In Goldfield, when he landed there, they were talking about the respective punching abilities of Joe Gans and Battling Nelson. The talk did not mean much to Rickard. He was not interested in lightweights or prize fighting. But somebody got the blazing idea that Goldfield could get on the map by putting on a championship fight between Gans and Nelson. Rickard, now a partner in the Northern saloon and gambling house, was picked to secure the bout.

Having cannily seen that the money was raised among the ambitious citizenry of Goldfield, he wired an offer to Nelson and to Gans. The astute Billy Nolan, the Jack Kearns of his day and generation, and one who believed in looking money right in the face, took the trip to Goldfield just to see what it was all about. Quite blandly Rickard let the money do the talking. He took Nolan by the arm, led him to the window of a bank in a wooden shack on the main street, and showed him $30,000 in double eagles—$20,000 for Nelson, $10,000 for Gans. Nolan put a prayer on the wire to Nelson, so afraid was he that something might happen to spoil this good thing. Wise promoters all over the country laughed at sagebrush hicks who thought they could break even on a purse as big as that.

They laughed, but they didn't have the last laugh. That was Goldfield's and Rickard's. For the fight was held, and there was real money in the treasury to be prorated among the boys after the fighters had been paid off.



International photo

The end of the most madly dramatic of Rickard's million-dollar "Battles of the Century," with Firpo knocked out after poking Jack Dempsey, then champion, out of the ring. The date was September 14, 1923, the place the Polo Grounds, New York City.

THAT battle was the first of the long series of championship fights which Tex Rickard promoted—a series which was to make him the greatest fight promoter the world ever knew. It gave him a national reputation, but he took his time about pressing the game. Rickard always took his time. He never hurried, restless spirited as he was.

In 1910 his chance came. The public was shouting for a white man to knock the heavyweight championship crown off Jack Johnson's ebony pate. They got Jeffries' reluctant consent to reënter the ring, and then, in a hotel in Hoboken, the promoters met to bid for the big mill. Tom McCrarey had come from Los Angeles with a bid of $55,000—big money. Eddie Graney and Sam Berger of San Francisco offered to put up $60,000. Jim Coffroth raised the pot to $81,000.

Jack Johnson was in the crowd looking on, saying nothing, and Rickard was watching him like a hawk. When the others got through making mind bets, Tex stood up, still with his eye on the big black fighter, suddenly drew a packet of $1,000 bills from his pocket, scattered them upon the table top, and said in his gentle drawl:

"Let's lay it on the line. I see a lot of paper and promises, but I've come with the cash. My bid, boys, is one hundred and one thousand dollars—and there she is!"

"After Johnson saw all those bills," said Tex years later, "and saw that it wasn't musical comedy money, he was hooked." So was big Jeffries, first of the "hollow shells," as it turned out. But there was to be a lot of grief for Rickard before he could get that fight under his belt. It took place finally at Reno, and there, on July 4, 1910, with Rickard himself as referee—a job in which he had had no experience whatever, but which he attended to like an expert—Johnson battered old Jeff into insensibility. It took nerve to referee that fight. Rickard made $100,000 for himself and looked around for fresh worlds to conquer.

OVER the horizon he could see nothing but New York, so to New York he went in 1916 to pit big Jess Willard against Frank Moran. It was a poor fight, made only a little money for Rickard, and slightly dimmed his reputation. He dropped out of the limelight for two or three years and was heard of in Paraguay as a cattle ranch owner. Then he came back to the States with fresh zest for boxing. And then he found his luck piece in the shape of a magnificent fighting animal named William Harrison Dempsey, lately coal miner and hobo. He had not done much, but the appraising eye of Rickard saw a tiger in him. He tied him up with a contract, and it was the most fortunate thing he ever did in his life. His association with the Manassa Mauler was to bring him in $9,000,000 in five fights, make him world famous, and give him his heart's desire, a temple of sport all his own, the new Madison Square Garden.

As all the world knows, he began by pitting Dempsey against the gigantic Willard at Toledo. Thereafter came those "Battles of the Century," with Rickard's great meal ticket, Dempsey, against Carpentier the Frenchman; against Luis Angel Firpo; against Gene Tunney; against Sharkey; and finally against Tunney in the Battle of the Long Count.

Here are the gate receipts of the five fights in which Dempsey took part under Rickard's promotion: 1921, Dempsey-Carpentier, $1,626,000; 1923, Dempsey-Firpo, $1,082,000; 1926, Dempsey-Tunney, $1,895,000; 1927, Dempsey-Sharkey, $1,083,000; 1927, Dempsey-Tunney, $2,650,000.

Those five fights made three men very rich—Rickard, Dempsey, and Tunney—and drove the wolf a long way from the doors of Mr. Sharkey and Señor Firpo. In seventeen championship fights that Rickard promoted from 1906 to 1927, the gate receipts amounted to $11,500,000, and it is estimated that the receipts of all of the bouts that have been held under his direction in Madison Square Garden, old and new, would not fall short of $50,000,000. That is how the man from Texas made boxing Big Business.

The ways of his doing it were principally two. He

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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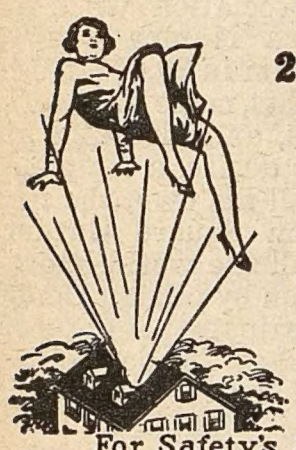

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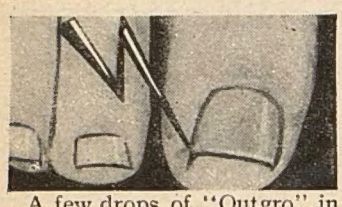

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

always tried to give the public what it wanted, and he made boxing matches respectable. Before Rickard came to old Madison Square Garden, fight crowds were rough and most unchoice of speech. Rickard transformed all that. He perfected an organization so numerous, disciplined, and alert that very shortly after August, 1920, when he took over the sole management of the old Garden, which had been a white elephant, women—nice women—were attending his bouts in bevies. The inimitable Joe B'Gee Humphreys, announcer extraordinary, only known rival of the Bull of Bashan, bloomed out in a dinner coat and all the fixings. Society became interested. The Six Hundred Millionaires came into the picture. A new era had arrived in box fighting.

In 1924 Rickard was enlisting the aid and cash of financiers in his project for a new Madison Square Garden. Principally he interested John Ringling, the circus man, whose fortune probably exceeds the hundred million mark. For the first time Wall Street, always shy previously about putting money into purely sporting projects, invested heavily. In December, 1925, Tex Rickard opened his new Madison Square Garden at Eighth Avenue and Fiftieth Street. The ladies came in schools and shoals. The Six Hundred Millionaires turned up in six hundred Rolls-Royces, and something like 18,000 plain or garden fight fans bulged the walls. That was, I think, the happiest hour of Tex Rickard's life.

Brown Brothers photos

The new Madison Square Garden, opened three years ago —Rickard's realized dream and his monument. Above, the old Garden, of which he took charge in 1920.

WHAT Rickard had he had mostly inside his head and heart. There was nothing forceful about the man. He looked as little like the real personality he was—the man of vision and brains he was—as anybody you could imagine. His appearance was commonplace. His conversation ordinarily was diffident and halting. I think he was essentially an extremely shy person, as old-time cowboys are very apt to be, and nature and the trade of gambling had made him inarticulate. One of the best indications of his innate modesty was that until very recent years he never saw anything especially interesting about his old-time exploits. Yet when he got started among friends he would reel off story after yarn in his peculiar flat voice—stories that were full of dynamite and damnation.

There was no question whatever about the quality of his brains. From the day he injected himself into the fight game he was always a mile ahead of any of his competitors. He outthought them invariably because he had a world of imagination back of his unreadable eyes.

WHAT he would have accomplished had death spared him no man knows. Dempsey had agreed to come back for one more fight for him. There would have been another drama or two of the kind that only Rickard could stage. But he was getting a little tired. The appendix that killed him had been gnawing at his vitality for eight years. The last time I talked with him was in Houston, Texas, last June. He was out there to look over the Democratic national convention, and as he stood one afternoon gazing at the nice new hall the Houstonians had put up for the big political circus, he became, for him, surprisingly loquacious.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I always took a chance. But I'm too well on in years to take many more chances. I'm playin' it safe from now on.

"I've got a fine new yacht that can show her tail to any of them Wall Street millionaires, and I've got a fine home down in Miami and I'm going to enjoy life. I've seed too much trouble not to enjoy myself now. I'm worth, I suppose, $2,500,000, and I have $1,000,000 cash in the New York banks. I always keep that sum in cash 'cause I'm always looking for gilt-edged investments, only gilt-edged stuff."

With all of his money and his fame and his power he remained simple and unaffected. He detested "high-hatting." He knew how to keep a secret, a trait for which some politicians may thank their lucky stars. He was generous in a furtive kind of way, hiding his benevolences. Friends of his have told me of this case and that where Rickard staked some old-timer or gave a hand-up in the world to somebody who had had a hard knock.

I don't think he had many intimate friends, but high in the rating of the circle was Colonel John S. Hammond, the acting general manager of the Garden, and Walter Fields, a brother of W. C. Fields, the comedian. Perhaps the foremost in the lot was the young man who was so powerfully associated with his rise to wealth and celebrity, Jack Dempsey. Look at them any way you like, they were a team.

THE END

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